

Stories by L.D. Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11) Page 2

So  
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The wildcat came there looking for a deer, smelled around and looked. I got down like this, you know --it wasn't over 20 steps from me. I cracked down on that thing--I remembered afterwards, --I'd looked at those sights so long, that I just looked at the front bead. That catamount didn't know where I was at. He wanted to get away from that shot and right into that pine top where I was and you never saw a boy come so! It scared me to death! I came off of there yelling at it. I didn't try shooting again. It wasn't trying to get me. But I didn't know it. Then it took off the other way. Boy I was scared! Si: Was you as scared as the time you shot a cub ear off a log? Dad: That was up on Slatyfork mt. I shot a cub bear off a log. There were 3 of them together. The were coming down off the mt. I'd never seen a bear in the woods before. I saw what I thought was 3 black hogs, that I thought belonged to a man named Ben Varner. I was sure they were black hogs. Got within about 100 yards. I'd seen pictures of a bear. I'd never been to a zoological garden. That they came down to about 50 or 75 yards of me and I saw they were bear. They just dropped down in the water and wallowed like dogs. They were hot because they were running. A man named Woods Dilley was after them back on the mountain. I thought I'll just kill them. I had a single shot Winchester. The jumped up out of that water when they got through wallowing. The old one had her tongue out. A big log ran right along beside a sugar tree and some beeches. I'd heard uncle Harmon Sharp say about bears. You yell "halt" to a bear and you yell "yenk" to a deer, and they'll stop and give you a chance to shoot. So just as the bear passed this big sugar tree I hollered "halt" and she stopped that quick, and turned her head the other way--the sound echoed the other way. I could have shot her in the neck. Si could have shot her neck off. But I moved back against a big tree about 2½ feet over.....(partly behind a tree?) I've heard if you shoot them behind the shoulders, in the breast or head, it wouldn't kill them. But just about 6 inches of it's neck showed and I could have shot her in the neck, I believe. I was afraid I couldn't. There was a tree about 18 inches right behind the shoulders of the cub. I moved the gun back to the cub and shot it off the log. I kept trying to put a cartridge in my gun and dropped two shells. The old one thought I was below there. She jumped off that log right toward me, if I was to drop dead the next minute. Si jumped right square off and trying to get away from me. She jumped as close to me as that door. I just jerked my gun down like this. I got the shell just started in. Then she jumped 20 feet down over the hill. So as soon as I got the single shot gun loaded, I took off down below to head her off. Si: did you kill the cub? Dad: Yes, I killed it but I didn't get it there. She had run down to the road at Ode Gibson's (a recent man)--just below Ode Gibsons and she turned back to get the cub I'd shot. I could have stood there and shot for 150 yards where I saw them come down if I'd stayed where I was at. She ran now there and came right back up. This cub went over to the run where the water was. The blood had sprinkled the snow on both sides. I went on up on top of the high point and there was a laurel patch there. She was in that laurel. Blood was flowing out on both sides on the snow. I went up in the laurel--she might have eaten me up alive--that cub eing wounded. I crawled thru the knob and I heard them break and run out. It had laid down there. I went down over the hill after them, but couldn't see them. So I decided to go down and get Ben Varner--they lived there where Shaw's lived (in recent years)--that old house. I said "Ben, I wounded a bear up here and I want you to come up and we'll kill it. So Ben got his gun and went up there with me. He says you go around there and watch and I'll go up and take it's trail and follow it thru--blood on the snow. .... I got on one side of the tree as he came up and I jumped out at him and scared him to death! ha, ha, But he might have shot me. I should have had better sense.

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He said: let's don't go any further. Henry Sharp (lived on Middle Mt.) has a bear dog. You go get that bear dog and we'll come back here in the morning. I said: well, all right. We came down to Ben's and then along the old road home. I told my father I shot a bear. Next morning it snowed about 6 inches that night. He said: "those bear won't stay on Slatyfork mt. They will go to Cheat tonight. Everything is snowed over and we're out of wood. I wouldn't go up and get Henry Sharp's dog for there isn't any use -- you can't see anything and you can't get on the trail". My father told me that, which was right if you reason it out. So about two weeks later it set in warm weather and snow went off and Woods Dilley(?) ran across uncle Harmon. He said: "who killed one of those bear over there? I followe an old she and 2 cubs over the mountain and went back the next day and jumped them there on the Johnson Flat. S She had one cub. I followed them till they went to Cheat. Some one killed one" Dad: well, it was within 300 yards of where we left them. That was a loss.

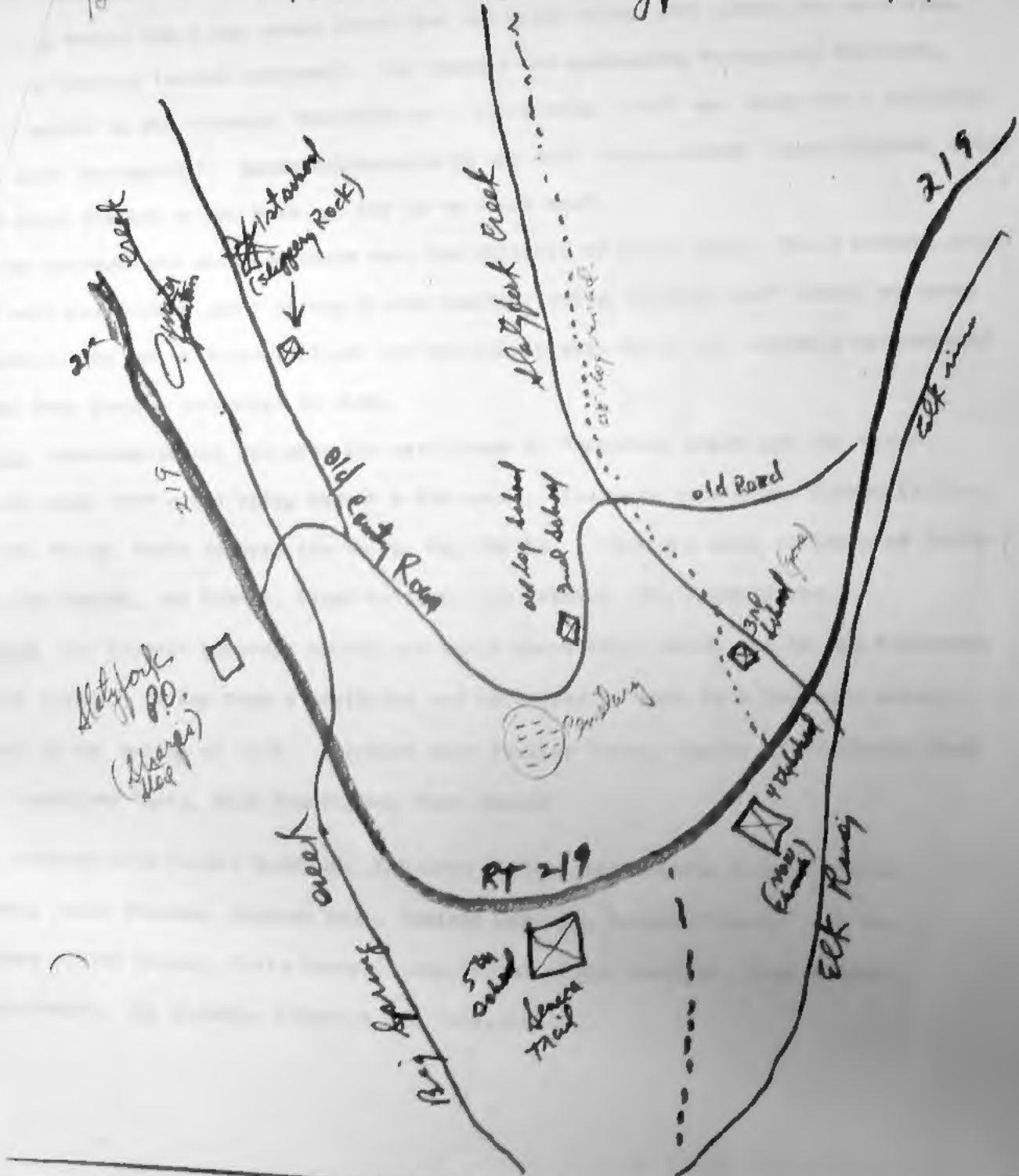
Dad: Well, another time over on the other side of Slatyfork mountain I saw where it looked like someone had dragged a log right up over the roughest place across mossrocks. I wondered what had dragged all that moss, making such a road thru the brush. I took my gun down rright there and went on up about a 100 yards and then up on top of the flat and there was a swamp there. They'd killed a sheep--an old bear was dragging that sheep. There were three others with her, 2 cubs and a yearling. All of them went thru that swamp. Law sakes a live, what a group of bear! I went on up on top about 100 yards and looked and saw them eating on that sheep. There was a felled tree and she was laying on the other side of the tree. I saw her head on the other side of the tree. They killed the yearling the next day. It was a 1/3 bigger than the cubs. They'd fight like pigs. If you've ever seen pigs sucking. One would knock the other one out and he'd run around and get another teet. That's the way they fought there and I stood and watched them with my gun this way--cocked for 15 minutes or more. Dave: why didn't you shoot one. Dad: well, I was waiting for the old big one. The wind was going strong across that way toward her. I thought she'd get up directly and I'd kill her first and then kill the whole bunch. All at once she got a whiff of me. They never looked up. If they'd looked and then ran I'd have shot. But the let that sheep go and ran for dear life! The old big one, she just came up out of there and put her feet up on that log. I had the fairest shot in the world, I reckon. I drew the gun sight in to her neck and I never touched a hair on her, ha. I came home and sent word up to old man Bill Gibson. I told him the bear are killing all your sheep. They went in there the next morning with a bunch of dogs, and told Bob, my brother-in-law to come down here and tell me about it and for him and me to go right on to the top of the mt on this side and they'd go in on the other side of Slatyfork and take the dogs thru. So Bob, may have been disappointed because he couldn't go with them. He thought it'd be all over before we got there and he didn't come at all. So ..... they had gone down on Slatyfork (creek) in that pine patch (head of creek?) and they put the dogs after them and ran the yearling bear up a tree and they killed it. The (dogs) fought the old she clear up the mt. and held her until the men got pretty close to her and she'd break away and then the dogs would catch her. She went right on up to the op of the mt. where Bob and I would have been if he'd come on. They said they'd give him time to get there. So they only got to kill one bear. I've had the most expenience not to get a bear of almost anybody in the country, ha.

Dad: I've lost 3 deer right in succession. I killed one here about 3 years ago. I got it. Dave: you have a picture of it.

See 20-A

# Schools of Slatyfork

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## SLATYFORK V. VA. SCHOOLS

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The first school at Slatyfork that we know of was at "Slippery Rock" on the old county road between the present post office and the water fountain, and near a house called the "yellow house". Silas Sharp, his brothers and others in the community attended there. One day the teacher was whipping him and Silas said "that's enough" ! The teacher said "I'll say when it's enough!", but he didn't whip him any more.

The second school was a log school house that was built about 1875 across the road from the Sharp Cemetery (picture enclosed). The teacher was ~~supposedly~~ Montgomery Matthews, but was called by the students "Gum Mathias". Apparently "Gum" was short for a syllable in the word "Montgomery". ~~Raymond Mathias~~ He may have become county superintendent later. He had three fingers on one hand and two on the other hand. Among the students who attended there were the children of Silas Sharp, Shell Hannah, etc. Luther said Gum Mathias was a strong disciplinarian, using "hickory tea" (whip) at every opportunity. He had an "appreciation" for the older pretty girls and strongly discouraged the boys from showing attention to them.

The third one-room school was near the confluence of Slatyfork creek and Elk River. It burned about 1927 after being vacant a few years. Teachers were Allie Gibson (1911-1912), Mr. Tharp, Sadie Hannah, Ada Sharp, Mr. Curtis. Students were children of Davis Hannah, Sam Hannah, Sam Gibson, Floyd Galford, Sam Galford, Mr. Painter etc..

The fourth and largest one-room school was built about 1919, which now is the Slatyfork Methodist church. At one time a partition was installed to make it a two-room school. It closed in the spring of 1930. Teachers were Pauline Gayer, Violet Littlefield, Dock Hannah, Genevieve Sharp, Ruth Cunningham, Gaye Hannah

Some students were Porter Hambrick, Kathleen Carter, Dave Sharp, Don and Helen Johnson, Leola Simmons, Raymond Mace, Evelyn Goherty, Archie Gibson, and the children of Lee Hannah, Davis Hannah, John Victor, Floyd Galford, Page Hannah, George Greener, the Bonners, McNeelys and Weifords.

See 20-A

~~xxxx~~ Dad: I've killed one at the top of the mt. at the (red) oak stand (I think at the right hadd corner of middle mt meadow--knob) Shot about a 100 yards. Didn't think I'd hit it. Killed it dead. It ran around the hill and another fellow got it and took off down the mt. with it. A man came around the hill, they scared the deer up to me. He said "some one killed a deer out there--right out yonder. He shot one shot (my shot) and I came around there and he just grabbed it up and ran down the mt. and I followed him a way down yonder and I'm just now coming back up." Dad: I got up before daylight he came in here (store) and had it checked. He knew he hadn't killed it. There wasn't but one shot fired there. Well, the other year up on the mt I shot one right thru--too far back and it ran about 100 yards and fell. Blood just gushed out as far as the other side of that box (in room). It got up and ran about 20 feet and fell again and a pile of blood. The next time it fell a fellow named Martin came and picked it up and he went down to the camps (hunters camping down below). He never got it there. I'd hurt my foot and had nothing but artic shoes on so I could hardly go. Henry Shaver came to where I was and let on, he said he was sick and wanted to go home, or I'd sent him to see. I'd gone out to where I'd shot. I just went there and fell down different times. The ground was a glaze of ice. You couldn't stand on the earth. I had to hold on to hickory trees. There was one place around there if I'd of slipped I'd gone 30 yards right on to those rocks and maybe killed. I saw the danger of me slipping and I turned to come back to the fire. So that fellow got that deer. That was two of them. Then about 3 years ago I shot from one end of the meadow to the other (middle mt meadow) --the biggest deer. I took 2 two shots at him before he went to the far end of meadow. He turned around and I must have drawn the gun 6 feet over his back. I hit him plumb as a dollar right in behind the ribs, and he fell and I saw him ther. I hollered for Lowell Gibson to come. The deer got up and went over the fence and and around below following the does. He got over in that big hollow and slammed right into the bank. There was a hole that big where that big gun hit him. But he was shot too far back. We found the deer later. Henry got the horns and they're out here. That was 3 deer lost.

Ivan: didn't you kill one there before? .....Dad:....I yelled: "I've got him, I've got him". Ivan came running thru the meadow. I shot that deer 50 yards--shot him right in there and went on thru the deer. Never found the bullet. That deer didn't fall. He dropped down about 12 inches of the ground and ran close to the ground. He ran to the fence and jumped the fence and then tumbled down about 30 yards and died. Ivan and Ralph came running. Ye yelled "you got him". That was a nice deer, I tell you.

Dave: remember the turkey you shot and couldn't find the bullet hole?

Dad: ha, ha. the turkeys were feeding with their heads down and I shot it plumb in the "back" part, and never was a hole in the turkey. It flew across the creek. I went over there and there it was lying. ha, ha.

Dave: told story of seeing a white wild turkey at head of Slatyfork creek. Had a 25 Stevens single shot. Thought it was a tame turkey because it was white. Then decided to shoot but had to shoot right handed (not used to it) and missed the turkey. Dad: I did an awful foolish thing, at that same place. I heard a turkey cutting a shine in that hacking. I slipped over to the briar patch that was in patches then. It's grown up now to big timber. An eagle(?) had a big bunch of small ones and was trying to catch them ..... and up flew this eagle and he went within 30 or 20 feet of me, right on down flopping his wings. I had a shot gun, and if I didn't let that Eagle get away in order to get a turkey. That was really foolish. I could have shot his eyes out. Well the turkeys flew out and I didn't get any then, but I called ..... and I killed 3.

(End of first half of big reel to reel tape)

Stories by L.D. Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11)

Starts: Si playing some on the piano.  
Dad: (Regarding the old log school house on the hill): Dad: that's the "high" school I went to (high on hill!) where I got all my education. It fell 2 or 3 years ago. I can tell you how old it is. Takes 3 off of 77 (1875) It was built 74 years ago exactly. I was 3 years old when they sent me up there to school. My father took me up there .... to finish it. George Painter and later on lived at Valley Head, built it, old man George and he used to live here on Middle mt in the Henry Sharp house. My father took me up there and I watched..... a little fellow, you wouldn't think a fellow 3 years old would notice. He was shaving, you know, planeing planks to set it inside. Planed it by hand. I'd see the shavings fly. I'd go up every day, My father would go, and watch him putting it together,--the old school house, and sealing it inside. I was three and Ella and Melinda would take me up there to the school house and they'd take a sheepskin for me to lay on. (during school). I'd lay there on the sheepskin asleep. At dinner time, mother told the girls she'd watch for me. I'd come home for dinner. I'd go in the mornings. She said she'd see the little white headed fellow a running down the road.

Log School House

Ada: it's amazing that you'd remember that. Dad: the reason I remembered the age, was that my mother always told me. Ada: now, did they eat their lunch up there? Dad: well, Melinda did ..... and I did later on. Mother said I'd say I was coming home to "eat gravy" ha, ha. I was raised on gravy, ha. Dave: are those logs still up there? Dad: some are just as solid as can be. Dave: I wonder if one could build a camp out of them. Dad: those logs could last 200 years....

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...that church over yonder (the old log church?) over a 110 years old, the back part of it, you can catch your hand in it.... all of it (rotten) It still stands. It's gonna fall down one of these days and kill a lot of people. It just rotted. It was never weatherboarded. 110 years. Rained, beating on it, just like on a log heap, and it's just as rotte. I said, "why my goodness & lives, it's dangerous for us to be in here" But Jack Baxter(?) said "I believe the best thing to do would be to jacke it up and get concrete blocks and put it on., that's what I thought we ought to do." They have song services ther. and they can't pay (pay?) the preacher. The people don't pay enough. Only about 4 there that pays. There was 100 people there the other night and they took up a collection and got \$15 or \$20. Only paid a little bit themselves. Dunbrack's daughter, clerk in Clifton Forge Grocery co, said she came up there and couldn't get in and she went back home. Dave: doesn't it have a little balcony in the back? Dad: seems like there is one upstairs. There were so many people there that I couldn't enjoy it. I couldn't get around. On Pres. Roosevelt: Dad: He just ruined the country. That's what he was elected on. .... old Roosevelt and Truman. (Genevieve laughed) Roosevelt placed a liquor store on every corner in the USA. It's killed 10,000 people with it's advocating liquor. Dave: (kidding) well it balanced the budget. Dad: He "doused" (?) it ! Yes, he did, with 200 billion dollars in the hole. .... there was never a man in the USA that was elected that was as ornery as he was. ... because the whole bunch of the are a bunch of drunkars and divorced people. Si: (jokingly) "now, we'll hear from senator Curtain", ha, ha. Mrs. Roosevelt was preparing to get a divorce when he was running for office and some of them told her not to as she wouldn't get in the whitehouse, if it caused him to lose the office, so I'm told (Later confirmed in James Roosevelt's book) Genevieve: don't you know that Mrs. Roosevelt came out here to see Dad ? Violet: yes, I heard that. Si: (pretending to be Dad, who shook her hand) "I want to shake your hand", ha, ha. Mabel: she took Ramona up in her arms. .... Dad: I said "now watch out Ramona, they might kidnap you. (before he knew who it was) I was scared. Mable: you didn't know who they were. Dad: No. and Jennibgs Randolph, ...one of the fellows. There were 4 other senators and reporters along. And he (





on the farm ... All over the county to roam I'd rather you'd stay where you are my ... just a little brown baby to me. To love and to cherish through all the day long. No joy comes so great that I see. But its true ... done went He push along the edge. He make no ...except to you. It's hard to think that someday we be dead. It seem very strange but its true.

Ada: Now this is my interpretation of a little girl: You're as ... and as cold as a stone little cat. The done throwed you out and left you there all alone little cat. I'm stroking your fur but you don't never purr, and ... where little cat. Why is that? Did they posion your stomach inside little cat? Diad they pound you with bricks or beat you with sticks, little cat? Tell me that. Do you hurt very bad, when you die? Why didn't you run away and hide little cat? There's tears in my eyes, cause I most always cry when a pussy cat dies, little cat. Think of that. And I'm very sorry, besides..... burry in the soft ground, little cat. Why I tucked the green grass all around, little cat. They can't hurt you no more..... so sore. So just sleep quiet like a cat and for-get all the dicks.....

Another: Sometimes in the quiet evening, when the shadows creep from the west. I think of the twilight songs you sang. ..I'M the boy the.... .. you loved(best? best?)..... Little boy with the ... of head.. thats long long ago was (thine) I wonder if you sometimes long for that boy, oh little mother of mine. But now he's come to man's estate, grown stalworth in body and is strong. You scarce would believe that he is the lad you hushed with your slumber song. The years have altered the form and the life, The heart is unchanged by time. .... only thy boy as a goal. Oh, little mother of mine.

Another: They had been married just 3 weeks and on her honeymoon. She was a very energetic young lady and had married a young man noted for his lack of noble qualities. One night while they were on the honeymoon the groom was awakened by sobs from the bride. "What's wrong, what's the matter?" "Oh, I've just had such a horrible dream" Well dear, adream isn't anything to cry over. What did you dream? Oh, I just can't tell you. Oh, I dreamed I was over to Marlinton, and I saw a sign in a window that said: Bridegrooms for sale, boo-boo. All the lady s were going in and I went in too. Well Dear, what's the matter,, what was it all about? Oh, there such good looking husbands there, that sold for \$10,000 a piece. Well did you see any there amonth t ose \$10,000 ~~xxxx~~ crowd that looked like me? That's the worst of it. You were with the ones that were tied in bundles and sold for 30 cents a bunch. boo booo.

Dave: Turn on your radio next week and hear some more poems by Mrs. Ada Curtain. Now we'll have our midnight horror program. Now Genevieve please laugh. Genevieve and Ada started laughing hilariously for two minutes!! (Si playing the piano)

Dad: Story of Otha Hannah dying: Well, he took diptheria and died. About two weeks before that one of the other boys, Joe, a mischeevious boy died of diptheria too. The parents were uneasy about him because he'd never been converted. They thought he might be lost (to hell) Otha was dead maybe an hour and he came too. He said he'd been in heaven. Aunt Martha Buzzard who'd been dead for years. She witnessed all over the county and shouted all over the church. He said: (Otha) I saw Aunt Martha Buzzard. He knew her and a number of people I knew of. I saw a boy that lived up on Elk, that took the Lord's name in vain and he was in hell. The Savior showed me he was in hell. The Savior asked him "why did you take my name in vain"? He was in the flames of fire, suffering and k was the most beautiful place one could imagine. He said it (heaven) said to his mother (Mrs. David Hannah) I'd like you to fix something to eat. I want to eat with you. She prepared something and told him to come to the table. He went to the table and he sat there and didn't eat



why. She went ahead and ate and asked him why he didn't eat. He said "while you were eating the Savior fed me on light loaf, milk and honey" And he said of a small baby there (Mary, who married Sam Gibson), I can ~~take~~ take the baby and put in the fire and it won't burn or harm it. He wanted the baby to show them what he could do, but they wouldn't give it to him. He said I can take this handkerchief and throw it up against the loft and it'll hang there. He threw that handkerchief up against the loft and they said there looked like the difference of a knife blade between it and the loft, and it stayed there until the next day. Grandmother Hannah (Hester), had a small baby (Mary) and didn't go to the funeral (the next day.) She asked them what time they buried Otha. They said about 2 o'clock. She noticed that handkerchief laying across the back of the chair at 2 o'clock--at the time they put him in the grave, the handkerchief came down.

Otha said, I can show you where heaven is. (this was after he came back to life) He went outside and showed them back in yonder and said that's where heaven is. It was all lit up (after dark), the whole heaven. "Now, this is the way Papa's coming, down this way. He'd (David) been to a sale (on Elk) The said a light lit up like a flashlight, the way he was coming. After a while he arrived home. Otha told him all about heaven and all he'd seen. He'd never seen Aunt Martha Buzzard. Some people say we'll know people in heaven. He saw her and knew her. He'd never ~~met~~ met her in his life. She died before he was born. (His father, David said:) : well, son you've come back to stay with me. Otha said, "only for a short time.. I can't stay. It's too beautiful over there in heaven." I'll tell you what you bought at the sale. He told him of everything he bought. You bought a colt and you were going to give it to Sarah and me. (Dad: "that's my mother"). He said that that is right. So he finally at last said: "I'd like to lay down before the fire. Make me a pallet before the fire." He lay down there and never moved a hand nor foot. They looked later on and he was gone. I got ~~xxx~~ ahead of my story. He said to my mother (Sarah) "can't you see the Savior and Joe? They're just as plain as can be. Here goes Joe and there's the Savior right there in the room. She couldn't see them with her natural eyes. He (David?) was uneasy about Joe, but he was saved. He was a mischievous boy, nothing mean about him, but he'd never confessed. Of course, he believed from his training. (Dad quoting the Bible?): "Ye who believes in me shall not perish" All the family were great Christians, and one was a preacher. My grandfather lived so strict after that that he wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday.

My mother said to me when I was a boy, "don't whittle with your pocket knife on Sunday or you'll lose it." Oh, they were strict. We were taught if you take something the good Lord sees you. They taught us not to lie or steal. And you'll never prosper. Along that line of thought, when I was going to school, there were two boys that stole everything they could get their fingers on--pencils etc. They're old men now, about my age, one is 3 years older and they have hardly clothes enough to bury them. We all had the same chance. Our fathers had farms about equal. My mother said if you steal something you'll lose some other way. Those would steal and they've had a hard time of it all through life. I've worked hard. The good Lord surely has taken care of me.

Lassiters: "one of them is in Calif. and one was sentenced to the pen on account of not registering. One in Jail wrote me a letter last winter --in Calif."

March 24, 1977

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Mr. Dave Sharp  
Sharp's Jewelers  
3049 Madison Road  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Sharp:

This is a very belated thank you note for your letter which you had sent to the University of Chicago, last fall. I had left the University nine years ago, and they as well as I were flooded with so much correspondence, that we were unable to catch up with all the letters.

I very much appreciated your sharing the incident of your father with me, and I would naturally very much like to listen to the tape which your father made 20 years ago about this little boy.

Yes, we are convinced that our findings are the truth, and I do wish more people would be aware of it. Do share with me as many details as you have. It would be greatly appreciated. In the meantime, you have my correct address which is listed above.

Again, my apology for this terribly late thank you note.

Cordially,

Elisabeth K. Ross, MD  
Elisabeth K. Ross, M.D.

EKR/117

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Mr & Mrs Dave Sharp  
4171 Paxton Woods Drive  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

August 8, 1977

Dr. Elisabeth K. Ross  
1825 Sylvan Court  
Pleasanton, Illinois 60422  
Dear Dr. Ross:

At your request I am sending a taped recording my father, Luther D. Sharp, Slatyfork, W. Va. made about 15 years ago. facts his mother and father told him about his mother's brother who died while his father was 4 miles away at a sale. Dead apparently a few hours. One side of the tape is about 4 minutes of my father talking. I listened to the larger tape machine (and recorded this cassette from it) and typed very close to his conversation in the tape to make it easier for you to understand the poor quality of a re-recording. The other side is also about 5 minutes of a cousin, Mrs. Allie Gibson who heard the same story from her mother who was a sister to my father. I had never heard my cousin ever discuss the story before, before my brother El, got a recording of her recently. You'll hear my brother asking her questions about it in the recording. --basically the same as my father said.

I've heard my father tell the story many times from the time I was a child till his death. Briefly: Othey took diphtheria. His father went to a farm sale 4 miles away. Othey died while his father, David Hannah, was at the sale. When his father returned at night, Othey told him what he had bought at the sale, saying "you bought me a poney" among other things. While his father was at the sale, Othey died, came back to life, told his mother about what all he saw in heaven... aunt Martha Bussard, Christ asking a man why he took his name in vain, saw his brother Joe who had died shortly before of diphtheria, etc. Othey said he could take the baby that his mother (Sarah's Mother too) was babysitting for (baby named Mary, I believe, who married later on married Sam Gibson) and put it in the fireplace and it would not be harmed. He threw a red handkerchief up to the ceiling and said it would stay there, which it did till 2 o'clock the next day when Othey was buried and it then fell across a chairback. When Othey's father, David Hannah, came back from the sale, he asked Othey if he came to stay and Othey said no, that he just came back to tell how beautiful it was in heaven. Mrs. David Hannah had supper ready when he got back from the sale. They all sat down to eat. When through David asked Othey why he didn't eat food on his plate. He told his father that his brother had fed him light loaf, milk and honey from the breadbox. (light loaf was delicacy then--usually cornbread) The family said the breadbox smelled of honey for a long time after that. The boy asked for a "nallet" (pillow) to be put down by the fireplace so he could lie down. He lay down and soon he quietly passed away. This is my recollection of the story my father told many times.

Use the enclosed typed sheet to help you hear or understand the side of the tape that is weak which is my father's voice cassette-taped from an old tape on a roll. There is a recording on each side of the tape--just short recordings.

If there is anything further I can help you on this, please let me know.

Sincerely,

Dave Sharp

PS You wrote me March 24, 1977 that you'd like to hear the tape of my father, but hunting up the tape and getting one from another branch of the family seemed to take time.



Starts with Mabel reading a letter from Paul about Vonda in operating room. He called back to a neighbor in Borger who said Thayer and Barbara were getting along fine. Four-pint blood transfusion. Got her a ponsetta. Anderson Hospital. He got a wire from Violet--they are going to Ivan's for Xmas. Love Paul.....

Dad: ..... I see a coon on that limb and I told Lowell to try it. <sup>coon</sup> <sup>shooting</sup> Lowell said he moved a little bit. Next shot he shot him out. Went down to the back of the cellar and put my head up against the cellar. ~~Exhausted~~ after hearing dogs barking when I got to the old school house. I decided the dogs were away up the creek. We went to the top of the hill yonder--went down and across the creek and went up there to upper end of that meadow right from that big walnut tree and he treed that coon a 1/4 of a mile from where we were at. Best coon dogs I ever saw. I believe better than when I was 12 years old. Well sir, he'd lay in the top of the tree and Lowell said "he'll fall in the creek, what'll we do about it?" I said I don't know. I'll just shoot it lightly and maybe he'll come out. I shot once and missed. I backed up far enough, I thought the shot would sprinkle him, but he didn't move. Next shot and he fell in the creek. Si said: "why didn't the dogs go in and get him when he fell in the creek?" Dad: I don't know why. But the creek's deep, Si. Si: The dogs can swim can't they? Dad: the water's awful rough up there. Pretty near knock the daylights out of a dog. I was on one side of the creek and he hung on until he was plumb dead. And then he let all hands and feet go and came straight down and he hit that water like a chunk of a calf. And I hollered and hissed the dogs and everything and the dogs ran to the water and wouldn't go in. Uncle George (Mabel's uncle) and Lowell was on one side of the creek and me on the other, but we couldn't see where it washed out to one side or the other--clear down to the bridge. It was dark. If he were stiff he'd lodge (against a rock) but he was warm and should roll out on the bank. He certainly was a big one. I hated to loose him. Oh it was the finest night I ever saw. I expect we scared out 8 or 10 from ~~the~~ mother's apple orchard. This one was a big one. I wanted Jr. in on it. I'd give a price of a coon and some extra if Jr. had been along. But it's hard work. I got tired looking along the creek. But he hung up there (in tree) until he was as dead as four o'clock, as the saying goes. Si: I'd like to see a good coon fight in the water where a dog goes in after him. Dad: They'll drown every dog, they say. I only saw one dog go in a hole of water in my life after one. That was the other dog I had when I caught those 26 one winter when I was 12 years old. I set it down in a diary. Set down everything I killed that year. It was at that hole where Pennington's lived (below church). Treed it over the hole and I shook him off and he fell in that hole of water and that yellow dog swam in. It was daylight when I got there. I heard him from over here and I went clear over the hill and down and he was there below Will Gibson. It was daylight. He seemed to sit in the water. The dogs swam up to him and he sat up on his hips and he just pulled his feet up like this and popped that yellow dog's head under the water and he got strangled and had to scramble to the shore. I hissed him back in but the coon knew to stay in the water. And then I shot him

Chinese checkers: Dad: when Mabel got playin good enough to beat me, I quit.

Old cellar over the Hill: Dad: Henry has potatoes in there. We put 15 bu. of apples in there and some one stole them all--all but 1/2 gal. and 2 or 3 bu. of potatoes. It was old H.... T... I guess. H. .. got a buggy rake ~~xxxxxx~~ tool and drewed the steeple (for look) He carried them out on his back. I have a pain at the ball of my right heel. Hurts right into the bone

Apparently when Dad was a boy: Dad: ... cow had a calf with two heads and had it mounted. We were talking and he said to the calf to speak to this little boy. It spoke to me and I thought it was the calf talking, ha ha. I don't see how they can do that, do you? --standing over there and talk to you over here.

Dad: ... Hannah boy killed a bear. We went up to the head of Slatyfork creek and heard the dogs going around the top of the mt. and I decided no bear was coming to the head of the creek and we came out of there and came around to home here and they heard Mazie Hannah phoning to head of blk that the bear was coming around up there on the Gibson place. and we jumped in the cars with our guns and Uncle George went up here to the Sam Gibson place. There were a whole bunch of us there watching and tourists coming along and wondered if we were watching for a gangster. But here came Si around directly and said they already killed a bear up there at Ellis Hannah's. We all went up there and Si took some good pictures. The Boys that was an awful big bear. His arms were bigger than an man's arms. One bite and he'd kill a sheep.

Dave: what time will you get up tomorrow? Dad: about 6 o'clock. I get Uncle George up, so he can get out at 7. I got up at 15 to 3 mornings to go coon hunting. One morning I went over the hill and the dog was dragging a big coon. That night he went over and we killed two and one got away. Gee, believe me, I had a load. I went down to the old wagon house and got a piece of wire and ran through their ham strings, you know and put them across my shoulder. I'd go a little piece and have to sit down and rest. The fun was all over when I killed those two coons. Aren't allowd to kill but two coons at a time. Very good thing the other one got away or I might have violated the law and I might have overdone myself carrying them in.

Dad: Old Jack was barking at the hog pen at Henry's. I was going up to the sheep and I called him away. He was back there barking to beat the band. I went up there and he had two coonstreed up two trees. Loraine was coming to help pen the sheep. After we shot one out I had Loraine --it was before daylight--to see with a flashlight and she said yes there's another.....

Dad: Then Keith haw was coming up from the church and said a coon ran across the road right down there. Lowell and I went down there and by the noise of the car and lights it ran up a big oak. Lowell said he saw it and shot it out. That last one made 20 coons. You take 20 coons and the clean out the cornfield and tear it up like a bunch of hogs. Sharp said hogs aren't equal to beavers. He said he had 15 acres of corn on the river. He said a hog couldn't hold a candle to a beaver. They cut the stalks off and carried them off in to the river. He didn't mind telling me. He said he shot six of them. Dave: Is that the same Sharp that killed someone? Dad: It was his boy, I found out. One of his boys shot a hole through the top of Gay's hat. (gamwarden?) Gay would never go back in that country after that. He says that's the best place to hunt because the gamwardens never go back in there--you know after he got shot through the top of his hat! ha, ha. But that Gay, g when they came over to kill those bear, he came and asked and wanted to know who went up there bear hunting that day. Jake Mace went up there because the bear killed his sheep, and he went up there and caught him without a license on his own place. Took him up before a justice at Huntersville and fined him \$20 and cost. I would have carried that up. Dave: They change the law so you can kill a bear for killing sheep? Dad: Si and I changed that. We really did. We wrote to the Times and the Times took it to the Clarksburg papers and Cal Price wrote how awful the bear was. The next thing, a rule came that Pocahontas county and a couple more, there would be no law on bear. Si wrote the best piece you ever saw. The Clarksburg paper gave Cal Price credit for writing that piece, you know.

199 Stories by L. D. Sharp, 77, taped fall 1949 by Dave Sharp (Page 2-B) 199  
(This sheet should have been immediately following the story about the two-headed calf--near top of page 2 --I overlooked one ~~sheet~~ one hand-written sheet when I typed it.)

..... (not clear)... Dad: ..... She's biggest liar I ever heard. They put them out over there at Duncan's house. She had twin babies. One named Lee after Lee Gibson and the other after Fred Hefner.

Dad: I was so tired I could hardly make it in. The roads were so bad--muddy and slushy and slick. I had that coat over all this winter ~~shut~~ clothes and I got so hot. We had a lot of fun though. I'd liked to have had Jr. along. Dave: "let's go out tonight". Dad: I got up 15 minutes till 3 o'clock and got that big coon. I don't have vitamins enough, but Lowell will go with you in the morning. He's got vitality enough, he'll jump right out of bed and go. 4 o'clock in the morning is good. Early at night and late in morning. They must retire at 12 o'clock. You can hardly catch them then. They travel just after dark and then again in the morning again. It seems that's the way they do.

Dad: I was almost eaten up one time. I was 12 years old and went down on Gauley to where a man named Curry had a corn field. Uncle Harmon Sharp went there a few nights before that and caught 7 coons. So I went down there and there were no coons in it. So I went out on the top of the bank, and built a fire. I had a dog I had so much confidence in. A 12 year old boy to go down there and camp out. I laid down by the fire and about 11 o'clock whe down in a laurel patch the dog was fighting something down there. And directly he was hollering like he was dieing. I waited for him to come back and I got scared. I went down through looking for my dog and couldn't find him I hit it right on down to Elk River and waded across the creek. The water was low and I hit for home. He rant into a bear down in there. The next day about 1 or 2 o'clocks in the afternoon he came in with his whole side torn out. You could see his insides. After so long a time he got well. That bear might have eaten me right there and you'd never seen your daddy. ha, ha, ha.(about five laughing with him) He almost killed that dog.

(Dave: Yes, I guess if that bear had killed him, we would never have seen him ! ha.)



Dave: are you going coon hunting? Dad: Yes, I'm going over and start the dogs. I ain't able to go over the hill. Get Lowell and you all can go over the hill. You've got a lot of vim. You'd have a good chance to go up to Uncle Sam Ma Gibson's place. Just drive the car up there and get out and go under those apple trees. The creek might be up so high that if they come off Gauley Mt. they can't get across the creek. I'll take Jack and Shep over in the madow. Get your shoes on. You and Lowell go along and you two can go on over the Hill. ....(not clear)... *hubs*

Dad: ... (about a girl he knew using perfume) ... etti ... a box of .... a smell, gives you a perfume. It smells pretty and there's catnip in it. And she wanted in to that and he asked her if that's how she smelled all the time., and she said "yes sir, that's my natural smell", and he'd never go back to her any more I ha. ha. ha. *story*

Another story: ..... and she stepped in where some one had dumped, you know, over at the church and I could hardly stand it and I never liked that girl after that, ha, ha. Si: maybe she didn't wipe. ha, Dad: I never could like her after that. Everytime I'd think of her I'd think about that, ha. In church .... on the way, and walked to church and in the church and they smelled that.

(other side of cassette) Dad stalking a deer in a laurel patch on "bear pen ridge" on Gauley Mt. Dad: ... right in the laurel patch. I walked right on out and the air was drawing from the deer to me. I walked to a birch tree, I remember it as well as yesterday. I stuck my head around. I could have pitched my gun right on top of that doe's back. Well, I cocked the gun. I'd never shot from my left shoulder in my life, ha. *lees*

I got the prettiest sight you ever say. I was just looking at the front head. I never once thought of it till it was all over. I drew the bead right on the middle of the deer and pulled it off and never touched the deer. I bet I shot a foot over it. Well, it went out of there like lightning. I jumped off in the laurel patch and fired a gain at it as it ran through in the brush, but didn't have a chance. Well, the next morning I said to Billy Marcus (.) "let's learn to shoot from the left shoulder. I could have killed that deer if I'd learned to shoot from the left shoulder. We went out and you've never seen the shooting we did (practicing) Bill got so he was better than I was. But Uncle Hugh shot all his life from his left shoulder. (Dave does too!) I was never closer to a deer in my life. That deer was eating laurel. It had it's hind leg toward me. Dave: you shot at a turkey the same way.

Dad: Ha, ha, yes the same way, ha, ha. I saw turkeys with young turkeys in the creek meadow one time, I had a mt. rifle. Had to load everytime. The turkey was going along picking grass hoppers in the grass. I picked out the largest one in the bunch. The young ones were nice size--in the fall of the year. She had her head down, facing the other way and when the gun cracked she just went over the bank where we treed that coon the other night, and flew across to that walnut tree. The others flew away. I went over and picked that turkey up and there wasn't a hole in it, ha, ha.--only a natural hole, ha, ha. Si: so you shot it right in the mouth! Dad: yes, ha, ha. That's the way to shoot a turkey--you don't tear it up, ha, ha. I've done a lot of hunting in my lifetime--ever since I was 12 years old. I'm 77, going on 78. I got so I could shoot that mt. rifle right along. YOU'd have to pour in powder and then put the bullet in and get the ramrod. It fit right under the barrel. Put a cloth wad in and then the bullet and push it in with your knife--butt end and cut the cloth off right at end of the gun, and when you got to the bottom you begin to hit the ram rod like this and when it commenced to balance back you know you had it down on the powder. *gun*

..... (some missing) .... Dad: .... we'll go up to the peach orchard. Si: "I'll just call that --you're thru with the coons".--you're the one that made the bet". Dad: Like, Jr. last night, I told him I'd bet \$100 against 2 cents that the dog wasn't on the porch (gone coon hunting on his own)--oh, yes, I didn't collect the 2 cents did I?

Si: I think you & I will have to produce a coon hide to make sure you get a coon. Lowell: we'll get one tonight or tomorrow night.

Dad: Lowell has enough experience to know that dog wouldn't go away back up there unless a coon was there. There's no way to prove it because we didn't get the coon, but I know he ran the coon from that apple orchard.

Si: (kidding) I'm satisfied in my mind that he was just running a fox up there and he ran far enough he decided he wanted to rest and he barked to fool you, ha. .... (Snowsloe rabbit) Dad: yes, wool on the bottom of their feet and their tracks as big as a dog's track. The first one I ever saw and I don't think I saw one since. Will Vorgan saw this thing and he shot at it and I went to will. He missed it. He said "I saw the biggest panther". I asked what color it was. He said "it's right white and as big as a sheep, I asked where it was. He said "I see it". on up yonder--I know it's a panther" I never heard of a white panther in my life. I slipped along and he yelled: "wait, wait, I see it". I shot and when the gun cracked down it went. I went up to get it and held it up and it looked every bit that tall (demonstrated it). That was his "panther", ha. We brought it out to home. The biggest part of them is their feet. White as snow, with long ears. Si: They'll get brown in a frying pan". Si: you know, that cold winter in 1917 you know how cold it got? It stayed about zero about all through Dec. and Jan. He caught a weasel over at the high rocks over on Slatyfork that was as white as it could be--just like they do in Canada. We've got it mounted and it's out here in the store upper window. Dad: I saw where on crossed about 15 years ago, thru yonder at the meadow, round top of the hill. Oh, I've seen 100's of tracks in Gauley up there at the high top, I never ever ate one and never saw but that one and I killed it. Dad: ...

.... tie my shoe string. when my boys are here I want to make use of them. (Attempt to tape Dad and have him on the movie at same time (on front porch?) L.D.: usually Friday is my lucky day but I hunted 5 days and didn't have any luck. I was about to kill a deer on the 5th day. I was crawling up to the deer and another man scared it away, so I missed having good luck on Friday. So Sat. I went back to my old stand. The deer was coming in a different direction to one of my by-standers. He shot about 6 shots and crippled it a little bit. It ran away from him. I shot about 200 yards and broke it's leg. Another fellow said "go down in the brush, there's a big deer there on the left side of you. That other fellow didn't go in the brush so I took off down there as hard as I could down in the hollow and I brought him down. He was a 6-prong buck. Now if you want to kill deer and want a partner, you take Lowell Gibson. He's a real chum and a real hunter and if I take him with me he usually gets game. Dave: (kidding) where's Lowell? Dad: He's right here. Come over here Lowell. He and I are hunters together. He does whatever I tell him, ha, ha, ha. Dad: After I killed that fine big deer I sent Lowell back up to my stand where I'd been standing for 5 days and a big deer came thru there and he shot 6 shots and the last shot he brought him down. It was an 8-prong buck. Boy's did we have luck that day! We had two to bring in. It was a job bringing those two in. Boy's we did have venison! ha. Coon hunt:--Dad: Why, we had quite a sport killing coons. One night when there was no one here my coon hunting partner wasn't here so I wanted to go hunting so bad and started out and went over the hill to the other farm and the dogs put 3 coons up a tree. I killed one and it jumped 25 feet down over the hill. It got away in spite of everything. I couldn't get the dogs away from the tree as they knew other coons were in the tree. So I shot out the other two. Believe me, I had a load carrying those coons home. I wished my chum had been there to help. Those dogs are just pups, but really good coon dogs. They won't bark when tracking.

(Mabel's experience at the bear chase) Dave: did she run? Dad: The dogs were coming toward us. She ran to the car as hard as she could run, jumped in and south the door. They rent two deer out and came about 20 steps from us.

Dad: we used to have lots of turkeys. Back on the mountain there must have been 50 head of them. I followed tracks up on the flat and I thought no one within a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile of me. I crawled up over the bank and was picking out the biggest one to shoot. But a man came up on the other side and went "bang, bang" and away went all the turkeys. I was spited ~~me~~. *Turkeys* enough to choke him a little bit. ha. Another time I was up on the mt. and was calling turkeys and about 15 of them came in a row across the flat as hard as they could a calling and cutting. I banged in with the shotgun and knocked down four of them. I ran up there. One jumped 15 feet high and I could have shot it. I was so excited with it jumping. It finally jumped up and out through a hole in the trees and sailed and fell  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile down in Buck's hollow. I went down there and looked the country over and couldn't find it. So I went back up and I had three nice young turkey gobblers, about all I could carry out of there. We can't do that any more because we don't have the turkeys. They're as scarce as hen's teeth. Used to hear gobblers in the spring of the year. You seldom hear that now. Hunters and red and grey foxes about finished the wild turkeys. I'd like to recall back when my young days for a little while to have the sport like we used to have among the wild game--turkeys, deer, etc. Fish I, we used to have fish to galore. My goodness, you could go and catch a basket full of fish in just a little while. But we can't anymore. They stock the streams every year. But if you get the limit of 10 or 15 you've done awful well. So, back in our day we had really more enjoyable life than we do today with all our automobiles and air planes etc. We do, of course, have a few deer and most too many bear, but still that's not like plenty of turkey, fish and smaller game. Dad: another time hunting turkeys, I called up 7 big gobblers. I had a gun that I hadn't used very much. I called them up to about 20 steps of ~~me~~ me and planned to kill half of them, and the old gun wouldn't go off. I tried both barrels. They had their necks almost crossed each other--lined up. Their old beards looked about 10 inches long. By then they started "cutting" (danger signal) and saw me and flew out. When they got about a 100 yards, the gun went off as fair as could be. I felt like taking the gun around a tree, ha. I never had a better chance in my life and to think that old gun would do me that way. I broke the gun down that way (demonstrated) and brought it back up and it didn't cock, you see. It wouldn't cock half the time. They flew when they heard the gun clicking. That was the gun I got from a candy company for ordering a large shipment of hard candy. It wasn't worth a dime! That's some of your give-away stuff, ha. Well, I'm to go over the hill. I may take some corn over and feed those turkeys. If the water wasn't up so, I'd go in the car. .... (not clear).... Dad: ..... life's ..... where we expect to meet again. Like Martha Gibson, I was talking to her, I had to leave, and I said "we hope to meet again". She said: we will meet again. I'd talked to them at the market (sheep?). I hadn't seen them for 35 years. Talking about (age?) I said this world's good enough for me. I'd just like to live here always. I'd heard a man at conference a few years ago giving a testimony --a preacher. One fellow said he'd like to live always if the Lord would permit it. I like life. The fellow replied, I'm not caring much for living on, for according to what we believe and preach, why it's better for us beyond when this life's over. I said that's true too, but I just like life. He replied "I'm different. I'd like to go anytime.". He didn't live but about two months after that. He took sick and they took him to the Marlinton hospital and he passed over. His name was False. He said it was better on beyond.

Dad: my mother told me that just a few days before she died--I said to her, "mother, you're going to kill yourself tending to that cold that got it's leg broke. You'll take pneumonia and die. She said: why do



we worry about ~~what~~ that, Luther? It's better on beyond after this life's over. She took pneumonia and did die. Winter Gibson was there when he was a christian and she had him to sing the most beautiful song. I forget what it was now (she apparently requested it) There was never anyone who had a better mother than I did. There was never a more devoted Christian. She was permitted--gave witness to ..... her brother, Otha, died and came to life and he told all about Heaven and who was in heaven. Told them how beautiful it was. The Savior took him all over heaven and let him look down into hell. He said a boy on Elk, a wicked boy, and the savior asked him "whid did you take my name in vain?" --he was in the flames of fire. He told what boy it was. Otha said: "Joe's saved. He's here with me, can't you see him? (Joe apparently had died shortly before Otha with diptheria). --and there's the Savior. Dad: Joe was a mischevious boy and never joined the church and was never converted. Maybe never had the chance. He was raised by Christian parents (David Hannah) They were uneasy about him because he was so mischevious. He died about a week or 16 days before that. That is what made the family such devored Christians. One of them, Uncle George, became a preacher. Otha could perform miracles. He said "I can throw that handkerchief up against the loft (ceiling) and it'll stay there" He threw a red handkerchief up there and it, they said, looked like just a space of a knife blade between it and the wall, and stayed there through that day and night and next day when grandmother asked what time he was burried--she had a small baby (Mary)(and couldn't go to funeral) and they said about 2 o'clock, when they put him in the grave, up there above Marvin, ah (uncle ) George Hannahs--that's the Hannah graveyard. She said she noticed the handkerchief laying across the back of a chair. He (Otha) said: I can take that child and put it in the fire (fireplace) and it won't burn". They wouldn't let him have the baby to put in the fire. Otha said "I can show you where Heaven is. They (his mother etc.) went outside and he said "up there's heaven--right back of Sam Hannah's--the whole heaven's lit up. Otha said "up this way, Pap's coming. He called him pap. He was coming home from a sale (up Elk) He told grandfather (David) everything that he bought at the Sale. Among the things, you bought a colt for Sara and I (brother and sister) Grandfather said "yes I was going to give it to you and Sarah (Dad's mother) David said "Son, you've come back to stay with me?" Otha said "no, it's too beautiful over in heaven. I've come to stay only a little while. I wish you'd make me a pallet before the fire". After about an hour or two. He laid down on the pallet before the fire and didn't move a hand nor foot. Just like going to sleep. That is what made them, well they were good Christians anyway. Grandfather (David) wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday. I don't know if it was before that or not. It had to be cooked on Satur day. You know, when it rained manna from Heaven to feed the Israelites they could only geather it one day at a time. If they picked two days at once it would spoil. If they geathered it on Sat. it would stay good on Sunday to eat. George commented that he heard a preacher say "a man who fed stock on Sunday wasn't a christian. I disagreed with him" Dad: your're right. Because he spoke one place: "Who is it that won't pull the ox out of the ditch?" When they went through the field plucking corn or wheat, you know, some of the people critized them--the deciples plucking wheat (of grains) because they were breaking the sabbath. and he said: "I am the Lord of the sabbath and whach of you if the ox fell in the ditch wouldn't pull it out on Sunday? That means that things that have to be done, I think, possibly, it would be more harm to let the stock to starve and suffer than to feed it. YOU'd be doing a righteous act.

(End of 2nd half of reel-to-reel tape. --the first side. -----Cassette #4B

Start on 2nd reel-to-reel.

204

Dad: Hanson Doyle said "I saw Jesus, I saw him face to face. I know Him, I've met him". (Dad apparently telling of a vision he himself had): Dad: I said "I had the same experience." but I didn't tell it. Vision: I was out here on top of the hill about 5 years ago and an aunt I hadn't seen in years, Aunt Lear (or Lehr) Hannah. There was some other woman, came up from the old school house and coming up the hill-- I watched them and there was aunt Lear. I'd forgotten what she looked like--uncle George Hannah's wife. She'd been dead for several years, and she said "Luther, look yonder, look yonder". and for 2 or 3 years I couldn't speak of that without crying. It's hard to do it yet. I looked around and I never saw the heavens so beautiful in my life. There came the Savior with the most decorated stars(.) I ever saw on this earth--all around on his wings and crown. The most beautiful stars you ever saw in this world. He came on and there were two others in behind him. I wasn't to know who they were. I believe was my first wife, Laura and daughter Greola. They were decorated. You've never seen soldiers decorated that could compare anywhere. And I wondered about about---they got Christ's picture on a pocket handkerchief(?) and I wondered if that was a picture of him on it or not, but it is. Talk about a personality--the finest personality I ever looked on the face of. And I kind of had a fear--entering in to the presence of God--a poor weak sinner like me., and he came on down to top of the graveyard hill---there was no timber there at all. And I said "shake hands with me" and he reached down and shook hands with me. (Dad weeping). It was no dream. It was a vision. Aunt Lear called my attention to it. She said "Luther look back yonder. And then when I woke up. Aunt Lear and this other woman was walking in their ordinary clothes like when they were here on earth. She said "Luther look yonder". The sky was decorated with stars of various colors, gold, silver and came coming closer till they came to the graveyard. The speak ~~mixup~~ that people are not permitted to look on the face of their creator. I've already had that privilege if I never see him again, and I shook hands with Him.

End

saw Jesus

A.M.

1949--message to L.D.

205

Iape begins at Ivan's at Nitro Xmas Eve 1949--message to L.D.  
Evan: "Merry Christmas, Mammad" --giggles. Genevieve: Merry Xmas Dad &  
Mabel, and Si and all the little ones. Rufus: Merry Xmas to you Dad.  
We all wish we could be there with you this AM. And Si I hope you are  
feeling fine and enjoying Xmas like we are down here at Nitro. We've  
just had a wonderful time. Violet: Well, good morning good old Dad.  
It's so nice to be here at Ivan's this AM, but it'd be so much nicer  
if we could all be up there with you and Si. We've been looking at some  
pictures and some we had of Paul and Vonda, and we've been thinking of  
them down in Texas, and I am sure you are too. We wish you you're  
having a peaceful happy Xmas up there and the new year will bring you  
peace and prosperity. We hope you'll all come real soon down to Richmond  
and we'll all have a nice family reunion together. God Bless each  
one of you is my prayer. Ivan: Merry Xmas Dad, Mable and Si and those  
about you. Genevieve and I would like to be up there with you. It  
happens to be Sunday and Xmas up there with you.....(?)....  
We played it to Dad Xmas night: He laughed happily about it. Dave asked  
about hunting: Dad: I started in on Monday morning at 4 o'clock and  
hunted all week. Saw several does and on Friday my lucky day, I saw  
a deer at a distance and I had to back out from where I was and go  
about a 1/4 a mile around to get up on the deer and got down and crawled  
and had everything going my way, and I had about 30 yards yet to crawl  
and don't you know that big deer that was feeding was in a fair opening  
and Henry Shaver was watching from a distance when we first saw it. And  
a scoundrel, I don't really know what you'd call him, ha, came up on  
the other side and when I got up to lay my gun on the rail fence to  
shoot the big buck it was gone. That's how he scared it and ran it away.  
I lost out and lost faith. Then on Sat. I went out and Henry Gibson  
asked if Lowell could go along. I said "yes, I need a partner, and so  
Ivan, Ralph, Evan was back on the mountain and I think they ran the deer  
to me. I shot and broke it's leg and followed it's track about 300 yards  
and that time he laid there! a 6-prong buck and he was a dandy. Well,  
just after killing it I looked and saw 4 deer going across the ridge.  
One was large. I told Lowell to go back up to where I was on a stand  
and I'd follow the deer around and go across at the head of the other  
hollow, as I wasn't allowed to kill any more. When I got over there they  
had gone through. Just now I heard Lowell commence bang! bang! bang!  
He shot about 6 shots and the last shot hit him in the back bone and  
dropped him down. When I went up there he had an 8 point buck, a dandy!  
If you don't call that luck I don't know what you'd call it! We'd  
hunted all week and then on Sat we had our first luck after seeing so  
many ~~many~~ does. ha. Uncle George here (Mabel's uncle?) 1st day of the  
season he was afraid of getting shot. Wouldn't go in the woods so he  
sat up on the mountain and some one ran a big buck by him and he dropped  
it. He came to the house and said "Henry, come up here quick. I got  
him--I got him!" I hollered for Ivan and Evan came by him and helped  
carry it in. It was the best luck we've had for years. I gave Ivan the  
head and hide and horns. And he is having it mounted. And Uncle George  
is giving him his (Dave: these must be the two deer heads of Ivan's  
mounted on one board--?) I didn't know Ivan would mount them so I messed  
up the neck of Uncle George's.  
.....Si telling about someone backing into Frank's car etc. and about  
Dumire in 2nd world war.  
Dave: I hear you killed some coons--? Dad: Well sir, I caught our  
limit. We have the best coon dogs--most any night you can get a coon.  
We go over to the apple orchard across the creek. We don't go so far from  
the house and over on the other farm (old home place). Dave: can't we go  
tonight? Dad: This is Sunday night!--my boy. Don't you regard the  
Sabbath and keep it holy? ha. ha. Si: (kidding) Dad's dogs hunt on Sunday.  
He made us go to church on Sunday but he doesn't make the dogs go!

SHARP 4

Ree

lier

Coons



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GUARD

Dad: I went over the hill one night by myself and the dogs treed a coon up a wild cherry tree beyond that barn (the big red barn?) I went up there and there were 3 coons. I shot one and one jumped out 25 feet from the tree--near the window on house. The dogs knew the coons were in the tree. I tried to get them to chase the coon but they'd run back to that tree. and it got away. But I shot the two out and you should have seen the dogs fight them. I had the ~~an~~ awfulest load. I hunted up a wire and tied them together. I was worn out when I got home.

Si: talking about army tank binoculars etc.  
Dad--telling a story of the Civil war that was on the Edison Phonograph (Dave has the phonograph and the record) --about the colored man "darky" in the army. They asked the darkey that was enlisting in the army thousands of battles he'd been in previously. Darkey: Well, I've been in thousands of battles. Enlisten: there wasn't thousands of battles. Darkey: well, I've been in lots of battles..... Well I know I've been in two battles. Recruiter: what were they? Darkey: the battle with my wife and the battle of Bull's run. Recruiter: I bet at the battle of Bull's Run you did some running? Darkey: "Yesss Sirrrreee ! When the ordered retreat I sure ran ! Recruiter: what about the battle with your wife? Darkey: Oh, I surrendered ! ha, ha. He then said to the captain: I want you to do me one favor. I don't want you to put me in the cavalry---so, when the captain say's "retreat!", I don't want a horse to hole me back in the retreat." ..... some not clear.....

*Gum Mathias*

Si: ...Gum Mathias..... then Si telling about a teacher going up on Elk ... and Sandy (or Andy) wouldn't study. Parents told teacher to make him study anyhow. He said "I ..... him once but id doesn't do a bit o good". So the next morning he (teacher) said we'll all study now. Andy, get put your book and study. He said Andy wouldn't open his book. So he went back and caught him by the top of his shirt and he said he just shook him almost out of his clothes, tore all the buttons off his shirt. He set him back in his seat and Andy opened up his book and he studied from then on. The teacher stopped by the home and they asked him if Andy studied? He said: didn't Andy tell you? They said "no, he never tells us anything. The teacher said he studied fine. I just shook him till all the buttons fell off his shirt. Then old lady said: "that's alright, I'll sewe them back on". ha, ha.

Dave: Dad, did you know Gum Mathias the teacher?  
Dad: I reckon I did know him ! Si: "wasn't you and some other boy going to whip him one time"? Dad: Davis Hannah, Joe Sharp and I---we saw him about beat the daylights out of other kids. He had a stick about 20 inches long---he'd cut on it as a regulator (a ruler?) and he used it to prop up the window. He'd just jerk that out of the window and grab a youngen' and blister him right ! ---almost wear him out. So we three made it up that if he jumped one of us we'd join to gether and we'd lick the old man. We were in our teens (1s?) ha, ha. ~~max~~ One day....he always would court some girl (student) --pick out some girl to court. Gum Mathias had 3 fingers on one hand and two on the other. (Dave: Raymond Mace wrote me the same thing !)  
Dad: He had high shoulders. A head as big as William Jennings Bryant. Smart enough and all like that. One day we were out there playing draw ball.. and they threw, you know, the ball to the other side and whoever was hit it put you out .. and so I dove for it and someone missed it. He yelled: "you jumped behind that girl to keep from getting hit"! He talked so independenat and mean. I looked for the other boys but neither was there that day. I said "Gum Mathias, I didn't do it ! I was beginning to think about the girls too, ha. He said: "don't you tell me you didn't jumpe behind that girl to keep from getting hit." I said no sir I did not. Dave: did he do anything to you? Dad: no, he stopped there.

*↑ Gum Mathias*

Dad telling about being nearly shot on a haystack:  
 Dad: I went up in the meadow to feed the calves. Took Albert Hannah along. He was a boy that came from school. (both 12 or 13 ??) I took my gun along with me. There were snow birds on in the snow. While I was throwing the hay off the stack I told him to kill one of them. All you had to do was to barely touch the trigger on that gun. So e whizzed around trying to get a sight on a bird.--we didn't have English sparrows then-- I hadn't seen one till about 60 years ago. I said: reach me that gun and I'll show you how to kill one. He was reaching the gun up to me. I had a hold of the stack pole and reaching down to him. He hadn't let the hammer down and he touched that trigger and the bullet went along the side of my temple and I just fell. I was numb. When I got over that numbness I felt my head to see if blood. I remember it as well as yesterday. I said "Albert, you've shot me"! He said: "don't you tell Paps, he'll whip me to death"! I asked him if he saw any blood and he said he didn't. *shut in haystack 201*

Story of Dad stomping a skunk to death!

Dad: I was coming up from the Porter Morre house (mouth of Slatyfork creek) --up that steep path--side of the hill near Slatyfork creek. I'd been down to Uncle Harmon Sharp's one night. I heard something coming above the path in the leaves. Skunks were worth about \$2. Money was scarce. It was a skunk. I jumped on the skunk ~~skunk~~ above a cliff of rocks and my feet slipped,,,where the bank is awful steep. I landed at the bottom and broke my lantern lobe. I was hurt so bad I thought I'd lay there a minute. I'd gone 20 feet--rolled down to the bottom. By the way, I felt something digging under me. I'd caught that skunk sliding down there and I had it down tight and it couldn't do a thing. So I raised up just a little bit. I got off as soon as he started kicking and scratching. Oh, land of mercy, it threw that scent all over me and I got up and stomped that skunk to death. ha, ha. Those boots I had on they stunk every time I'd warm them up--(Dave: I guess before the fire place that winter) and I'd think of that old skunk, Ha. Well, I got the skunk ~~skunk~~ alright! Another skunk story:

Dad: My father and I, we tracked some skunks in down the creek bank -- back under a big flat rock. We got a mattock and went to digging. We built a fire in below it trying to smoke it out. You can't smoke them out or we didn't that time. We blew the smoke back under that rock. So we ~~jumped and~~ jumped in and thought we could dig in back behind that flat rock. We dug down. My father was digging and told me to watch below. He said: I'm coming through on it. The mattock broke in to it here. Now you watch there with that stick. I was watching. The smoke had strained my eyes. He puched down in there and instead of the skunk throwing it out his way he filled my eyes full through that smoke, Ha, ha. Great lands'. The reason the dog wallows and rubs his head in the grass, it's not the smell. it's butns just like fire. I strained my eyes to see and it was about 10 feet to the creek. I made about five jumps into the creek and stuck my head right down in the water to get it out of my eyes. I washed and rubbed it out. My father finally killed the skunk.

Story of Uncle Hugh chased by a bear!

Dad: That's when Uncle Harmon Sharp said he heard an old deer and she had fawns in there (up on the mountain)(in a brush thicket) Uncle Hugh, just abboy, went up there on Sunday morning. He had a dream that night that he had a fight with a bear and he had a cane with a knot on it. He'd get deer and raise them. He wanted to get one of those fawns. With a young fawn you squall and holler and they'll stay down. when they are a few days old. You can run up and catch them. He went up there and there was an old she bear and 2 cubs in there! He'd cut this cane off as he went up the hill just like he'd dreamed of. It had a knot on it, just like in the dream *Neph & bear*

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He then heard the noise in the thick brush, so he made a jump in there a hollering to catch the fawn. Instead of a deer it was an old she bear. He kept saying "akh, akh, akh" and backing up and putting up a brave face to the bear till he got outside, and he said he ran down over the hill. He was just a boy. He saw a big hollow log and he said "I just pilled into that old log and went in as far as I could go---if that bear had followed me that was just where ~~he~~ she would have wanted me" ha, ha. He made the bear think he was brave until he got out of there.

.....~~Dad~~ Dad: Ev rybody has an influence on some one. I was watching a baby in it's mother's arms. The little fellow yawned. I stopped in the middle of my talking and yawned. So I said: "Everyone has an influence. You may not think so, but you ~~do~~ do." I said pardon me, but I watched that little baby and it had enough influence over me to cause me to yawn. They all laughed."

More deer hunting--not clear: on the mountain--Henry Lorraine, Lowell. --telling strategy etc.

Dad driving his first car home : Dad:

It was in 1915 that I bought my first car. (Ivan thought it was 1914) You can count it up--15 from 49 is 35 years. I went over to Marlinton fair grounds (to learn) and drove it around two or three times. Then they took me out (out of the fair ground) and started home, and Mr. Burr who was with me--and another fellow was following us in another car---we didn't have good roads then. They were muddy

(They turned Dad loose there at Campbelltown and Dad started home on the old dirt road) (Tape is blurred but here is some of it): ... I drove down to Charles McGuire's place .....(someone) in a wagon. and the horses started hollering (with fright) I stopped, and they held the horses. I was afraid the horses would jump out in the road, you know. I came on down to Page Hannahs, ..... ha, ha. (Dave: I remember him telling that he had to back up on a curve there with great difficulty.) ---and he came on home.

(1st car)

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(from Reel and Cassettes #8) Sat, Dec 31, 1949

(L.D., Ivan, Genevieve, Dave, Evan) Starts Dad and Ivan singing. Then eating at the table. Singing "Little Star of Bethlehem". Then Ivan saying the blessing at the table. (blurred) Ivan: "Our dear heavenly Father we thank thee for thy goodness and kindness, and watching over us and taking careous and permitted us to assemble around this family table again. Bless this food to the good of our bodies and bless our fellowship together and at last save us in they kingdom, we ask it in Jesus' name. Amen." Ivan: Everybody help yourselves. Violet: thank you. Sylvia--wanted some of the hot bread. Dad: help yourself..... (a lot of it unclear).....

Dave: are you going coon hunting tonight too, Dad? Dad: you've never heard of "LD" to fail! --only that time I wasn't there, ha. I go over here (meadow across the creek)(corn) when nobody else goes. I have to go by myself. Ivan: have you got any sideboards for my plate? Dave: Evan, are you going coon hunting tonight, too? Evan: yes! Dave: aren't you afraid of coons? Dad: well we have a slim chance..... Dave: Ivan did you hear about one coon falling in the river? Ivan: yes, I heard about that. Dad: I hated that, I believe that was the biggest coon this year. He fell out of the tree as dead as a door's nail. Eunice asked me how that term got started--she'd heard it all her life. ....

Dad: Jr. won't drink any milk from his Dad's cows, he's afraid it isn't good like Cinti. milk. I believe he's afraid of the milking (Henry Shaver's milking--unpasteurized). Dave: Ivan's a traitor to his country--he's drinking tea. Ivan: my wife, "Eve" persuaded me. Dad: Is there any ice for my milk? Dave: If it hadn't been for the Boston tea party, maybe we'd be drinking tea. Dad: How was that? Dave: didn't you study that in histroy? Dad: no, I didn't. Dave: The British taxed the tea to payfor their soldiers over here and we didn't want that, so our men dressed up like Indians and threw all the tea off the ships into the sea. Dad: They did? Dave: then the revolutionary war started. Ivan Taxation without representation. Dad. Then the didn't let us send representatives from this country?

Dad: Do we have any maple syrup? Genevieve: here's some apple butter. Dad: Ivan and Jr. do you want some of this maple syrup? Dad: Jr. go there in the delco house, there's a whole case of honey brought back from the time the other day (trip peddling in Randolph?) and get you some of that honey. It's already in cartons. Ivan: If you're going coon hunting, better eat a lot. The dogs are barking to go now. Dad: oh, those dogs can bark! (Eunice came in kitchen) Genevieve: Hi, Eunice. Come in..(Everyone said "happy new year" Dad: come eat with us. .... (she finally sat to eat) ..... (food mentioned at the table: strawberry jam chicken, ham, cottage salad, apple butter, beans, pudding, cheese hot bread, cranberry, etc.

Mable: I'd like to take Dave & Sylvia to church tomorrow. Dave: are you having a contest? Mable yes. .... (calendar shows it to be Sat, 31st '49) (William Morgan) Dave: is Edgar still living? Dad: no, Edgar has been dead for years. Will's still living. Ivan met him at the Ramsey reunion. I didn't get to go ..... He looked old. You've seen Uncle Will, haven't you? Dave: yes. ... Genevieve: Ivan wanted to get Dad some tires, so I thought they ought to have something for the house, so I got some fostoria. .... Ivan: Plymouth is going to put out a cheap car, something like the Crosley. Dad: what do you call cheap? Ivan:, oh, about a thousand dollars. Genevieve: Kaeser-Frazier is making a cheaper car too ..... (table talk) Dad: I was fishing up at Eula KRM (Russel-Kyle) Hannah's and I had a ..... and the old bull came at me bellowing and I brabbed a rock and I hauled away and hit him right between the eyes. I told Eula that I hit him. ....

(Evan must have cut his own hair) Mable: we almost had to get him a whig. Dad: turn your head around and show what the "barber" did. Evan: Si trimmed it off. Mable: I remember Ralph cut his one time.



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Dad: Thayer did the biggest. Eunice: Lowell cut his one time.  
(on his.)

Dad: Ivan, one time, a little fellow, sat down to get his hair cut on the old house porch. I had the clippers. Then I had to go from the old house down to the store. A fellow hollered "Hello" at the store. I said sit there Ivan while I go wait on him. When I came back he'd started in right here and he cut up to there. So I had to cut his hair all off short to straighten it. Dave: Remember the time that Si and Paul cut Donald's hair off short? There was a circus over at the old place (in upper creek meadow) they just shaved to top of his head to look just like a bald-headed man. He was just a little boy, about like Evan, and they left just a little hair around above his ears. Dad always said we had to go to church, but he wouldn't let Donald go for a month. Dad: He'd attract too much attention with everyone laughing, you know. I scolded the boys about it. ha, ha. Mabel: Dave, you cut Freda Phares' brother's hair off one time. Eunice: wasn't his name Jim? Dave: This Rhea up here that carries the mail. His boy came down and had me to cut his hair. I just cut a road through the top.  
Dad: the only time I ever had to whip Jr. in church --you were a little fellow and pinned a clothe on a fellow's coat tail, ha, ha. And I gave him an awful good whipping over that. ha, ha. He was an awful mischievous little fellow ..... he was about the age of Evan.....  
(coon hunting talk): Dave: You're not going to take a gun are you, Ivan? Ivan: if dad will want me to. Dave: Give him a shotgun! Ivan: (knowing I was kidding said) "hu hu" Dad: you don't have a light gun like a 22? ..... Dave: Dad you might as well ride over there with us.....  
Dad: We may go to Cinti and stay a few days, ha, ha. Ivan: I was thinking why didn't you and Mabel come down to our place for Xmas and then come up with Dave and Sylvia. Dad: We just couldn't get away, if we had 100 invitations.....we know we have an invitation all the time, so we don't need an invitation. Ivan: If you'll come down I'll bring you back any Friday night. Dad: This was awful dangerous wasn't it, --Dave coming in? (snow on roads). Two years ago it snowed 15 feet deep up on Middle Mt. meadow. Ivan: these tires will help you an awful lot. Dad: I bought two tires---knobby treads. Ivan: yes, they should be on rear together.  
End of the big reel #8 .----

If the cassette is turned over it will be garbled until last 1/3 and it may repeat what is on the first side?  
Some of it may be clearer than other side.  
There is some talk about the first cars (after the war?) If so, this tape may have been before 1949--maybe 1947 ?? (At one place Dave said: "it was about August when we got it. They started making them about Feb. or March....) So...???

The box the #8 reel was in is dated "Dec 31" Then Mabel said she wanted Dave & Sylvia to go to church tomorrow (Sunday) indicating it was Sat that the tape was made. The only Saturday Dec. 31st is in 1949.  
so ....

Dad, Ivan, ~~Oles~~ Gibson, Ralph? Lowell? Si Reel #6 (A)  
(1st half of Lb and 2nd half of reel 6 is of Friels)

Dad: a fellow told me, he came here wanting to buy sheep and said someone told him Mervin Hannah wanted to sell all the sheep he had this year, because they had abortions and were all losing their lambs. Some ewes lose their lambs before their time. .... cause cows too. ...should take that ewe from the other sheep. It's a disease. Ivan: (or Oles)? Veo has lost 4 calves this year. Dad: He only got 5 calves. He had nine and lost 4 of them Otis: The face woman down there, she lost twin calves. Dad: I feel sorry for her. Who's cow had twin calves? ~~EMMIE~~ Otis: one of hers. Dad: Nelia Face's? Lately? ~~Oles~~ was tellin' me here last week "I was down at Harry's and ..... and she lost 5 cows. Dad: "ell, she lost three when ..... well there must be something wrong! Si: what was wrong with Veo's calves? Ivan: Veo's not lost any before, Si. Dad: I think he lost two last year. Ivan, well last year he lost one, but well he just had a bad time of it. We lost two last year because of carelessness, and this year I set my head to there wouldn't be any carelessness. If we had losses it wouldn't be our fault, and we never lost a one out of 11. .... Dad: He said she wouldn't jump three rails.... bought her and took her home and put her in a x 8-rail fence and she cleared it! and went back on old H. Scheerer and told him you said she wouldn't jump a three rail fence. He said: "she won't, she won't --she'll just step over it! ha, he wasa pretty slick trader. He sold a horse to a fellow. He was asked how he pulled. Scheerer: n, that horse with a wagon, when you come to a hill he's right there. The man bought it. When he got to a hill he "was there"! He ~~hark~~ backed and wouldn't pull a lick. ha. Dad: With a buggy rake she backed all over the field. If we had the rakes pointing the other way! ha. That old big gray mare, weighing about 1500 lbs. Do you remember her, Si? Si? No. Dad: I don't know who we got her from. She wasa bay mare. She wouldn't run off or kick, but when you put her in a buggy rake she'd commence backing, backing. You couldn't make her go foreward. I didn't keep her long. I traded her off, ha.

..... in a wagon, and when she started in a wagon she'd pull it all. But when she got to a steep place or a heavy load she'd just quit. She'd been spoiled. Dave: Your Dad cut a horse's foot out of the log barn. Dad: That was Black Sam's (negor's) horse. I can show you over in that old barn now where he chopped that horse's foot out. I'd like to show to snow it to you sometime. (Dave: Dad showd we boys the notch chopped out of the log in the log barn near the old store building, beside the road). Talk about an axman--there never was a better one in this country! He chopped left or right handed. That horse got down in there and rolling and ran his foot thru the barn in between the logs. Black Sam came to stay all night, him and Marge. He was a colored man. And sir, when that horse put it's foot between the logs there was no way in the world to get him out. We couldn't lift that big ole horse up and he (Silas) took an ax and..... Black Sam said "oh, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Sharp, be careful, Mr. Sharp" Dad: he just chopped one side and turned to the left side and chopped. You could hardly see an ax mark on either side. He chopped that horse's foot out of there. The horse walked away as if nothing had ever happened to him. That ole darkie, I can hear him yet saying "Oh, Mr. Shar, be careful". Si: Where did the live? Dad: They lived down here at the Pogue place (below Slatyfork). Dad: Another black man: One day I was hungry and they had the sheep penned. Isn't it wonderful how children can remember? They had the sheep penned over across the creek at the head of that meadow and there was a rail fence clear around that meadow and they built a pen there and was shearing sheep. I wanted something to eat so my mother sent over here to her house (? old log house--be ho se now?) for a piece of bread. And Black Marge, she brought the mail (??) over, you know. the sandwich for me to eat. And I told mother "I ain't going to eat that bread, cause

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looks at her hands, how black they are" My mother tried to fix it up you know so it wouldn't make her feel bad, ha, ha. Mother said "oh, her hands are clean, they are just that color", ha, ha. And I didn't eat it, ha.

Dave: who was the black man you scared? Dad: he was the one that helped build that concrete bridge over the mill. I said "how do you do Mrs. Hannah" and he thought Mrs. Hannah was right there and scared him almost out of his boots, ha, ha. Dave: what was he doing? Dad: "What was he doing?" I knew you'd come to that, ha, ha. Dave: did his pants get wet? Dad: there was no one (Mrs. Hannah) near him, ha. (The black man was taking a leak) Hewx was a stranger to me. I'd never meet him before. That's why he thought there really was a woman right there, ha. He nearly jumped out of his hide. He said "Oh, mista Sharp you scared me, you scared me", ha, ha. Dave: Didn't you get scared one time when Joe Gibson's wife came down the path in the woods from their house on the mountain and you didn't know it? Dad: No, that wasn't me. It was some other fellows. Well, she ran on to a couple "other fellows" that was working along there, ha, ha. and scared them. I can't tell you exactly how that was. If you'll turn off the machine I'll tell you how it was, ha. ("someone" had a call of nature on Buzzard mt. path and at the same time Mrs. Gibson came down the path and he had to pull his pants up. Then walked and past her saying "Hello, Mr. Gibson" --neither saying anything else--ha.)

Dave: One time you went to a church (Mk or Mdray?) and went to the wrong out-house and 2 girls were in it. Dad: If you want to hear it on your machine, I'll tell you how it was, ha, ha. I went to the toilet and looked in there and there were two ladies in there and it scared me nearly out of my boots, and I backed out backwards and through the excitement I threw the button (lock) on the door outside and they couldn't get out. I went on over to the other toilet in the corner of the yard and came back and they were hollering and scrambling to get out. I got another fellow to go and let them out, ha, ha. ..Then I told one of the girl's brothers that I was awful sorry, ha, ha. \*They couldn't sing. They belonged to the choir. \*they were shut up!

.....oh, a lot of funny things have happened.

Olds Gibson: Uncle Luther, being up there to Ella's and you wore a plug hat that time. Remember about it? The dog got the hat and he had the rim around his neck, ha. Dad: ha, ha. ..dog, tried to catch that rim you know. I went to see Lena Kennison, a school teacher, and that dog, --Bob, you know, he nearly died laughing--he ate the top out and slipped the rim over his head and he was trying to catch that rim! ha, ha. Dave: was it your dress hat? Dad: Oh, yes! I didn't have any other! And then went down to Bill Varners. Bob had loaned me one of his hats and I went down to Bill Varners. And when I went to leave there I started looking for my plug hat, a "bee gum" hat--that was the style then. They were as hard as a bone, but were nice. And so when I started looking for my hat when I left and couldn't find my hat. I said: "I don't know where I laid my hat" Someone said: "I thought you wore this one". I just happened to come to my senses and thought of Bob giving me that hat. I hadn't looked at enough to know it. I said, ha, "oh, yes, sometimes I wear one one time and another ~~thaxthax~~ time the other hat, ha, ha.

Dad: Well, I got me another one (hat) and I was going over to Ellis Hannah's (Melinda's husband) and had a grey mare that was just as frisky as she could be and as pretty as a speckled pup. The wind started to blow and my hat jumped off and hit her on the hips and she kicked it in the air and she kicked the whole top out of it, ha, ha, ha. (Ralph and Lowell laughing, too) Next time I bought a hat that a dog couldn't chew the top out of nor a horse kicke the top out of. ha, ha. Boys, I had some bad luck!

Dad: I went to see the same girl, school teacher and I left there--

Dad: I went to see the same girl, school teacher and I left there--didn't have an overcoat. ...left there after night and I had a pipe. I smoked ~~am~~ a pipe. I didn't have any gloves. I don't think it was cold when I went up there. And I put my hand on the pipe smoking it to warm my hands, and by the way it burned all out. So I got out the ba, and filled the pipe with tobacco. Then I'd blow in and out to ~~make~~ set it on fire from the bottom and in the meantime I sucked (nicotine) amber down my throat. I never got sicker in my life. When I came to the spring there at Frank Lannaha, I thought I'd die nearly. I rolled off the horse to get some water.

I aimed to roll off right at the spring as I didn't think I could walk. I got some water and got back on the horse again. Instead of going to the house (their house?) I rode out to the old barn. I remember as well as yesterday. I rode in under the shed and rolled off and started vomiting. If I hadn't vomited that nicotine, it would have killed me! I believe it would. I never was sicker in my life. I heard of a woman one time whose husband took colic and they wanted to give him something to vomit him and she took the amber from a pipe to get him to vomit. It was grandmother Hannah or someone telling about it. That wasn't very far away. I forgot who it was. She gave him the amber from the pipe and it killed him in five minutes. If she'd given him stricnine it wouldn't have killed him quicker. It killed him dead! They called it cramp colic, but in those days it might have been appendicitus.

(This tape was done when John Dee was 3 years old. This was mentioned in the other half of the tape that was of the Friels)

Readers Note: Most every story is copied verbatim--word for word--quoted. Very little was not verbatim. It will be obvious where it is not verbatim. Also, extra information or explanations have been put in parenthesis--for instance: "(Elk or Edray?)"

One reason it is verbatim, even if some of it is uninteresting, or superfluous, is that it gives the mood of thinking of the old-timers, and an insight in to their lives. Future generations may appreciate the detail.



Dad, Si, Ivan, Dave.

Stories: selling honey, ugh snake-bees, Davis Mace, Sally McLaughlin-(mare)

Dad: either spoil the rod or spoil the child. Genevieve: you can't use a finger on them. Dad: you have to use judgment. How many licks did you give Ron?....Dad: ..... Friday Night. Ivan: ....at conference.

Dad: Good land of Mercy! No use to send my pants to the cleaner. Dave: maybe you should try to eat slower. Dad: I don't know what. Well, I get in a hurry. I get hungry and my mouth won't open enough....

Dad: that bull didn't look very good.... I didn't buy him for looks. I bought him for service. He's well marked. Ivan: He has all the qualifications of a registered and maybe he'll give better service.

Dave: Tell us about Sallie McLaughlin. (she having the mare serviced on the road to Marlinton when she met the man with the stud). Dad: No, it wouldn't do, ha. .... say something else and the conversation will be "yea, yea and nea and nea" you have to be careful what you say.

Dad: you asked about Sally McLaughlin. She had Al Bench (?) along with with her (on a trip) and he couldn't read nor write. At a restaurant he didn't know what to order. He couldn't read the menu. He'd say I'll take what ever Sally takes. So they afterwards had that for a by-word.

Dave: Didn't you go with her? Dad: Or no. That was Sally Gibson. She was too old for me. (Note: Dad wouldn't tell on tape about Sally. Her father wanted the mare serviced by a stud that some man was bringing over to Elk. Her dad sent her to Marlinton on the mare and told her for them to service the mare when they met on the top of Elk mountain. She held the mare while the man had the stud service the mare. Then she got on her mare and went on to town.) Dave: tell me about the time they put a snake at Uncle Hugh's bees. Dad: No, that's too funny. Well, Taylor Ra sey had a patented snake and he put it at the bee gum and put the head at the hole of the hive, and Uncle Hugh thought it was catching bees as he came around looking at his bees. He saw that snake there and he got a stick and slipped up, you know, and slammed down on the snake. He knew they (Ramsey and Mrs. Showalter) were watching him and knew he was beat (joke on him), why, he turned the thing on them! ha Dave: how did he do that? Dad: I couldn't tell that, ha, ha. (uncle Hugh did some fast thinking. He turned facing the house and opened his fly and tinkled on the ground --in front of them They didn't tease him about the snake!) ha.

Dave: Uncle Bob looked alright today. Whad did Dr. Eddy (Cincinnati --there fishing) say about your heel? Dad: he looked at it but he didn't know any more about it than I dkd. Ha.

(Dad heard his voice on the recorder for first time) Dad: forgive me if my voice sounds like that! Now you talk and let us hear your voice. ...

Dave: did you find your "traps" (strictly) in your drawer? Dad: I'll pay you for it. Dave: you already sent me a check for it. Dad: you didn't cash it. Dave: the banks down there said it wasn't any good.

.....Si: (to Dad) you give me enough to pay for that treasurer's book and we'll call it square. Dad: there's \$15. Si: no... Dad: this is yours. Si: well go ahead... you I don't want to take that. Dad: take that, it's yours. Si: did you take out for .... (day's work?)? What do you pay them? Dad: \$2 a day. Si: well, there's half of that.

Si: well, I don't want to do that. I didn't go along. Dad: Carnegie in New York. A fellow (at train station) asked if anyone would carry his suitcase up to the hotel. Carnegie said "yes, I'll carry it up for you" He carried it and charged him a quarter or 50 cents. He said: I might need you again sometime. Where do you live? He said: "I'm Carnegie, they call the steel magnet." That fellow said in the paper that as long as he lived he said he'd never ask anyone to do anything for him that he could do himself. ha, ha. I've always told my boys if anything is offered to them to take it, ...and I give you (Si) that. Si: I know but right is right. (Dave: I don't remember which won out! ha.)

Sniper  
Bossa  
Hughy

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SHARP 4

Corn

Nelia  
map

Dad: down the valley (Tygart) they plant their corn by and and they  
 play both ways--criss-cross. Si: well, I think we'll have to get down  
 to doing it that way. They use hand planters. They don't have to ~~harrow~~  
 it furrow it. Just take a tractor and a board and measure and put a spike  
 down at each place, see. You drag a 2x4 board behind the tractor. You  
 sight the tractor down thru yonder and sight it. Dad: Then you drop the  
 corn by hand, don't you? Si: then you turn and go the other way and there  
 are your checks, so y u just take the hand planter and stick it down in  
 that square and open it. That's the way Vao Hannah does. Dad: that's the  
 way the did nown Tygart valley. Si: you dont have to stop and cover the  
 corn. Kyle and Charlie Beales all checked their's off. Dad: then it  
 wouldn't have to be hoed? Si: Archie Gibson take the tractor and harrows  
 24 rows at a time and plows both ways and there's nothing to do (hoeing).  
 After it is planted, your biggest work is over. Dave: we used to get  
 down and dig weeds out with a hoe, and hoe and hoe., and between morning  
 and noon you'd only get down to one end of the field (one row) --then  
 it'd be dinner time. Si: well, they only got it hoed once over in here -  
 (across the creek) Si: Down in Tygard balley they raise corn with less  
 labor and sell it for 65¢ and 75¢ a bushel on ears. Dad: and they have  
 corn pickers to run through.  
 Dad: I asked Lowell if he wanted to work this morning and he said he  
 didn't think so. Si: Sweckers was down and said they'd planned on going  
 fishing with him today and it rained. Dad: are they havang a ball game  
 up at Shaws tonight? Ralph said he wanted to go with Lowell up to  
 Keith Shaws.....  
 Dad: That fellow up on the mountain (Point mt) at the mines looked like  
 these Nelsons. He (George) was in there (store) an at last sold 2 lbs  
 of honey at 25¢ (pe' lb.)--in order t get out of there, he said. There  
 was a beer joint right across the road. A young fellow about 25 and a fat  
 fellow came up and said "Howdy do sir, howdy do sir, don't mind me, I'm  
 just as drunk as a hog" and he turned around and walked off, reeling.  
 .....Dad.....about 20 years ago.... investigated and found he bought  
 stricture there at the drug store and Dr. Cammeron saved his neck. Dr.  
 Cameron made oath that she didn't die of posion. She'd been put away  
 (burried?) of course that finished it. (who???)  
 (Jessie Hannah postmaster--retire.-- wife postmaster--Jesse still worked  
 --\$80 pay retirement --moved to Elkins etc. ) (Mr Morrisons's son, etc.  
 (Davis Mace) Dad: I was up there to see Davis when he was so sick. Si: I  
 was up there to a shooting match. Dave: I was there with you that time  
 and we didn't get a ything. Nelia had the match. Dad: Davis was a  
 handy man to have. He was an awful good man. Si: he was a good ole  
 boy. Dad: No body could say any harm of Nelia Mace. She was a good  
 neighbor. If she told a story, she'd tell you who told her so if it  
 wasn't true you could trace it back and see she was clear. I couldn't  
 blame her. ....  
 .....(apparently Paul or Dave hadn't written Dad for some time when  
 away to school and apparently Dad had written in his letter an old saying  
 that was used in such a situation--"you wouldn't even write to your  
 to your grandmother" L. said ~~you~~ Dad: I said "you wouldn't even write  
 your grandmother" and he thought I meant it, ha. ha. He said: why, Dad,  
 you must have been mistaken. It must have been Ivan, because I don't  
 remember my granmother..... ha. ha. --it was an old saying. --like Henry  
 Shaver has said: "you wouldn't eat your granmother's cooking". ha. --Dad.  
 (Cars hard to get.) Si: it's been 5 years since the war (broke?) and  
 they..... .. why, Bill Miller's has been trying to get his car and can't  
 get it.  
 End of first half of Cassette  
 (A. parently Dad had a sore heel) Si: (joking) get some of that bear  
 grease in there.... It might do it. Dave: how do you know it's bear grease?  
 Si: cause Sharp (Cliff's boys?) rendered it out of a bear, ha.  
 Dad: you can tell cause it smells like it. Si: you can't mistake beargrease!

Dad: I'll put some on my heel. Si: put a little on your ear. (sore ear). Dave: Didn't uncle Bob Gibson say it cured his asthma? Si: you know, no germs could live or stay near his ear in that grease! ha, ha. Dad: to show you I have faith in bear grease I'll put some on top of my head (a out there!) That's the finest thing for rheumatism I ever tried. My knees was so.... that I could hardly get up, down or any place, and it cured my knees. *Yes Yes sir!* (Apparently Dad went to Randolph Co selling honey) Dad: Boys, I had the best hog meat today! I went to that restaurant--it was 12 o'clock when we got there (Huttonsville?) The boys (Ralph and George--Lavel's uncle) took two hamburgers. I said I'll take ham. They ordered 2 hamburgers. I ordered one ham sandwich but they brought me two. I couldn't bite it off and I asked for a paring knife. She found one after a good bit, ha, ha., and I used it. It was good hot lean ham. They enjoyed their hamburgers. I told Ralph he'd better get another glass of milk, so he did. I asked the waitress if there were any girls around there that we could hire that we needed one at our place. She said "I'm from Mill creek." I asked if she had any sisters that wants to hire out. She said, I had one but she went to N. Y. to her brothers. There were 10 of us in the family and they are all gone and now I'm gone. I'm 13 years old. Si: 13 years old! ha, ha. Dad: and when the woman made out the bills she skinned out (left). She'd asked who to make the bills out to. I told her to me. She left the girl to bring the bill to me. She (woman?) took a pound of money. deducted that off. Si: let's see--a pound of money off--left 72 cents. Dad: It cost me \$1.58 with 30 cents off. George said "she charged you awful hi h, didn't she? Si: what kind of hamburgers were they? Dad: just ordinary hamburgers. Si: they must have charged 25 cents a piece. Dad: ~~had~~ They wer big hamburgers. Si: they used to not be over a dime. Dave: Odie Johnson used to charge a quarter for a hambarter, but he'd give you a big one. What happened to the 13 year old girl? Dad: she brought the bill out and I said \$1.58 cents and 30 cents comes off that and she said I already took that off. The ham sandwiches were 25 cents each and the milk must have been 4¢ glass. (The only Monday in the summer of 1950 was in August)

Dad: this is Monday isn't it? No paper.....

(Dad was sitting in the car and Vonda shut the door on Dad's hand)

Dad: .... and after a bit I got sick. I said "I'm awful sick" and Paul trained in first aid ran to his car and got a kit and gave me some amonia. I fainted away. I didn't know a thing. This up here (demonstrating?) will be worse than that, I believe (2 different cuts?) Dave: did you loose your fingernail? No. it was up on the hand. See there, I guess that's the cause of it. Dave: what is that thing right there (a bump on a finger knuckle)? Dad: well, I guessthat's what started it. Si: that's what we've read about in the papers--some people get them--some kind of arthritis. Dave: maybe you could put some bear grease on it. Dad: Yes, I did. Dave: what are you going to do with that linement? Dad: put on that there. Dave: does it hurt? Dad: now it doesn't hurt. Dave: then why put linement on it? Dad: Old man Ervin, made Ervin linement that smelled just like this and there was a cancer or something like that on a bull's jaw and it took it right off. If it took a cancer off a bull's jaw it ought to take this off my finger. ha, ha, ha. Si: that's not a bump on a bull's jaw. ha, ha. Was he a doctor? Dad: Oh, yes, he was a veterinary doctor. ha, ha. Si: he was a bull doctor. I wouldn't want him to work o. me. ha. Dad: He'd doctor anything. He got this bull off of me and cancer came on it. Well, he didn't get it "off" of me, but I sold it to him. ha, ha. --ha if you want me to explain it to you so you can understand it. My boys are a little hard to understand ~~xxx~~ things. ha, ha.--you have to make thingsplain to them, or you gan't get them to understand, ha, ha. Dave: what are you going to do about the linement on your fingerxtonight? Dad: I'll let it dry a little bit and in the morning that thing will be gone--just like that cancer on that bull's jaw. ha, ha. Si said: And so will Mabel. ha, ha.

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That's bull's jaw. ha. ha. Si said: And so will Mabel: ha, ha. ha. ....  
of that linement and that bear grease: ha, ha. ha. ....  
Dad: she was ready to leave this evening when I came in (late from  
Randolph co.) ..... I know what we call supper is dinner in the cities.  
..... Dave: did you eat in Mill Creek? Dad: no, it was in Muttonville.  
Dad: Ralph, George and I found out something about Mill Creek. We  
turned down in the lower end and crossed around and peddled honey to  
every house on every side and got back on main street. ....  
Dad: well, we went through a good part of the city above the road --out  
toward Pickens. We went on there about 50 yards and Ralph and I was  
standing on both sides of the road. .... Ralph said to park here and then  
you can go up yonder to the bank. I told him that I usually sold honey  
to the cashier in the bank. So I went up to the bank and I said I didn't  
expect you'd want any honey because I sold you a case last fall. I want-  
ed to come in and see you anyhow. Another big fine fellowin there. He  
was in an office space by himself. He said he had plenty. He was awful  
nice, clever and nice. The other fellow said I believe I'll just take  
a pound of that honey. On my way back to the car I stopped in at the  
next house and the lady said "I'd like awful well to have honey. My  
husband is an insurance agent and he just left to go up to Valley Head.  
I'll see but I don't know if I've got any money or not. She hustled  
around and she had 14 cents. I said for her to take the honey anyway,  
that we'd be coming by here some time and collect. While you're at it  
take two of them and I'll have something to stop for, ha. She said "if  
you don't care I'll just take two. She gave me the 14 cents and just as  
got me paid here the man came in, ha. He laughed. He said I'll just  
pay for it. I was wanting to get the honey sold. By the time I got  
back, my boys were gone. Car was gone. I walked away up there and sat  
down, for 1/2 hour. Ralph came up in the car and said "do you want a ride? ha.  
Now we went over some ground, I tell you! I didn't see brother Brady.  
Si: were they (state) working any of the convicts today. Dad: there were  
about 15 but they had no stripes on them--running a bull dog, etc.  
Dad: Ralph said let's go to the penitentiary (to sell) I said we will--  
they've got to eat, wouldn't doubt but what we can sell them some honey.  
I said let's go on down and stop there on the way back, but we forgot to.  
(Ice Cream) ..... Dad: ..... ice cream. Dave: who did? Dad: Ivan did.  
four pints of ice cream he won. They had a guessing game.... they had  
some sort of social and he guessed with in a few beans of the number in  
a pint cup---~~1,300~~ 1,300 and something, and he got 4 pints of ice cream  
free, ha. Ivan said: I know my beans, ha, ha. Dad: I bet he counted  
a pint of beans before he went there, ha.  
.... Dad: if you gave an old ewe two tablets it'd cure her. That surely  
fixed a \$25 ewe. Ralph: maybe she was going to die anyway. Dad: no,  
she was getting along pretty good. Dave: then I couldn't have given her  
pills the. Dad: well, I wanted to clean out what was ailing her.  
.... Dad: he'll weigh 800 lbs. Si: he's mowing that grass up there. He'll  
fatten up. Dad: I paid \$175 for him. A cow that size won't bring much.  
let's see, a 1100 lb cow would bring 15 cents a pound.--maybe \$150.  
Dave: what can you buy a Jersey cow for. Dad: \$500. Si: you're buying  
a name... Dad: the'd cost \$200.... Dave: what ill that old cow mine  
bring? Dad: \$150 to 175 and the calf \$75. Dave: why don't you sell that  
cow and add a little extra and get a jersey? Dad:.... Dad: boys, that calf  
I bought from Ivan is really a cow. She's a heffer now and gives a gallon  
and a half at a milking. I wouldn't take \$200 for that heffer.  
(End of conversation)

we watched till out of sight.



Buying fur, Hatfield gang, Millsboro, Beterly, Last one living  
Passenger pigeons, old log school house. 218

(Dad watching Ralph Tiger Jones fight on TV.....)

Dad: "If I weren't so tired I'd go over there to the end of the meadow and start shep. He'd tree a coon right away. He's going to whip that white fellow. He's about got him.... Now, he's about got Jones. Pretty even fight... He's tired." ... (Jones won.)

(Dad playing the organ and doing very well !!) Dave: that's good Dad.

Dad: ha, ha, ha. Dave: What's the name of that song? Dad: I don't know--it just came in my head, ha. Dave: who was that woman that shocked hay? Dad: Ronald Pennington's wife. The best hand I ever had, in the hayfield in my life. She'd run from one shock after she shocked it to the next windrow to get started again. Yes, and the whole day long. She said she learned from Mr. Tyree when she lived there.

Dave: Paul, Dad has a "talk letter" to send you. (this was intended to be mailed to Paul and Vonda, but got misplaced)

Dad: Hello Paul, Vonda and children. It'd be better to hear you say "hello Dad" and greet me with a kiss. I hope you are all well and enjoying God's richest blessings. I can't stand much hard work anymore. I feel I'm slipping down the evening side of life, but I'm enjoying life and I'm so glad my children are all Christians and seeking that eternal home where we can have a great homecoming someday. We'll not be so far apart and be together always. I'm looking forward to that happy day. We gathered 35 gallons of strawberries and our garden is coming on nicely. We have our sheep sheared and have sold the wool. I made out a little check for your's and Thayer's wool. We're having several bee swarms. One big swarm went off yesterday, but that happens every year. Our Sunday school is hoping up good--we have about 60 and that's good for Slatyfork. Well, I've been working hard to build up our church and have at least a few stars in my crown..... saved through our works. ... through the precious blood of Christ, can we be saved. So live close to Him and trust Him and our meeting won't be so far off..... I Ivan and Genevieve and Evan came in a little while ago and Sylvia and Jr. are here to say hello to you. Each of you have our sincere prayers that God will be real good to each of you. So goodbye till we meet again. Lot's of love, from old Dad.

Dave: Paul, I went fishing at the Mill about 3 times and caught a few small ones. We've been here a week--came up Sunday and going back tomorrow, Sunday. I was over to the Friels yesterday and Kerth and I fished down on Greenbrier river, but didn't catch any. I came back to Slatyfork and went over the hill and nailed some boards over the front windows of the old house where someone threw rocks through.

Si: Paul, Vonda, Thayer and Barbara Jane. Dave can't shoot any better than he ever did, ha, He can make the groundhogs fly. Take care of yourselves. Come up when you can Goodbye.

Ivan: Hello Paul, Thayer, Vonda and Barbara. This is your brother Ivan. I'm getting older. But my youngest son talks courser than I do, so folks on the phone sometimes want me to tell my mother about the affairs of the church etc. Evan and I went over on Dry Branch and fixed some fence. This evening we came up Elk River from Charleston thru by Bergoo and up by Granville Brady's (dry branch) and took the truck part of the way up on the hill. Anyway we worked until after dark and came on over here and ate supper and see the folks and have a good time talking. We wish you were here with us. Best of joy and happiness to you all. Good night.

Dave: I'm having trouble with the forward speed on this recorder.--It slips. I have to rotate it with my finger to keep about the right speed. While I was here we hived about 10 swarms of bees. We doubled up some swarms in order to get enough bees for one hive. (End of 1 side of big reel)

... watched till out of sight.

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 Stories by L.D. Sharp 10-23-61 (Reel #61) taped by Dave Page 2 219  
 Dave: this is Oct. 23, 1961. I'm up here seeing Dad, doing some hunting  
 and looking for some chestnuts. I'll see if I can get some stories from  
 Dad. Dave: Dad, tell us about the first money you borrowed and starting  
 in business. Dad: I didn't have any money at all and I borrowed \$30  
 to buy three calves from a neighbor. I borrowed from John B. Hannah  
 for a year and I bought the calves. No, he wasn't a relative, but his  
 son married my sister later on. Considering money then he had plenty.  
 He trusted a 12 year old boy and I invested in those calves and sold  
 them the next year and had \$39 profit. I neighbor boy said "Let me have  
 part of that money and we'll invest in buying furs" He said he noticed  
 at the Edray post office a price list that was away above what people was  
 getting for furs. So I gave him some money and we both bought furs and I  
 doubled my money. So I started buying fur from that day on and I made  
 double on every shipment. So I finally saddled up an old horse about  
 20 years old and went all over the country (county) buying furs. Believe  
 me, you don't find many boys 12 years old that would do what (little)  
 and I did to get started in life. The trip down Elk River: I went  
 about 20 miles on the old horse to my aunts, Melinda Rose (Sarah's sister  
 and stayed all night. Then went down further to a home where they had  
 some prime minks. The old man wouldn't sell them to em. I told him I'd  
 pay him what I could afford to pay. He said "you've got to go 2 miles  
 down to the school house and buy them from the boys. Whatever they take  
 is OK. So I went to the school house and called out the boys and asked  
 what they wanted for the minks. One said "I'll take 25 cents a piece  
 for ~~the~~ mine" I asked the other and he said "I'll take the same for  
 mine" I said "what about the coon hide and skunk. They asked about  
 two prices for them!! -- more than I could get. I said "alright" and  
 paid them for the furs. I came back up and took the hides off the boards  
 and put in the sack. The old woman asked me how much I paid for them.  
 I said "I paid them all they asked", ha. I waited till I got the furs  
 in the sack and then I told her I'd paid them 25 cents for the minks.  
 She said "you didn't pay them anything"; The old man said "now you shut  
 up. This boy said he paid them all they asked for them. ha, ha. So  
 those minks brought me about \$3 a piece. From then on I bought fur for  
 25 years. I finally had 6 men buying fur for me all over the county.  
 That's one way I got my start in business. Yes, I kept going back down  
 Elk river buying fur. I went back to the same place and asked the old  
 man if he had any furs and he said the boys had some. He said to come  
 on in and look them over, so he let me buy them from him!  
 Dave: Did you pay the \$30 back? Dad: Oh, yes, I waited a year. I went  
 back to pay old man Hannah. I didn't know anything about interest  
 or money, ha, ha. I said "here Mr. Hannah is your \$30 and thank you for  
 it", ha, ha. He said "that's alright" ha, ha. Dave: maybe he didn't  
 expect any interest from you. Dad: No, I doubt if he'd charged me for  
 it anyway. , as he thought a lot of my father and mother, ha, ha.  
 Dave: what about the Hatfield gang? Dad: Well, they wrote me a letter  
 and told me to put \$500 in a box up at the old school house and signed  
 it one of the gangs. But "they" weren't the gang. It was a man, they  
 found out later, was a teacher. Down in Webster county. (Doddrell?) was  
 a teacher at one time. He was planning to get this money. I took a box  
 and put it at the school house where they said to put the money-- "if not,  
 we're coming after you" So I put the empty box at that place. I went  
 with another fellow and watched for them to come, but they didn't come  
 late in the night. We went up the next morning and there was his track  
 and he threw the box away about 30 yards from the school. People thought  
 the Hatfields were coming. ....  
 Dave: you told about the first car coming through here. Dad: it came  
 down Elk by one of the neighbors. 2 of the boys were down working in  
 the field. They'd never seen a car before. One said "look yonder, the  
 horses ran off and the buggy is still going," he watched till out of sight.

from John B. Hannah was one of the boys  
 from the school house

Dave: Where did you see your first train? Dad: I went to Millboro, Va when I was 12 years old with another party after a load of salt--Johnny Slanker, after a load of salt for Hugh Sharp. It was the first train I ever saw--in Millboro. There was another fellow along with me and he went into a saloon and wanted a bottle of liquor and the man said "you're not of age" and he yelled "....give it to me etc. (fast talkin ) and the saloon keeper gave him the bottle of liquor and he held on to it-- (pulling it from the saloon keeper). Another fellow went to Millboro and ..... like I was, and said to the conductor: "I want to take a 25 cents worth of ride". Dave: did you ride it too? Dad: No, I wasn't with that group of wagoners. So that fellow got on to take a 25 cent ride and thought he'd just go few 100 yards, and they said it took him 2 days to walk back, ha, ha. ... He had his horses there ready to haul a load of goods. DA.: there were many funny things that happened away back then. Dave: Whose wagons went to Millsboro? Dad: Everyone, about, in Pocahontas went to Virginia after salt. Farmers, there'd be maybe 3 or 4 wagons with sheets and lay on the ground (at night) Dave: what if it rained? Dad: We'd put the sheets over the wagons, like a covered wagon. and we had blankets. We'd take our food with us in a box to do us 4 days to a week. Sometimes it'd take a week. Others about 4 days. Back then we had some pretty tough times. When I was growing up, we had 3 things for food. We had meat and bread for breakfast, and bread and meat for dinner, and had both of them for supper. ha, ha. And we got along just fine. We could go out and catch a mess of fish or kill all the turkeys we wanted, and there were plenty of deer. I believe the farmers enjoyed life just as much as they do now with the airplanes and automobiles and the fast life we have today. They'd go to a neighbor's house and spend all day and enjoy the day together. Now we're in too big a hurry, only to say howdy-do and goodbye. Dave: You used to take wagons to Mill Creek didn't you? Dad: It was Beverly. I used to haul my ..... goods from Beverly (meaning it was shipped by rail to there)) We had our own wagons and horses. One time, another fellow was ..... my horses and wagon. There were two other men's wagons too. One for the store at Linwood and one for Sam Woods at Mingo. Sam Woods had about 4000 lbs of goods and break (Lincoln?) (at Linwood) had 2000 lbs and I had about 2000 lbs but mine was mostly all wire fence. They had about 25 cartons of jars. They stopped near Elkwater to stay all night and they saw a big storm coming and they decided to go up on the hill to stay all night at old man ..... and stay all night. So they put the horses in the barn on the hill on the right hand side of the river and they went over to -Co. Jers?-- There was a cloud burst at Mingo and washed a big heap of logs near Sam Woods store and took away.....the bank, and it came down the valley and washed away the old Stalnaker house that had been there for 50 years, but no one living in it. It picked up all three wagons and carried them all away. They had a time getting the wagons back together. They'd find a wheel here and there. But mine, the wire was within a few 100 yards. They got my outfit back together again. People said they saw those jars going through Elkins floating on the water. Sam Woods lost about 4000 lbs of all kinds of merchandise. I think I lost a barrel of sugar. The wall of water was from one side of the valley to the other. A man who lived up on a hill went over to see about the flood near our wagons. He heard the roar coming and there was a big pine log about 4 feet over laying over in the field. He ran as hard as he could run to escape and the water to his knees when he got to the bank and he saw that 30 ft long log float away. If my driver and the others hadn't gone to that house to sleep that night, they would have all drowned and the horses too! It washed the saddle off the manger of a horse(house?) over on the bank or hill, a few 100 yards away. I've gone thru many a hard spell in life, but the Lord has been good to me, as I look back over life.

Wagons  
flood

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Dad: Out of 250 people my age, when about 12 years old, from Mace Mt. to top of Elk Mt.--I figured up sometime ago, of families then, every last one of them have been called away, but L.D. Sharp. I'm the only one that's living of my age. Dave: we hope you live another 98 years. ~~that's~~ You're 87 this summer. Dad: well, I like life. I'd like to live forever if the good Lord would leave me. I have ..... and a pretty tough time for a few years. (cancer of ~~prostate~~ prostate. He may or may not have known he had it. If he did he didn't tell us). But I'm not complaining. After the 8th day of June, I'm going on 90. According to nature I can't stay here many more years. Many of the young people possibly may go before I'm called. But one thing sure and I'm certain of, I'm trying to make preparation for my eternal home, so I can be with my mother and father, sisters, former wife and daughters. I'm looking forward to that day to a homecoming and I'm expecting each one of my children to meet with me there on that homecoming day. I'm so glad they have all accepted Christ in early life and I trust they are living true and faithful.

(End of 1st side of cassette)

It may not be far off that L. D. will be on the other shore. I'm praying that the Lord will spare my life for a few more years. I'm glad Jr. and Sylvia came to see me. I can't express how I love my children. I can't treat them as I'd like to treat them--by not having or enjoying health like I am. I'd like to be more jolly and go on the mountain (with them) and ~~hunt~~ take a little hunt,--squirrels, and pheasants with Jr. when he was here. According to my health I'm not able to do that. But I'm thankful to be able to go. .... After death we must meet the judgement. I advise my friends to accept Christ and be saved so we may meet again on the other shore.

Passenger Pigeons: Dave: You used to tell us about pigeons.

Dad: Oh, there were thousands of wild pigeons. Thousands come in in one bunch. They'd light right down on the ground and scratch through leaves and eat a ways, they'd fly over the ones ahead of them and start scratching leaves again. ....

...we'd shoot among them sometimes with a musket loading gun --loaded through the muzzle. We didn't have any shotguns then. Still maybe a half a dozen would fall as they flew over. P.....

Pigeons used to roost on trees on Gauley and they nearly broke down a whole pine patch. Thousands and thousands of them. My uncle went in there to see about them. Hundreds of them killed when limbs broke off the trees. (Uncle Harmon?) You can hardly believe it. T Thousands in one cluster of them going through the country. I haven't seen a pigeon for years!

Buggies: Dad: Yes, Ellis Hannah, my brother-in-law bought the first buggy in this country. I had the first cart. I went to Greenbrier county and took a horse with me and bought a 2-wheel cart. I used that for several years. Dave: what did you use it for to ride in?

Dad: courting ha, Dave: did you go to see mother in it? Dad: yes, and I married while I had that. I was one of the first to buy an automobile in the county. There were 3 and I was one of them. I bought a Studebaker. We had muddy roads full of chuck holes. You couldn't go 50 MPH like you can now. (bought it about 1914-1915) Between here and Marlinton, one time, I had 3 flat tires--sharp rocks in the road.

(Singing)--Dad: Yes, we've sung at several homecomings in the past few years in different counties. One had 15,000 people. Yes I've been choir director at the church for several years. When I was 12 years old my father sent me to a singing school and when the school was over they elected one person to lead the choir (group) for three months. Different ones were elected--Harry Jackson, Bob Gibson, Ellis Hannah, and that boy "LD, 12 years old was elected for 3 months. I can remember it as well as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just

Passenger Pigeons

Pigeons

Buggies



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as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just bumped together--I was so excited. But now 10,000 people doesn't have any effect on me. At one of the homecomings they just had our group of singers. Someone from another church told us they enjoyed our singing and wanted us to be at their homecoming. Once we had about 8 in the choir and we went to the Indian Craft church homecoming. .... Dave: Did they teach you to keep time when you were in singing school? Dad: Oh yes, and we used shaped notes and I use them yet today. I can read the shaped notes off faster than the round notes. They've invited us to some homecomings lately but I'm not able to go--been sick. I can't carry on like I did. I guess I'll have to give it up, I reckon. (Land inherited) Dave: Didn't your parents give you some land and some to your sisters? Dad: They gave me a tract of land where we lived (the old home place over the hill)--over at the old place and gave each of them (sisters) 200 acres of land. The only money my father gave me in my lifetime--for he wasn't able to give me any--he gave me \$50. He sold some timber and gave each of us, Ella, Melinda and myself \$50 each. Melinda got her land over on Slatyfork (up the mountain from Slatyfork creek above Lowell Gibson's present camp), and Ella got the Alum Rock place (on left side of Slatyfork creek--there's powdery alum (vein) under a cliff near the creek 1 or 2 hundred yards above line fence) --200 acres there.....Melinda got hers back on top of the mountain (Buzzard?) Dave: Who owned the land on Elk where Ella lived. Dad: Old man Billy Gibson. Dave: Who owned that place where Harry Varner lives. Dad: That was part of the same place. I've been there a many a time. Ella married old man Billy Gibson's son, Robert and they lived at that place (Varner place?) for several years until old man Bill gave them the Bob Gibson place when he (Bob?) built up there. I went to a dance near there when I was about 18, and I slipped off from home. There were 36 there at the dance at old man Jim Gibsons and every last one of them are dead except L... D. Sharp. So I've been thankful the good Lord has spared my life as long as he has. (Story of the dance in another section). Dave: Didn't your dad help build the old log school you went to? Dad: Or yes, I was only 3 years old. I saw them building that house. My father took me up there. You wouldn't think one could remember back till he was 3 years old. But I heard my parents speak about it so much. I saw them building that schoolhouse and I saw old man Painter sealing it inside and running a plane. I saw them making the blackboard. Ella and Melinda was older so they went to school a few 100 yards from home. They'd take the 3-year old kid there before it got too cold several times. They'd take the blanket (another place in these series he mentioned a sheepskin) for me to lay on. They had long benches about 10 feet long on both sides of the schoolhouse. I'd come out of the school to go home and my mother would watch for me. She could see the little white headed boy coming running down the road for dinner. I'd said, "I'm coming home to eat gravy with mom. ha, ha." Dave: Dad, I thank you for these stories. I'll keep them and it'll be nice to play them back from time to time. (end of # "61" tape and end of Cassette--side 2)

Stories and history of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharp by L.D. Sharp, taped 10-5-54 by Dave Sharp

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Excerpts from a taped, intended, letter to Paul and Vonda in Texas, by "LD", S1 and Dave.  
Dad on History: Grandmother Hannah said our forefathers came from foreign countries-- German, English, Irish etc. I was 12 years old when my father let me buy a mountain rifle-- muzzle loader. That first year I kept a diary of what I killed and remember distinctly I killed 16 grey squirrels, 3 wild turkeys and I forget how many pigeons. There were pigeons everywhere by the thousands and 100s of thousands and reared like a train coming. But that is over. I've been hunting the past (82 years of age) One time back on Slatyfork mountain I saw 3 pretty black hogs coming down the mountain that I thought belonged to Mr Varner, Ben Varner, and when they came closer, I saw they were big bear and two cubs and they came down in front of me and walked in the little run and I had a single shot Winchester. I kept my eye on them and thought as soon as they got up I'd try to kill one of them I'd meet the old one and maybe have a chance killing the others. So when they came out of there they jumped on a big log and ran about 20 steps from me and I yelled "halt". I'd heard my father say at a bear you had to yell "halt" to get them to stop. There was a big tree, right as the bear jumped beside this tree I yelled "halt" and it wasn't like a deer they finished their jump right then. She stopped behind the tree and I could only see a part of her. I moved back (in the other direction?) there was a tree beside that one. There was a cub on the log and I shot and it fell off down over the hill. There was quite a bit of snow on and I tried to get another shell in and kept trying to put the shell in with my fingers, single shot, and the old big bear jumped off that log got on I got the shell going in the gun, right off toward me. She thought the sound was below. She looked down the hill. I could just see her neck where a little bit of her head looking down the other way. The sound echoed down the other way for her. She jumped within 15 feet of me and I just jerked the gun down and fired at her and missed her. But I was scared nearly to death. And she ran down over the hill and I ran around the hill to head them off at--I knew they'd come off at the highway (old road) and they'd likely come around to where there was a pine patch where they usually cross. I stood there a good bit and then came back to where I was at and went down to where this one fell off the log and there was blood all over the ground on both sides. They'd come back and went right up the hill where I could have shot at them for 100 yards I reckon. While I was standing down there waiting for them to come around to me. I went up on the little flat, there was a laurel patch there and I went in. I ventured into that laurel patch, and I saw where the old big one and the other cubs had stepped there with this one that had laid down that was badly wounded. So I heard them tear out of that laurel patch. There was blood where the cub bear laid. So I went over about 200 yards and got shaky-like. and I went down to Mr. Warners and told him I thought I'd killed a bear and for him to come up and help me take a stand, so he did. He took a track and told me to go up on the ridge and when I went up there, the bear had already gone through. So he said don't go any further. We'll go back home and get Henry Sharp's bear dog and come back in the morning and we'll go after them. So he was scared and didn't want to go any further. --because... I'd hid behind a tree and jumped at him and got his nerves ha, ha, ha. I came home that night and we were out of wood and my father said we'd have to get wood, and it snowed about a foot that night. He said "why, these bear would go for 10 miles tonight. You'd never find them" He talked me out of going back the next morning. The fellows who followed them from Clover Lick, Woods Billey, he asked about 2 weeks from then "who killed one of these cubs" I he'd followed them over there and went back the next morning and they jumped up on the Johnson's flat, just a few 100 yards from where we left them, and there were two of them & knew someone killed one of these cubs. It snowed all over this dead bear and I lost my first kill. I've had quite a lot of experience in my 82 years of living and hunting from the time I was 12 years old and killed quite a number of wild turkeys. One time I was over on Gualley where there were plenty of deer. I killed 2 deer in 3 1/2 days hunting. Of course, I've killed a deer each year until last year. I got my deer almost every year till last year. I failed last year. They allowed killing deer and fawns the last 2 years and they've about killed most of the deer out of around Slatyfork. Hardly any deer around here any more. I've had the great sport fishing. I've caught a great many of trout. I enjoy hunting very much, but I'm getting most too old to get over the hills. I've not been very strong lately, so I have to hunt around on level land, mostly. I haven't been able to find any turkeys yet., but we ~~hopes~~ hope some one runs some through that I might have a chance to kill one.

Stories and History of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharps by L.D. Sharp, typed 10-5-54 (Page 2)  
Dad telling names of parents etc.: My father was Silas Sharp, my mother was Sarah Sharp (was a Hilley).  
(Silas called her "Sally") Grandfather William Sharp, Grandmother Michael Sharp (was a Hilley).  
There were 7 children of William. There were 3 of them killed during the Civil War.--3 boys.

My father was captured (as a civilian) and served 23 months and 24 days in prison in Salisbury, N. C. They started them to death there by the thousands and I was going through there going to Florida and there was an old man there and I was talking to him and asked where the prison was and he was pointing out that the prisons were more like barns., and he said they all starved to death and what wasn't starved was poisoned. I said "no, they weren't--my father was exchanged a few days before the war ended and that he lived --he lived through all that but said thousands of them starved to death" he said; "oh no" this old man, he's getting old and childish said "no, no, there wasn't any of them that got out--every one of them died, what didn't die they poisoned them" ha, ha. He contradicted my story of my father living through it. But it was terrible what they went through.

David Hannah was my grandfather Hannah. Grandmother Hannah's name was Hester. They had a large family. There were two of the boys that died during the war with diphtheria. Out their family down--mother's brothers. One (and her) was a preacher. They were all very religious. George P. Hannah was the preacher (brother of Sarah, Dad's mother.) I think I had one of the best mothers that ever lived. I guess most everyone else thinks the same about theirs. My father was a great man, a good man, a good religious man. My mother was outstanding in every way. She was good to the sick and anyone she could help. One thing I'm grateful for is that I had good Christian parents.

My Dad's (Silas's) brothers were: Henry, Bernard, Harmon, and Hugh and one sister. I think her name was Margaret, but she died with diphtheria during the war. (buried below the store, left of the road on the high bank). The 3 boys that were killed was Luther, it was named after him., Henry and Bernard. Margaret was 12 years old. Took diphtheria. It sure was a hard stroke on my grandparents to lose that many of their family--four out of 7. Only three lived through the war. One of the boys was found with an apple in his pocket and my grandmother planted the 7 seeds from this apple and only 3 of them grew. She gave one of the trees to uncle Harmon Sharp and one to my father (Silas) and one to uncle Hugh. These trees grew up and bore fruit for many years. It looked like they represented --to show that just 3 lived through this siege, the great Civil War.

My first wife's name was Laura Morgan and she was a preacher's daughter. There were about 7 in that family--Bill Morgan, Edgar Morgan, Nannie Morgan, Lena Morgan and Laura Morgan, my wife. (Edith was the mother of the children).

XXXXXXXX

My sisters were: Ella Gibson (Mrs. Robert Gibson) and Malinda Hannah (Mrs. Ellis Hannah). Both were older. Malinda was 5 years older and Ella 3 years older. Malinda lived to be 85 years old and Ella must have been about 80. They lived about 4 miles from Slatyfork (on Elk) When I was a boy there was quite a number of people living on Elk and Linwood and out of maybe 200 or more there was, two years ago, only 6 of them living along my age and they've all died off. (End of first side of large reel tape).  
In the past 2 years they've dropped off and now I'm the only one that's left of those my age--about 80. I'm 82. I'm the only one that's living of that great number of people that lived here on Elk. Whole families have passed on. So, I'm going yet pretty strong--not like I used to, but I don't know how long the good Lord will leave me here. But I hope to live on so to meet those great many people I knew in my boyhood days.  
Meeting Laura (mother): Well, I went to a picnic, first one I'd ever been to in my life, and my wife had visited this picnic with another girl, so I took a fancy to her actions, and meeting with her she seemed to talk so nice. I asked her if she'd take a ride with me in a swing, ha, ha. So that was the beginning of our courtship at this picnic, the first one I ever attended. After I was there with her there a few hours, I thought one day I'll write her a letter--a nice letter and see if I might have a date. And so that was the start of my courtship as best as I can remember. It was near Linwood--about 3 miles from here. The first time I ever drank lemonade was at this picnic, ha. I thought it was something wonderful! There hadn't been any in the country up to that time that I knew of. I thought the girl was were wonderful (than the lemonade) ha, ha. And she was so nice and every time I went to see her I thought she was the "only girl on the beach" ha, and finally we got married. I won the battle. To see her I had to go horseback then. Didn't have any cars, and really no supplies in this section of the country. I did win out even if I did go slow, ha, ha. Yes

Yes, I did have competition, but I was the best looking boy, ha, ha, ha. (joking). No, I don't mean that, ha. Any way my winning ways (joking) must have had something to do with me winning her. Because she was so fine. She was preparing to teach school. I changed her mind after so long and she became a great housekeeper.

And a nice family of 7 children. And one of the greatest things of all is that... there as one of them, only about 16 (18) (Creola) just finishing highschool took sick and came home and died... but one great consolation is as I started to say is that my 6 children living. ~~They~~ they've all established families except one who is not married and they are all Christians, living for that heavenly home we might someday enjoy. Countless ages of eternity together and it gives me great joy to know that they are all living for Christ.

Mode of traveling when a boy: Horseback and "footback" ha, ha. We either had to walk or ride a horse. I never had an automobile until about 1915. Well, I don't know... a few years before that I bought a buggy and maybe a couple of them,---I wore them pretty well out---about 1900. They didn't cost but about \$100 to \$125 and maybe not that much. We ordered them from Cincinnati from a factory there.

The first automobile I'd seen, a Deater fixed up some kind of a motor on a buggy. He ran about 6 miles an hour. He drove around a few times here on Elk with that motor. I guess he fixed it up himself, to run that buggy. He had some kind of a steering arrangement. I'd seen him once or twice ---maybe 3 times.

First one that came down Elk, it came over a hill and 2 neighbor boys, they yelled "look the horse ran off and ~~the~~ tore away from the buggy and the buggy is still going yet. Look at it going yet" (probably an appropriate joke for them to tell on that occasion!).

They didn't have telephones then. My first telephone was around maybe k 1900 or? People thought it was something wonderful when we had the phone put in and one about 12 miles away (at Edray) Some asked if the messages came in to our phone over a hollow wire. I told them it was a solid wire. Phones must have been cheap then. You could buy a pair of axes for \$1.25 that'd cost \$6 or \$8 now. Coffee cost... we sold coffee at 12 cents and 15 cents when we started the store. Now it costs \$1 to \$1.25. Flour sold for about \$4 a barrel in Eden barrels. Your dollar was worth something then. I think we were as well off then as we are today.

End.

P.S. Dad's children were: Ada (married ~~XXXX~~ John Johnson and then Will Curtain), Violet (married Rufus Markland) Ivan (married Genevieve Ornderff of Arbévale), Creola who died at age of about 18, Silas of Slatyfork, Paul ( who married Vonda Love of Buckhannon, and after her passing married Ketha of Port Neches Texas, and Dave who married Sylvia Friel of near Marlinton.

(Dave: who were the first in Pocahontas county to own automobiles?) The first I knew of was Ace Barlow at Edray, Bowd Hannah on Elk and D. Sharp, myself. We bought the first few cars I knew of in this county and they were Studebakers. Later on people began buying the Fords and different makes of cars. (Dave: Did you have any trouble with them running in the rats that the wagons made?) That's all they had to run in, you might say, because of dirt roads. They weren't very wide and the wagons cut rats in the roads. They had a lot of trouble with the blowing out by stones and the bad roads. We had dirt roads. We had to keep them up. Each farmer worked, I believe 3 days or 5 days a year free to keep up the roads such as we had. The government didn't pay any money for to keep them up. Farmers had to keep up the roads so they could travel. (Dave: what about gasoline in those days?) We didn't know anything about gasoline until we got the pump, and then we got the cars. Then someone in Marlinton set up a gas station and furnish us with gas. We'd get a barrel at a time. That's about as much as I'd get when I first started handling gas. Put these others buying cars, ones already had them. Bowd Hannah was about as close to me any one else. He'd buy 60 gallon barrel at a time. We had ordinary pumps in order to pump it out into our cars. That was a pretty tough way to get along. We thought it was something wonderful. (Dave: what about that telephone line, which way did it come in here the first time?) It come through from Randolph county. Dr. Besworth was the first to come through and built the lines. There was one phone at Dr. Cameron's (Mass) and one at Ningo at Sam Woods store and I took a phone and so did George P. Moore at Edray, and Marlinton was the next place they were supposed to have telephone service. (Dave: could you call Marlinton from here?) No, we could call the office there, but didn't have any regular operators to call for us. Yes, the phone line went on through to Marlinton. And they had a contract with some of the people at Marlinton to pay so much money to Dr. Besworth for bringing the line through to Marlinton. Yes, I think those were the first phones out of Marlinton (back thru to Elkins, I guess he meant). (Dave: In other words the line ran this way instead of down Greenbrier River). I don't know how long it was before the line went on down through Greenbrier county and up also up through the head of Pocahontas county—not very long after they found out what a great blessing it was to have a phone and talk over the wires. Different ones asked me how you ~~was~~ talked over it, saying "The wire is hollow isn't it?" I said "no, the wire isn't hollow. Electricity in the wire. They could hardly believe that. And they were so excited they, at Edray, the preacher wanted to sing a song and he'd sing soprano and I'd sing tenor. So we sang over the telephone 12 miles away! He sang one part and I sang another and we thought that was wonderful. We sang together and 12 miles apart. Oh, it was hard to make people believe that we didn't talk through a hollow wire, ha. ha. (Dave: what about the first automobile that came down through Elk from Marlinton?) Yes the first one came down through by a home up here and a couple boys out in the field and it came down the road and one of them hollered: "Look yonder, a horse has run off and with a buggy and it's going yet. There's no horse to it—it's torn loose—and it's going yet!" ha. What a great laugh about it after on. They couldn't believe it possible that something like that could go without horsepower. (Dave: didn't someone on Elk call on the Party line that a horse ran away and for them to stop it?). No, not that I know of, ha. ha. I don't remember. (Dave: where did you kill your first deer—back there on the mountain?) I couldn't answer that. I think it was back on Slatyfork, and Uncle Hugh Sharp, I killed a fawn. He said it belonged to his pet deer, Nanny. He had about 12 or 13 pet deer and he said "that's one of my deer you've killed, I believe. He didn't care about not killing it, but he said that one was one of old "Nannies" (name of his deer) fawns that I killed. and it might have been, ha. ha. I don't know, ha. ha. I wasn't looking for any brand or name. (Dave: what kind of gun did you kill it with?) I don't know—I can't answer that. I had, I think a rifle I got. I had a rifle and a muzzle loaded rifle—that's the kind of gun I had first, and it might have been it. (Dave: what did you do with that gun?) I just don't know at all for ~~the~~ my life what ever happened to that gun. It'd be a relic now, wouldn't it? (Dave: How many pheasants have you killed this year?) Well, it may be against my religion, ha. ha, ha. I don't know what the limit (Dave: say ~~the~~ if the limit was 40 how many did you kill?) If the limit was ~~an~~ 40 I guess I killed something less than that, ha. ha. I missed several, though. Well, if you're going to take me to court—to to take it down (says it) for the fact, it was 13. Well now, don't take me to court and have me fined, ha. ha. (Dave: you'd say before the judge

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ories & History of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharpe by I.D. Sharpe, taped 12-25-59 age 87 & 6 mo. 227  
 ever there in court that you killed 137? Ha, ha, well if I went before him I'd have to say  
 it. I won't swear to a lie, ha. (Dave: how did many did you kill last year?) I didn't  
 get any last year. I only got 2 squirrels. I had to go to the hospital ( prostate operation )  
 and I didn't get to take a stand for a deer. So I missed last year. I had the privilege of  
 shooting at one this year, but it stepped in a big patch of brush--too thick to get the  
 bullet through to it. I thought I might kill it anyway, but missed. And my gun got clogged  
 up (jammed) and I couldn't get any other shots and it got away. What is that flying over  
 there? Violet. I saw a robin out there. (Dave: yes it is. It's Dec. 26th) It flew down  
 in the pathway and up in that tree and then flew over in the garden. (Dave: Violet, do you  
 know this gentleman sitting here? who is he?) (Violet: Well, this is my father, my very  
 devoted father) (Dad proudly laughed, ha, ha, ha.) (Dave: how many Christmases have you  
 seen?) ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ (Violet: I just can't say that, I'd rather not, but it's been several.  
 But this is the first Christmas I've been in here since 1917, 40 years since I've been to  
 Slatyfork, for Christmas.) Dad: You see, the reason she doesn't want to tell her age, she  
 lost her husband and looking for another, ha, ha, ha. (Violet: well it'd be awful hard to  
 find anyone as good as he was. So I think they're very scarce). (Dave: how many of your  
 kids were in here this time, all of them?) Well there was Violet from Richmond, Va.; Paul  
 from Texas. Ivan and Genevieve and their son from Charleston, and Si living here with me.  
 It's a great joy of having them with me for the Christmas holidays and celebrate the  
 birth of Christ. It's been about the most enjoyable holidays I've ever spent, I think.  
 It's going to be very sad with them going out tonight and along in a few days--next week.  
 It makes it very sad to have them to leave us. We pray the Lord to take care of them.  
 We commit them in to His hands to take them back safely to their place of abode or living--  
 where they work to make a living. We're awful glad to have them. I cannot express in words.  
 I can hardly think about it without shedding tears. If they all left at one time, I don't  
 believe I could stand it. Some are going tonight and tomorrow and next week. They'll  
 drop off gradually and I'll live it through, but it's hard to give them up. We'd like them  
 to stay on and on, like we used to have them around our fireside and our house, and we  
 enjoyed their presence day in and day out. The way circumstances are, they're scattered  
 far, and so we're certainly thankful to the good Lord that they have been with us and  
 giving them health and strength to make the journey--coming in to see old Dad and his meet  
 together and be together. I can't express in words how I appreciate it. (Violet: you know  
 Dave and Sylvia are here too.) Oh, pardon me, Jr. was handling this machine (tape recorder)  
 and I forgot, ha, ha, ha. I call him Jr. Dave and Sylvia pardon me. There is son many of  
 them I have so many children, ha, ha, ha. I think of them as much as any of my children.  
 That was just a slip of my mind. I was past 21 on my last birthday, so you may know why  
 I'm just forgetful--being that old--past 21. If you ask how much past that, I was 87 the  
 8th day of June, last June. 87 years and 6 months, since I came into this world. Don't  
 seem but a short time. Don't seem but a few years since I used to go to school up there  
 at the top of the hill--about 80 years ago., (school across old road from cemetery)--when  
 I was first going to school--past 80 years ago when I first went to school. But it don't  
 seem but a short time. So if any of you hearing me talking, if you think you'll live to  
 be old and it'll be a long time for life. But it'll slip by before you know it, if the  
 Lord spares your life, it'll be over before you know it. So it doesn't seem long since I  
 went to school and lived with my mother and dad and sisters. But according to nature and  
 all, like that, I can't expect to be here that much longer. So the main thing I think is  
 for each one of us to live for .....  
 .... when least expected, and we find that is true. When one of our loved ones who goes  
 off in just moments of time, so many people dying of heart trouble, and one way or another.  
 (Dave: what's going on?) (Ketha, said: we're fixing to eat shenan) (all laughing and talk-  
 ing at one time) (Violet: Bet your fingers out of there (apparently they were weighing  
 themselves on a pair of bathroom scales) Dad: He's recording all that. (Ketha: Dave  
 what are you doing?) (Genevieve: he's recording--we'll play it back.) (Ketha: I might  
 weigh 135) (Genevieve: I do too.) (Dave: How much do you weigh Paul?) (Paul: I weigh,  
 with this heavy underwear and shoes 219 lbs.) (Genevieve: Violet wants to weigh her shoes.)  
 (Dave: How was is that Lila?) (Lila: 140 even) (Dave: Come on Violet, come on Helen)  
 (Genevieve: come on Si, Dave, Evan ..... (Dave how much do you weigh Evan?)  
 (Evan: 155) .. ..... (Helen: 126) ..... were talking. (Si is now playing piano  
 over in the parlor. It's far from recorder so low volume on the recorder)

Stories & Biography of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharp's by L. D. Sharp, typed 12-25-59 age 67 & 6 mo.  
(Dave: Dad, lets get some recording of your singing. When did you start?) Well sir, I started singing when I was 12 years old. My father sent my sisters Ella, Malinda and myself to a singing school. We went to two terms. I forget who the professor was that taught the singing school, up at the old log school house below Mary's Chapel Church (on Elk). That was the only church on Elk. They had the singing, preaching service and all the meetings in this old school house. And after they had the school closed, they decided to let the leaders carry on the singing. So they decided electing leaders for 3 months. And in electing, they elected Bob Gibson and Ellis Hannah (maybe father of Russell Hannah?) and Curry Jackson and Dave Gwinn and L. D. Sharp, just a boy 12 years old. So I had more nerve than I had brains, ha, ha. So went ahead just the same. It came my turn. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday when I went up on the platform to lead the singing. My knees shook so, I could hardly keep them from bumping together and it was hard for me to stand on the floor. I was awful bashful. But I've kept on singing all these many years. I'm 87 years old the 8th day of June, and I've been leading choirs ever since a boy 12 years old. And now it has no effect on me. I've seen before a few thousand people leading our choir from Slatyfork. We've had a good many choirs in the last 60 years and we've had some awful good ones. It doesn't make me afraid or nervous or anything. I can go before these thousands as well as I could, or better than I could when I was 12 years old among my own friends and neighbors. (Dave: haven't you been superintendent of Sunday School many years?) Oh yes, I was superintendent and taught Sunday School. I've gone to church every Sunday I was able to go that I remember of since I was quite a small child. When I was too small to go, of course my mother and dad took me. They were both devoted Christians. And they'd take me to church when I was so small. I believe in that so much. The Bible says bring up a child when it is young and when it's old it won't depart from it. The trouble today is that so many people don't pay any attention to their children. Just left them grow up among all kinds of characters and it's bringing it's results to most of the young people. So many of them are going astray..... I enjoy life, even at my age. I'd like to live on, if it's the Lord's will. But I know according to nature I can't live many more years. I've thought over it a lots of times--several years. Three score and ten, but if it is his will I'd like to live just forever, even though I have lots of trials and troubles and disappointments and sorrows. Yet, I enjoy life. But I know it's better on beyond. (Dave: your dad's name was Bill?) William. (Dave: how much of this ground did he own around Slatyfork--most of it?) Well, Grandfather Sharp owned about 2,000 acres, and then he bought the place for Harmon Sharp (at the forks of Elk River, Big Spring Creek and Laurel Run running off Gamley Mountain). My mother and father sold live stock and helped pay for it. He promised to buy them a farm where it was level. Instead he bought him a tract of land just across the hill from where he lived--several hundred acres, but it was all in green timber. And my father had to go in that green timber and clear out fields to lay out his corn and wheat, oats and things that took care of us through life--feed. My mother made clothes and my father made our shoes and we had an awful hard time of it, but we had plenty to eat such as it was. We didn't have any canned fruit. It was all dried apples and dried berries, but they dried an awful lot of fruit. We didn't know what a can was. I didn't see a can when I was a small--like the cans today. But there was nothing better than a dried apple pie! We liked the way we had to live. He enjoyed it as much as we do now with all our conveniences, automobiles, etc. (Dave: what kind of lights did you use?) We had candle. They killed a beef and used the fat. I mean tallow. They had candle molds--made six candles at a time. And we thought we had a wonderful light when one had a candle light. They had flint back in earlier days, where you had a flint rock and they had a spark (soft dead split wood in logs) and they would strike that flint and it knocked sparks in that spark and set it a fire and get the fire started that way, and my father and mother had little twists of paper on the candle that they'd reach and get one of them of this day and time. (Two: did you have to make your own sugar?) We made our own sugar. My father and mother to do as when we make it, we had to make, I think it was a 100 pounds of maple sugar and then we could have the rest of it made up in molasses, lbs of sugar. We had to have that before there was any molasses made.

Stories & History of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharp's by L.D. Sharp, taped 12-25-59 age 87 & 6 mo.  
(Dave: what about mineral rights on the land?) Yes, I own the mineral rights. It'd  
never been sold. My father gave 400 acres. 200 to Ella and 200 to MaLinda. Ella (sold) her  
mineral rights. On her piece of land there was an alum rock and there were nuggets  
that looked like gold or silver. They may become valuable some day. (That alum rock  
is a few 100 yards above the Sharp line on Slatyfork, Creek, just across the creek and  
up against the bank about 70 feet.), but she didn't sell the land. But she may have kept the  
mineral rights. (Dave: Dad, --about the old mill down here. Did you have it built?)  
Uncle Sam Gibson and Tetrick, a man named Tetrick. They got the land off of Uncle Hugh  
Sharp. He gave them the land to build the mill. And didn't charge them a penny for it.  
They built the mill and then ran it for a good while and they had an "up and down" saw  
attached. They sawed a lot of lumber there. They had a place to run up logs, and  
they could saw lumber. And could grind their grists if they wanted to. Finally at  
last, Brice Griffin bought it off of them for just a song and he ran it for 10 or 15  
years, I expect. Couldn't grind over 15 bushels in a day's time. When they first had  
the contract the man who put the mill up contracted, guaranteed to grind so much an hour.  
They ground flour. The old mill rocks are down there yet, laying out on the ground.  
The corn rocks and the flour rocks. (Dave: didn't Willie Gibson have a key for it and  
worked there?) He may have. Brice Griffin died. In his Will it was to be sold and  
the key to be given to his mother. Others bid against me. I didn't want anyone to get  
it there that was undesirable and it was up to me to buy that land back. The Mill was  
sold down from the few years standing there. It wasn't used any more and it cost me  
\$500 to get that piece of land that Uncle Hugh Sharp gave to Uncle Sam Gibson and Tetrick.  
I've given that land to Silas Sharp, my son. (Dave: did you run the mill some yourself?)  
No. I never. I had it run. I take that back. I got old man Elben and his son Charlie  
to remodel that mill. I'm forgetful. I bought 50 bushels of wheat from Sam Moore at  
Edray and I ground all that wheat into flour. And I ground corn to meal. I didn't  
grind any for other people. I may have had Brice Griffin run it a while before he died,  
but I'm forgetful (he couldn't have had Brice, as Brice died and it was sold at auction  
to Dad--?) I didn't grind for others. You got a gallon out of a bushel for toll (for  
grinding it) So it didn't pay me to grind for others. (Dave: was it Henry Gibson's  
father, Sam Gibson that built it?) Yes, he and Tetrick. They built the first  
mill. There was a corn mill over at where Barney Showalter lives (Bill Gibson place  
across the creek from the church.) Andy Hannah, took it over from his father John Hannah  
who had it built. He ran it for years. I remember taking corn there to grind.  
(Dave: did you buy any mill stone?) Yes, I bought from old man McLaughlin who had  
a mill for 40 years. I remember. There's where I got the last corn stone and the flour  
stone--I bought from old man George McLaughlin over above Marlinton. Had them hauled  
over and had Elben's put them on the mill to grind. They cost several hundred dollars  
(now) shipped from foreign countries--France. But I didn't pay much for them. They  
were doing him no good. I got them very cheap. If someone wanted to put in a mill  
they'd be just first class--corn meal and flour. People and times are too fast  
now, you know, to stop to grind any corn.

Uncle Elben

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History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D. Sharp 8-29-59 by Paul J. Sharp  
---Dec. 1980---Re-taped on Cassette and typed by Dave Sharp

AGE 87  
In the presence of Paul, Ketha and Violet, Dad was asked to sing and did: "When the Bell is Called Be Ye Ready". Then they ate supper. On tape: Si played some good piano music. Dad: Well, I was 12 years old when my Dad sent me and my two sisters to a singing school. And after we went to two singing schools, they elected what they called chorus leaders. They selected different ones for 3 months, and in electing the officers they elected the little boy 12 years old--that little boy was L. D. Sharp. The first time I got up before the congregation I couldn't keep my knees from clapping together. I could hardly stand on the floor. And I served out my three months and when it came another term (turn) I was elected again. I'm 87 years old and I've been singing and leading groups of singers since I was 12 years old, and since that time going to different counties, taking our group. At one state song service they said there were 15,000 people there and getting up before large congregations didn't have any effect on me. I get as it doesn't have any effect to get up before large congregations because I have been used to it. I often think how hard it was for me to stand before the congregation to lead the first songs I ever tried to sing. We've gone to different counties and gone over into the state of Virginia to a homecoming and were called to Greenbrier county to a homecoming. and they wanted the Slatyfork group of singers. So we took our group to this homecoming. We thought there'd be several groups of singers there. There were several preachers there and a very large crowd--some from California. To my surprise and disappointment, you might say, they depended entirely on the Slatyfork choir. We got a great deal of praise and I was very proud of our group of singers because they did a good job. I love to sing. I hope to someday be able to sing after this life is over. I do the best I can here, but I'm looking forward to the day that I can really sing when I join the choir in heaven with the angels. (Knowing Dad and his intense love of music, that is exactly what he is doing now!) I'm looking forward to that day. I enjoy attending church and helping with the singing. We've done it several times at home comings this year, and we got a wonderful lot of praise at them, and I believe they really did enjoy the music--our singing.

Paul: Could you say some things about your family?  
Dad: I have a whole lot to say about my individual family. We had seven children in the family and they all accepted Christ from the age of 8 to 12 years old. I'm certainly proud of that. And I'm proud of my father and mother of the lives they lived. Because I don't know what would have happened to me if I'd had parents like a great number of people have. They never attend church and live wicked lives. But my father and mother when we were growing up, they were so strict on us that the first pocket knife I ever bought, my mother said: "now don't use that pocket knife on Sunday or you'll lose it, ha, ha, and I believed it for a long time. I'd use it during the week and on Sunday I'd lay my pocket knife away. So I'm glad when we retired when the day came to a close, that my mother (I had two sisters) would say "come here and say your prayers before you go to bed" and we'd say our little prayers, as children commonly are taught: "now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, and if I should die before I awake, I pray the Lord my soul to take" So, then, we learned to bend our knees while we were so young, and I'm proud of that, so proud of our early training. The Bible says: Bring up a child when it is young and the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it". And I'm glad my children are following the steps of their mother and their father and trying to live for Christ, and it gives me great joy to think of the great homecomings we attended during the past years and this year. But I'm looking forward to the day when we'll have a great homecoming that will be worth while!--that we'll all meet together at that great homecoming after life is over. That'll be the greatest joy of anything a person can think of.

So many parents never take their children to church, never bring them as they should be brought up. A number of families, as many as 12 at Slatyfork who never attend church. It hurts me that the parents would bring up children so irreverent, not to love their Lord and master while they're young. So I'm certainly thankful that my children came a long distance to visit their old Dad and loved ones here. They haven't been able to come all at one time. But Paul and Ketha and Violet are here now and others have been coming. Before this, Junior (Dave) and his wife and Ivan and his family and Will Curtain (Ada's husband) has been in visiting us. So we certainly do appreciate that. One thing we grieve about is that they take such a short stay and we hate to see them leave us without stopping longer with us--for we enjoy their company so much. As I understand it, Paul and his wife and Violet are going to leave us in the morning and it makes me feel sad that they're leaving us. We'll be very lonesome after they leave, because they've been such company to us.

Paul: what about your father etc. "He was in prison once."  
Dad: hm. hm. "He'd done no crime or anything like that to get in prison, no. He'd let  
think he had done a terrible crime. No. It was the time of the Civil War. He was living  
in his home, living a quiet life, farming nearby. The Rebel soldiers came and captured  
him when he was just in his prime of life. He really wasn't on either side. The people  
didn't know which side they should join at the beginning or out-break of the war. So  
they took him to prison and he served 23 months and 24 days in Salisbury, N. C. where they  
starved thousands to death. I had 3 uncles who were killed during the Civil War. Bernard  
Luther, and Henry. Luther was only 16 years old and the Rebel soldiers came running down  
the valley and his mother yelled out "look out, yonder comes the rebel soldiers" and this  
boy took to the hill back of our (this) house and only 16 years old. Old Jake Simmons  
was following behind the group of soldiers that were running down the valley and he shot  
this 16 year old boy and killed him. It was the same time they captured my father and took  
him to prison. The other two boys were in the army when they were killed. One was a  
rebel and the other was a yankee. (Dad may have told us one other time he wasn't sure one  
was a rebel).

Paul: You were right here on the border between the North and South, and your family  
tried to remain neutral and couldn't do it. Dad: And they really didn't know. I've  
heard them say: at the time when it (war) broke out they didn't know which side they  
should join! --some of them. My grandfather (William) was a republican--after he lost  
so many (including father) of the family in the war and because of how my father (Silas)  
suffered as he did in prison. They were Republicans dyed in the blood--they surely were  
Republicans all their lives.  
Grandfather Sharp (William) and grandfather Hannah (David) --their foreparents came from the  
foreign countries. They were Irish, German and English. My grandmother could almost trace  
them "888 to asack" to Adam. She often time told about them coming over here. We've  
got all kinds of blood mixed in our veins--Irish, German and English. During the first  
World War when they were so down on the Germans I said to a traveling salesman: "I've  
got some German blood in me, what do you think of that?" He said: That's pretty bad  
blood, pretty bad blood!" hm, hm.  
I've spent 6 winters in Florida and traveled quite a bit. I've been here 87 years the 8th  
day of June, and I thank the good Lord for taking care of me down through the years.  
I've had troubles, sorrows and disappointments. I've been only to one dance in my life.  
I chose to go to. "You should keep good company" A girl I'd been corresponding with was  
as pretty as youday, a speckled pup, hm, and she came to my home, rode a horse up, horse-  
back. They rode horse back the. No automobiles, even no burgies, and persuaded me to  
skip off and go to a dance. So I went off up to the dance (an Elk), and the people from  
all over the country gathered to Elk, a certain section of Elk. They called it Protracted  
dances. The best I counted, there were 36 people there, and were healthiest people in the  
county. I never saw such a time in all my life and I never expect to see, nor want to  
see another like it. Talks about drinking! A fellow played a banjo. Another played a  
violin. The banjo player got so drunk during the night and I was going around trying to  
promenade. I'd never been on the floor before and he through out his feet and I fell over  
his feet and fell in the floor. I was a bashful boy of 18. Oh, I was so ashamed of that!  
I almost pulled my girl in on me. I had to hold her. I didn't fall clear to the floor.  
The thing I want to bring out is that every one of those 36 that was there that night has  
been called into eternity. I'm the only one that the Lord spared a life. I give credit to  
the Lord for taking care of me down through the many years. I haven't tasted whiskey for  
50 years. When I was a child we didn't have a doctor any closer than 23 miles. They  
had hardly any medicine. So when we were sick the people in the country would give us  
a little ginger in a little whiskey as a medicine. I never even tasted beer. I'd rather  
see a saloon in the community than a beer joint. They call them beer parlors and I hear  
they even have ladies any more to go in and wait on the people, selling beer. I see in  
the paper where 45% of the people killed in car accidents last year was because of drunken  
drivers. I think the time has come when every Christian should do everything he can to  
stamp out the liquor traffic. It'd be a great saving of life for the country. Liquor is  
ruining so many families and causing so many deaths.  
I don't know what else to say about my life. I'm going along pretty strong at my age.  
I've had quite a bit of sickness this past winter--operated on (prostate), but I've  
spilled out of that. I'm going to stay as long as the Lord sees fit to leave me here.  
I'd like to live always if it was the Lord's will. But you know after one's death,  
then the judgement.



History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D. Sharp 9-29-59 by Paul Sharp 232  
Re-taped on Cassette and typed Dec. 1980 by Dave Sharp

We are told that death comes a thief in the night, when least expected. So we are commanded, to be ready and not wait till death comes. We must have on the wedding garments, have our lamps trimmed and ready to enter into the marriage feast. No matter when the summons comes we should be ready. That's my advice to every individual and not wait till they are old to accept Christ. Because after they get to be 50 or 60 years old it is almost impossible to get any one to change their lives. It seems the older they get, the harder it is to amend their lives. So I insist on parents to bring children up the way they should go,-- take them to church--not send them. Take them to church every Sunday and live close to a Christian life. Let their influence live in the family they are bringing up.

Paul: What about the roads and in your days?

Dad: We had mud roads. Weren't very wide and were kept up by each farmer who worked 4 days a year in order to keep up these roads. We had no buggies. Most people had wagons because they had to go to Millboro (Va) about 60 miles for salt and roofing and supplies. There wasn't any salt or sugar to amount to anything (here) and they went to Millboro. They (his parents) had mills and ground the wheat people grew and ground flour. Women these days wouldn't try to think about making light bread out of 2 flour like we had to live on. It was the best we could do. I owned a mill after I grew into manhood. (Last used about 1920. Remains can still be seen --1980-- submerged dam-leg, rock foundation and the rock side-dam.)

Paul: In the east you've talked about inventions, transeortations in the early days.

Dad: Well, back in my boyhood days when there wasn't a buggy in the country and I was one of three who bought the first automobile bought in Pocahontas county. (A 1914 Studebaker) (The enameled licence plate in the store window possibly may have been the plate for it?)

I remember the first buggy that was bought by my brother-in-law. I bought a surrey--a two wheel surrey, the first conveyance I ever had. A good many people don't know what a surrey was. It had two wheels and a skeleton seat, big enough for two people to ride in and we thought we had a wonderful way to move along with a one horse. I went about 40 or 50 miles to where a man was advertising and selling these surreys and buggies. I rode a horseback to go get it with the harness on the horse (to be ready to pull it when I he get there) and I had that until my first courtship, ha. ha.

There were no telephones in the county. I was one of the first to have a telephone. There were 2 or 3 in the county when the lines got through first--just to try it out. (I believe that Dad in another taping said that Marlinton had no phones, and they got their phones after the line was brought through from Randolph County by Slatyfork. It was extended on to Edray and Marlinton. There were probably one or two in the Linwood area before the line got down to Slatyfork. First ones in the county?) Someone who came to my home one day and I was talking 12 miles to Gay Moore's store at Edray. They had one. One fellow said to me: "How do you get the message over the line to Mr. Moore's store? The wire is hollow, isn't it?" ha. ha. I said: "no it isn't hollow" ha. ha. He thought we were talking through a hollow tube over the telephone wire.

We had no doctor any closer than 23 miles. No hospitals. If anyone got sick--most all the farmers had different kinds of teas. They had teas for different sicknesses. They had pñneräll tea and different names for teas they had. My mother (Sarah) had a half a dozen different kinds of tea hanging up there (attic) dried, and if any one got sick --she was a great hand at going to visit the sick. She'd gather up some of these teas and take with her.

(Joke?) When I was quite small we had three changes of food a day. We had Bread and meat for breakfast. Meat and Bread for dinner, and both of them for supper, ha. ha. We enjoyed life, I believe better than today. We could go out and catch a basket full of fish in a few hours, and there were plenty of deer and wild turkeys to galore. And bear, plenty of them--too many of them. They killed our sheep. They did more harm than good. But I believe people were better satisfied. They'd go visit a home and stay all day, and families would come to visit my father and mother and stay all day. There was no rush, and now if they go and stay just a little while in their automobiles, they're up and gone. We're living in a fast age and many are losing their lives by living in this age of automobiles.

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History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D. Sharp 9-29-59 by Paul Sharp  
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We rode on horseback. I did my first courtin' riding horseback.  
Paul: How did you court riding horseback?

Dad: Ha, Ha. Well, I managed to get an awful nice wife--your mother, a preacher's daughter (Laura Morgan) I fooled her and got one of the best girls in the country for a wife. I give credit to my children for being what they are to a great extent for having such a wonderful mother. She was a preacher's daughter. I don't take any credit. I give most of the credit to their mother. Her father was a Methodist circuit rider. He rode horseback. He didn't have any buggy. He preached at nine different appointments (country churches) on the Edray charge. He lived at Edray. (In the same present parsonage building) He had to ride horseback or not get to his churches. It looks like they'd (circuit riders) get a greater reward than ministers today who also in an automobile and a few minutes after the church service (he at another church)--go all over his charge. Could do it in a few hours. In that time it'd take maybe a half a day to come from the Edray parsonage over to Slatyfork to preach.

Paul: What did you say you went to Millboro for?

Dad: We went to Millboro to get salt, sugar and such things as that. There was no salt in this area.

(About 1884)-- The first time I was to Millboro, I went with Uncle Harmon and another fellow. He took his horses and wanted me to go along. I was 17 years old and it'd take me almost all week. We had a box to carry our lunch in and we'd sleep out at nights. When night came on we'd drive to the side of the road and camp over till morning. We took feed to feed our horses. It took us about all week for this wagon trip. Didn't have any buggies. There was no other way of conveyance.

(Dad told me, (Dave), a story that was not recorded on tape about this trip, when they camped near a negro town in Virginia, and when they pulled a trick-joke on him I may tell it elsewhere in this booklet being compiled.)

A couple fellows--a railroad came through Mountain Grove (Va)--they thought they'd like to try that train out. So they went to the conductor when the train pulled up and said: "We'd like to have a quarter's worth of ride." The conductor knew they didn't know what they were talking about and he gave them a quarter's worth of ride, ha, ha. He took them on the train and it took them 3 days to walk back, ha, ha. Well that taught them a lesson! They knew not to take over a dime's worth of ride the next time, ha, ha. I guess someone else in their group took care of their horses while they were gone.

Paul: Dad, you've seen a lot of new things--inventions...

Dad: Telephone, hard surface roads, automobiles, T V, airplanes. I rode the first planes that came into the county at the County Fairs. One fellow came in there and made quite a bit of money barnstorming ("Scotty"). He'd go behind the barn and take a drink between rides in his biplane. He got killed in Ohio stuntin', --I believe flying under a bridge.) People would pay to take a ride over the town of Marlinton and sometimes pretty well all over the county, but not too far because he wanted to get back to get another load of passengers.

Paul: Did you like to fly?

Dad: I certainly did! Paul: Would you rather live now than back when you were a boy?

Dad: I really believe we had more real enjoyment than we do today--even with all the inventions, telephone, TV, radio. People are not satisfied today. We're looking for more inventions and goint to the moon (it was predicted). I haven't thought much about that trip! ha, ha. Paul: Do you have anything to say now before you sing for us? Dad: Well, all I have to say to those who may listen to this, be good and live from day to day, as we're commanded. Be thankful. Realize where our good blessings come from--God. Trust in him and you'll never regret it. Paul. Thank you Dad, Now what song do you want to sing?

Dad: Well the title of the song is "Jesus is the Way"--a wonderful song. I hope anyone who listens to it will pay attention to the words, the meaning of the words. (Mable played the piano while Dad sang solo. Another song: "My Faith Looks up to Thee". Another song: Trio: Dad, Paul and Mable--"Beautiful Home Somewhere". (Dave: I couldn't tape the music) ha.

Dave: There was a lot of 31's fine piano playing on Paul's reel tape which was not included on the cassette copies made by Dave. After taping Dad's voice I did go back to Paul's reel tape and picked up (on last 1/4 of 2nd side of cassette) 31 playing piano, and with a little And Dad's singing is on the cassette where indicated in the transcript.

(62) History and Stories of the Sharp Family, by Luther D. Sharp, taped 6-13-67 in the presence of his children, St. Ivan, Dave, Violet, his second wife, Mabel, and Genevieve, Ivan's wife. Mabel and I went to the Mary's Chapel graveyard. I looked all through it. There was old Sam Gilson, Cousin Wm Gilson and other old people I thought was up about 90, 95 years old, and there they were 70 & 80 years old! Just for fun I told Mabel, "let's get out of here, let's get out of here. I'm the oldest person in here!" ha, ha. Yes, Uncle Hugh was 77 years old--on the tombstone 77 years old. (He said to Ivan:) "Ivan, wasn't he converted? Ivan, didn't you talk to him and he accepted Christ?" (Ivan: "yes, that was on his deathbed".) He was a mighty fine good man, but never joined the church. (Dave: We're all here except Paul") I'm awful proud of it. I appreciate it. You'd know how much. (Dave: you're 90 years old a couple days ago) I thought sometime ago that I wasn't going to reach 90. I prayed to the Lord to spare my life. (regarding age referred to years and days:) Better to have it even years, you know. It takes right smart paper to print that, and you'd have it in the paper no doubt, but it doesn't matter about it. (Violet: "approximately 5,000 ~~sundays~~ Sundays--") They made a mistake. Did you figure it up how much it is? (Violet: I don't guess they count the Sunday you were born") Dad: Oh, yes they took....(?) (Violet: "four thousand, six hundred eight...(?). Dad: Ha, ha. (Dave: If you counted those ... before he was born that would make some more") Dad, ha, ha I don't regret it. The greatest heritage on earth is father and mother. Raise them up in the way of the Lord, when they get old they won't depart from it. That's history, and I'm no exception. That's a time. He's recording every word I say. I'm happy my children got in to my birthday, and my son's .....?.. was born on my birthday. I said (I'd never have any children named after me because it'd mix up the mail so and getting mail and letters. So the way he got his name, he was born on my birthday and after he was born my wife said to me "this is your birthday and this is your birthday present and I'm going to name him Luther David Sharp". I said alright, that's all right ha, ha. She'd come down to the law of death presenting my son, so she could have her wishes! That's how come Jr. got his name, Luther David Sharp. After I'm gone I guess he'll ..... his name ..... (Dave: They can call me "LD" then.) ha, ha. Yes, it was nice you to stop by and see old Dad. ....?....Christmas Life that's the remain(?) of faith and family. That's my faith. .... Thinking about having ..... prepared, I never heard my father go to bed in his lifetime to go to bed without having prayer. Let's all of us bow and have a silent prayer. (silence) (The following has to do with two litchhikers he picked up on Elm in his car. .... This one fellow, he told me, I asked what ~~was~~ was he doing coming out of that hollow up there 'aid' Mike Reed was up there getting lumber, and we sent truck up (litchhiker: why, we were up there hauling lumber and broke the truck down and we're going on to Marlinton to get some parts") And in no time when the other wouldn't tell me where he was from. .... hesitancy in answering, I figured out when I hadn't gone a half a mile, I knew who they were. And so I was scared out of my senses nearly. Went over to Marlinton, said to myself, now ..... If they demand me to go on my, I'm going to fly right on by over in the city and raise hell if they helier for me to go on. I came down hurried as fast as I could across the bridge. They yelled "we wanted to get out back there" and I'd ran them all the way across the bridge and let them out. And here a couple days later police caught them in Huntington. Dad was asked if his father made their shoes. .... pair of boots atime or two. (Dave: where did you get the leather?) Got from McCarty down at Millpoint. Killed a beef and they'd send hides down and he'd tan it and get it back in a year's time. Got leather all the time that a way. (Dave: didn't he (his father) make shoes for all the family?) Yes all the family. He had lasts for all of them (Dave: did he make shoes for others too?) No. I don't know where he got his lasts. (Genevieve asked: did they make different size shoes?) Yes different lasts for size of our feet. (Dave: Did he ever make any pedged ones?) Yes, all he made was pedged shoes. He'd punch a hole and he made the peg too. Made of maple. Sawed off about half an inch or one fourth an inch, you know, off right on through like that. He'd sharpen off at each side first, I think and all he had to do was sharpen each one on the other side. Oh, he could make them as nice as you could buy them. He was a mechanic, mechanicall inclined. But I never got ..... as most of my boys did, who take after my father. He made breast pins when he was in prison at the time of the civil war. He was in there 23 months and 24 days, lacking six days of two years, and he made breast pins and made a couple breast pins and sent them back to mother who he was courting before they natted him and took him into the starvation prison.

High  
Hikers

Made  
Shoes

Rusty  
Dinner

They starved them by the hundreds and by the hundreds, starved them to death. At Salisbury, N. C. (Dad on way to Florida about 1939?) and we stopped (Violet: wasn't he in by prison in Richmond too?) Yes, before they took them all to Salisbury, N. C. and an old man (sitting on the street) had a long grey beard. Henry and I and your mother ... and I said where was the prisons at - my father served 23 months and 24 days, lacking 6 days of being two years. I said they didn't have prisons, they just had just like barns scattered all over this country here. He said they starved to death and what they didn't starve to death, they poisoned. And I said my father was traded for Rebel prisoners just a few days before the war ended, and he said, Oh no, there wasn't a one that escaped. Every last one of them starved to death, or was poisoned. And I said my father lived through and I saw his son. He wouldn't give up. I couldn't make him believe. My father said "I saw them every day, wagon loads of soldiers and saw them digging trenches through the fields and just throwing them in and dirt over them." Well, one thing about the rebels were starving even their own men. didn't have food and of course prisoners of the Yankee army. Why, a good way to get rid of them so wouldn't have to feed them, you know. (Dave: didn't he sell some of those breast pins he made to get extra food, but how did he get extra food if they didn't have it?) I don't know how he got these (? black hides ?...) made beautiful breast pins. (Dave: did you ever see any of those pins?) Oh yes, I've seen them. My mother kept the first few (letters?) I don't know who which one of the girls got them. - Malinda or Ella. He said that they died off there with diphtheria and said the old black woman that gave medicine for diphtheria, that he got on the right side of her and told her to give him two doses of it. She doubled the dose. He said them out every day and bartered them. And said there was a captain that was so mean to the prisoners and the prisoners threw a bag over a captain's dog that followed him in. They then killed that dog, and ate that dog. And then said they begged him to eat some of it and killed a cat and begged him to eat a side of it and he said, I think he couldn't swallow it. And he said he didn't get any more in a week than he could eat in one meal. Said they had skippers (worms) all over the top where they had boiled the ham and said we just turned it up and drank it. (Dave: Now did he come back home?) I started to tell you a while ago: why the captain that was so mean to the prisoners, and somebody shot outside while he was in there going through among the prisoners, and he went to the window and stuck his head out to see who it was that shot outside and they blew his head all to pieces. He said the prisoners rejoiced over this, because he was so mean to them... He stuck his head out to see who shot, so they blew his head off.. (Dave, did he walk back from Salisbury N. C.?) Yes, he said he went by a town after his release--got his release. Grandfather Sharp (Wm.?) and Wamsley had (this or this?) Yankees had Wamsley's son and Captain Marshall's son and Grand father's Sharp had traded. Got traded some out of one prison out of the other. Just a few days or weeks before the war was over. Said they were going by a town and they said "how did you get out" and he told them he was released, and said traded.....? And they said "if we gain our independence, we won't let you live with us". He said: "if you gain your independence I'll not want to live with you!" and they came out, started out like they were going to ..... He said I put down the heat running I could do I ran but they stopped me and didn't follow. Yes, they was mean (southern rebel) (Dave: I guess they were kind of mean on both sides,?) Well, I don't know about the Yankees, I guess the Yankees..... treated the southern prisoners better? anyway. My grandfather Sharp (William), after the war was over, he brought suit against Marshall. Capt. Marshall, he was a captain, but had men through here. Old rummy name (....) had captured my father (Silas). He brought suit against him for several hundred dollars. (apparently Marshall was a rebel) It was in court for years. He came to my father's house over there. Called him out. They wanted to see father to make a compromise. (Dave: What was that in regard to?) Capt. Marshall and Wamsley, they came to see him. (Violet asked a question?) No. They wanted him to say something as when they go into court that they could get it released, you know. (Dave: what did he sue for?) Because they took his son (Silas) away from home here when he wasn't in the army. He wasn't bothering them at all, you know. They find a young man the thought he was a Yankee and they took him to put in prison and starve him to death. Whether they meant to or not, they didn't have food for their soldiers, they claimed, but they did starve my telling him about my father lived, that any of them got out at all. Oh, my father said

up home

Saw  
Grand  
Marshall

over

## History and Stories of the Sharp Family, Slatyfork, W. Va. by L. D. Sharp

it was awful, awful life. (Dave: Gen Lee camped up here at Linwood, didn't he?) Yes, they came through here on our land and the fence around that field was all rails, and they said .... few thousand of them, they took from one side to the other and brought those rails and put them right up through that field yonder from one end to the other and started a fire and camped there and burned all the rails up in the 10 acre field. They camped at Linwood a great long time. (Dave: didn't someone go up there and haul back some lead bullets that was left by the rebels when a freight wagon broke a wheel in the creek?) My father and Uncle Hugh went up there and had all they could carry on their shoulders— a 100 lbs. I suspect, or 75... all my life we melted these rebel bullets and made bullets for our guns. We put them behind the chimney over there (at the old home place—at a chimney about 50 feet below the present old house) I've gone there and got them at a was a pile as big as a half a bushel or more than that where they were piled there in back of the steps. Uncle Hugh brought the same over here (at the log house next to the new house now in use). It was all they could carry. Lots more left there. They carried out all they could. (Dave: did any of them (Sharp's) go up and visit the army at Linwood?) They wouldn't bother them up there. Mrs. (?) (Yeagart? ??...) different times talked about "there goes Gen. Lee's horse many times. (Dave: did she say that?) I think he was kinda scarting her, you know. She was a girl. Gatewood was a colonel in the army in the rebel army. (Dave: In the rebel army? I thought maybe a colonel Gatewood would have been in the northern army. No he was in the southern army. (Gatewood lived at Linwood on the bank beside the road. It was dismantled about 1970 and a modern house built there) (Dave: that must have been the reason they camped at Linwood.) They knew about where the union army was, and they had some over in the valley, you see. (Valley Head-Mingo area) It was at Elkwater where they had their fight. (Dave-1980: I thin there is a statue of Gen. Lee beside the road on Mingo Flats yet).

Jake Gibson acted crazy and .... he was in the Army down there and he ran to the river and their army was then on horses. The captain was on a horse and they galloped past him and he ran to the river and the river was up deep and he couldn't swim and it was too deep and the captain galloped up to him and he ~~fired~~ fired a shot or two and ordered him to surrender and he says: "you're a brave soldier—not a hair of your head will be hurt, then he ~~he~~ (Jake) shot at the captain and hit the horse and killed the horse out from under the captain. The captain ordered them to shoot him. They shot Jake Gibson all to pieces. He was a brother to old man Bill Gibson, old man Jim Gibson. He would have saved his life. That was foolish, when he didn't have a chance, he should have taken a chance on getting away again, shouldn't he? His brothers were old man Bill Gibson and Dr. Gibson—they were raised up here on Elk. Is my bed made honest (Mabel) (Dave: you're 90 years old. You better let some rest) I have to get up so many times at night is what gets my (strength?). WENT TO BED. X NEXT DAY: (Dave: who built the old house down here that we call the honey house?) Grandfather William Sharp. The first house was down at Eva Sheltons. Just at that apple orchard. (at the mill dam spring). Way back in my young days I've seen the chimney rocks. They hauled them away later on. And they came up here and built that house (what's standing of it?) and then built another above here, a new house—later on after later years. (Dave 1980: I don't know which he means) Had to haul the logs around to Andy Hannahs where Barney Showalter lives (across from the church). Old man Hannah had an up-and-down saw mill that was run by water, where he had a mill dam where people took their logs there and he sawed them into lumber. And they got lumber to build this house—I mean that second house (Dave: I don't know which one it was unless it was the addition added on nearby and moved out of the way to build the present new house, and which log house covered with clappard that Si Sharp sold to a man in or near Elkins who planned to re-construct it over there—about 1976 or 77.) (Violet: why did they use water at the saw mill—to float the logs?) Had a mill dam there and had a place the water ran through on a wheel and that started the grist mill a grinding and they ground all our corn into meal for years and years. Then we built one (a mill) down here. Will Elbon built one down here. Uncle Hugh Sharp gave Uncle Sam Gibson and somebody else the land—that tract of land—5 or 8 acres, to build a mill dam. So they got Elbon from down at Webster Springs. He was a millwright man and .... I got old man Elbon and his son Charlie to put in the burrs and ground floor. The box up in the wagon house—that was in the mill. We ground wheat there for years. And Brice Griffin tended to the mill. Those rocks (burrs) are still there yet. (Violet: Did you get some of the meal for rent?) Well, I had Brice Griffin make a mill, so if he died



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that it was to be sold and the money be given to his mother, Ann Brice. He agreed to it and I drew up the will and had witnesses sign it. Later on, he died and they put it up for sale. And here comes this fellow from up at Cass down there and it up on me. Uncle Hugh gave him the land to build the mill. I had to pay \$500 to keep that fellow from having it and keep him out of down here. (Dave: you've gotten \$500 worth of fishing out of it) Many times more than that of pleasure. I got pleasure of a thousand dollars or more just fishing. I'll have to go to bed now. Good night.

NEXT DAY:  
(Dave: did Uncle Hugh save those service trees up there? on the flat)  
Oh yes, he cut down the other trees and left the service trees. (Dave: These chestnut trees, we used to pick them up and a nuts here when I was young) You could pick them up by the bushel. (Dave: what did they use them for, bread?) Well, they'd eat what they wanted to eat. Didn't make bread out of the m. I bought them by the bushels here 50 - 60 years ago and shipped to one of the cities, I don't know which. They'd lay on the ground and you could pick up a bucket full in no time. But some blight struck them and killed all the chestnut trees, I reckon all over the United States, and it about put the squirrels and turkeys out of business. They just feeded on them. That was an awful loss to our country. Wild turkeys feasted on them. There were so many wild turkeys, and they just died off--starved to death. (Dave: wasn't there one or two rebel soldiers buried up at the top of the hill?) He was buried just to the left hand side of the road. I was plowing there and the horse broke through in on it. Looked down in one. (Dave: who shot those rebels--were they rebels?) I don't know if they were rebels or yankees. I think they were Yankees--killed. Joe Gay and Walt (Violet). (Dave: 1980 Uncle Hugh said they were from the South) (Dave: didn't Uncle Hugh say they brought one of these men in here to the fireplace in the old house?) Yes, Uncle Hugh thought so much of him--stayed with him till he died. He was shot up there at the "fl. trocks" (near "yellow house"--near the new water fountain up on the old road). (Dave: Didn't those rebel soldiers take all the apples the family had?) They come there where they had them buried in holes, you know. Lee's army came over there and commenced taking apples. It was Grandfather Will Sharp's place. They commenced to pick them up and the captain told them to stand back and handed them out to them. They went across the creek to the meadow and took rails from each side and brought them up the middle and piled them along the center for 100's of yards and burnt every rail.

Seems like the captain told them to pay for the apples. They camped across the creek that night in that meadow and burnt every rail. (Violet: what did they burn them for?) Keep warm--Lee's army--through the night. (Dave: what did you use to start fires?) Shavings, had no lamp oil, had no lamps. Candles was only thing I had to study my lessons with. Beef tallow candles, and sat by the fire and enjoyed it as much as we do now with electric lights we have now. Martha Jane Hannah was so "close" and "tight" and I was up there to visit my sister (Mallinda) she was married and young boys gathered around there and in a room there. I bet she had 150 candles piled up in a room. She'd light candles for her husband to read the Bible and before they'd say prayer, she'd get up and blow it out before we'd get down to pray! And remember, we always had let the candle burn, and their children studying their lessons, going to school, and one of them would get up there and punch the fire up so it'd blaze up and then turn their books up sideways so they could see the text to read--I can still see it. She was that "close" in saving her money. My mother made our candles. I think the mould for them are out here in the store showwindows. I've seen my mother make a many a one. We had slates to write on. We figured arithmetic on slates at school. Oh, there's a big change, we got along just as well. We enjoyed life just as much as we do now--I believe more. They'd go on a visit to neighbors and stay all day. And they don't do that now. They had log rollings. They'd come from all around--from 5 or 8 miles around--gathered for those log rollings and help roll up the logs that the man had cut through the winter time to raise crops next year. Most all of them would clear a patch of land and put in corn the next year. That's the way this country was cleared off, and then they'd call them in and move those logs into heaps and burn them up. Oh, they burned thousands and thousands of dollars worth of valuable timber--cherry and.... and I've seen where they rolled up big poplar trees, you know, when lumber wasn't worth anything then. Then another man would have a log rolling and they'd all go and help him. They'd divide off with leaders. Each man would have 5 or 6 men in his crew, and each would see how fast they could roll up those logs. I remember when that field "around top of the hill" (right side of Slatyfork creek and below the old county road) had a log rolling for that. And John Gibson, he's a powerful man, he'd get a log under (it was well as if it were a log) and carry it in they would. I can remember

Page 5 History and Stories of the Sharp Family, East Ford, W. Va. of L. L. Sharp  
man, he'd get spiders under a log and 5 or 6 men carry it if they could. I can remember 238  
it as well as if it were yesterday—carrying logs out of that swamp over there. The man  
would have the trees cut up in logs ready (for log rolling) They enjoyed life just  
as much. They killed a wild turkey about any time they wanted to. (that was his great sport).  
Deer were plentiful. And fish, I've seen my father, he made his fish. I've seen him  
go down Elk river and come back with a basket full of fish. Creeks were alive with fish.  
(Dave: how old was your dad and mother?) He was 56 and mother 62. Ivan has the honor...  
... for getting Uncle Hugh to accept Christ. He was a good man but never had gone to  
church. But Ivan talked to him just before he died, and he accepted Christ. Isn't that  
right? (Ivan: ... a day or two before out on the porch?) (Ivan: he said "everything  
was straightened up all right—I accept the Lord") That's all we need to do. "If ye  
confess me before men you shall be saved"—and I risk my life on his word., for his word  
is true. (Dave: how many people did you say was gone from Elk to Mace your age or over that  
gone?) Well, from top of Elk Mountain to top of Mace Mountain the best I could count  
there were 253. They didn't have any jobs away from here and they stayed at home, and  
none of them would leave Pocahontas County or even Elk. And they married 1st and 2nd  
cousins—a whole lot of them, cause they didn't get out to meet with other children.  
Yes there were 253 of them from my age and above have gone into the eternal world.  
Molly Slanker was the latest one—about 2 years ago. She's from Pennsylvania—she died.  
She was about a year or two older than I was. LXXX Lots of people younger than me died,  
but those 253 were my age or older. But I don't know that it's any great blessing to live  
to be so old. If you're ready to die and pass off at any young age, why they spend a lot  
of chastisements and trouble through life. I've had a pretty hard life of it—up's and  
downs. (Genevieve: you've had more ups than downs) I guess that's right. But if I had  
the privilege, Ivan, tonight, to set back to two years old, to live my life over again,  
I'd say "na". I don't want to live it over. ....  
But I wouldn't want to live my life over again and go through what I've gone through with.  
Oh, I've had a pretty hard time of it. Lots of sorrow—my mother and dad, sisters, my  
wife and my daughter and (the) leaving out, leaving me, (they'd passed on, he means.) Have  
to bear it though. That'll be a great homecoming, won't it!? And we don't know who has  
to go next. Should be ready and not worry about it. When the Lord calls us, why, I  
know we have on our wedded garments to enter into the marriage feast. I ... In the Bible  
some of them had made no preparation and when they went to go into the marriage feast  
why it was over with before they could go in. You know they gave that explanation.  
How easy, if we'd realize that Christ lives within all of us. "If you confess me before  
men, you shall be saved!"—and I'll confess you before my Father who is in Heaven. I go  
to prepare a place for you and I'll come here and receive you unto myself. I go prepare a  
mansion for you" He promised a mansion up there for us. And it says it's never been  
told to man yet the great joy of heaven. The great joy we'll have in Heaven when we  
get through the pearly gates. That's his word. My father died so young. Finally, he  
was so tired he said "take me a pallet down before the fire." Sally (he was called  
his wife Sarah, "Sally" and I'll try to lay down". She laid the pallet before the fire  
(fireplace) and he laid down and he hadn't laid there, I don't think two minutes, he  
called "Sally, Sally, Sally" and by the time they got him up to his desk he had died  
right there. He suffered untold pain. Dr. Cameron said he had cancer, but we had no  
sign of it. But he had those awful bad spells, he couldn't lay down. It might have been  
appendicitis. If now, he'd been operated on and saved. (Dave: how long was he sick?),  
Oh, he had the cancer 12 months or longer, that he was bad. (Dave: what did your mother  
die of?) Yes, she took pneumonia and died. We had a mare that had a colt and mother  
was looking after it in the cold weather and the colt got in the fence. I told her "mother  
it's so cold you're exposing yourself. You'll take pneumonia and die. Why, she said:  
"why do we want to stay here, it's better on beyond" and by the way in a day or so she  
took pneumonia and lived just a short time. (she died Dec. 21, 1908) And I said to her  
"did you see this evening the beautiful sunshine with the going down of the sun?" She  
answered "I look at my heavenly home every day. There isn't a day but what I look and view  
my heavenly home." She's the one (Sarah) who had the brother (about age 10) who died and  
went to heaven and told all about the beauties of Heaven and all (the people) he saw there,  
and so on. And came back (to life) and performed miracles—threw a handkerchief up to the  
left and it stayed there till 2 o'clock the next day. And said I'll show you where

above: "Sally, he called her Sally"

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Heaven is", and went out and my Mother and all of them, the whole heavens turned the  
prettiest light you ever saw. (The boy, Otha or Otha said:) "now up this way pap is  
coming" He'd been to a sale up on Elk and had been gon all day, I reckon. And said a  
light like a candle showed the pathway where Grandfather (Hannah). Grandfather (Hannah)  
came home and Otha told him he'd died and had been in Heaven and told about seeing Aunt  
Martha Buzzard. She'd shout all over the church. She died before he was born. And told (of)  
different ones. Said "the Savior took me over and showed me the pits of hell, and there  
was fellow on Elk that was so wicked and said Christ asked him "why did you take my  
name in vain"? And he said it was so beautiful there. Grandfather Hannah asked him "Did  
you come back to stay with me?" "I just came back just to tell you about heaven. You're  
worrying about Joe who died at 12 years old and had never joined the church. There he is!!  
Can't you see him!—and there's the Savior!—just as plain as he can be. The Lord has  
saved my brother!" (Later:) "I'm just going to stay a short time. He then begged for  
a nix Mary (Mrs. Mary Hannah Sharp) to put her in the fire and said  
"not a hair of hair will burn" and of course they wouldn't give her to him. As she  
was just a baby. And he told Grandfather Hannah after so long of time "I wish you'd make  
me a pallet down before the fire. Before that though he said I want to eat with you before  
I go. She got some food on the table and he sat there and sat there and she ate. And  
when they got through they said why didn't you eat with me. He said "the savior feed  
me on light loaf and milk and honey all the time you were eating." (Dad told us other times  
that the family could smell honey in that breadbox for a long time after that). He said  
"there he is right there, can't you see him?" Then he asked Grandfather Hannah about  
making a pallet before the fire after so long a time. And he laid the pallet down and  
Otha didn't move a hand or foot and never gave a groan. That made them all. (Christians)  
..... And, Uncle George Hannah became a preacher. Grandfather Hannah wouldn't  
eat anything cooked on Sunday after that. I think Otha had diphtheria. It killed so many  
of them on Elk. -- Arbaugh's(?) and 5 or 6 old maids and bachelors--killed everyone in  
the family and killed the only sister my father had. What was her name?--Martha? (Dave:  
I think it was Mary) She was buried down top the hill on the left hand side of the road  
(Rt 219 below the store). (Genevieve: was it your mother's brother that died and went to  
heaven?) Yes, he went to heaven and came back and performed these miracles. When he  
came back at the two-story house, there above Frank Hannah's above the road (Rt. 219).  
I was there a time or two in that house when I was a child. And he went out and showed  
them where heaven was. He threw the handkerchief up and itxx said it will stay there  
on the left (ceiling) and it'll stay up there and when he threw the red bandana handkerchief  
, I've heard different ones of the family say and it looked like the space of a knife  
blade between it and the ceiling and it stayed there the rest of that day and Grandmother  
Hannah had that baby and didn't go up to the Hannah graveyard up there at George L  
Hannah's up where the graveyard was then. (Vee Hannah's place) She asked him what time  
did they put Otha in the grave. (Otha:). And grandfather told her "at two o'clock" when  
they buried him. She said, "I noticed at 2 o'clock that handkerchief was laying across  
the back of the chair. I've heard them say, and I know it to be a fact, they said it  
looked like the width of a knife blade between it and the left. Oh, God gave him the power  
to perform those miracles. Genevieve, did your mother die with a heart attack? (Genevieve:  
she must have) Wasn't she singing "I lay down my cross and take up my crown" (Genevieve:  
I'll change my cross for a crown" --as soon as she got through singing that song she  
was gone. END

*Otha*  
*had*  
Dad told me personally that Otha told his father... was... from the side of the road...  
he kept him (Otha) a cell. \* Daniel Hannah's house

Where the tape was not clear, I put dots ..... and question marks ???? If someone can  
decipher the tape better later on, it could be changed, or filled in.  
This was a tape Dave Sharp, his son, made in the summer of 1959. Paul Sharp also has a  
tape of Dad. I may also have another one misplaced just now.

*and Mary's house in mind (Otha:),*

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Stories and History of the Slatyfork Sharps

by Will Sharp  
240  
Shunk

SHARP 4

One time Dad, (L. D. Sharp) as a boy living at the "old place" over the hill, came home at night with a lantern up the path along the side of the hill (left of the Slatyfork creek) about 400 yards from the mouth of the creek, when he saw a skunk just in front of him. He couldn't let it get away so he jumped on it with both feet. His feet flew out from under him and he rolled 30 feet down the steep bank, bruised, so lay there a minute to get his breath. He felt the skunk under him and he jumped up and down on it till he killed it. He broke his lantern glass. He said he got more than enough from the pelt to buy a globe. But ~~his mother~~ his mother made him leave the clothes outside the house until the odor left. Uncle I. Dave, was given by my father, Uncle Hugh Sharp's silver, 18 size <sup>William</sup> pocket watch. Uncle Hugh may have bought the watch, or it may have belonged to his father, William. As I remember the story, the watch was dropped in the mill dam when they were working there late one day. They were only able to get it out the next morning. They wound it up and it started running. Dad said it probably was waterproof from the grease on it from Uncle Hugh wearing it, ha.

Dad always took us boys fishing on the first day of the season. He was a good fly fisher. I've seen him catch two at once several times on flies. He said he took mother fishing once and he told her not to stand over the hole as the fish would see her. He laughed and said she caught the largest of all they caught. He took us deer hunting and bear hunting. One time he had me back up on Slatyfork mountain and the dogs were barking chasing a bear over on the other side. He listed a little bit and said: "that's the sweetest music ever made—dogs yelping after a bear". He perhaps killed 50 or more deer in his lifetime, but I have never ever heard him say he ever killed a bear. He shot at, at least, one, up on the mountain. The bear had cubs. He sighted and when he pulled the trigger, he knew later, he had the rear sight on her, but not the front sight. He thought he'd have a fight with her.

When he was about 80 we children presented him for Christmas a trophy with a plate on the front engraved "The Greatest Deer Hunter in W. Va." and our names engraved on it. He was very pleased with it. Later, when he was unable to climb the mountains (age about 85) he sat in a chair up Slatyfork creek in a blind, went to sleep, woke up and saw a deer and shot it. It ran across the creek and fell dead. I think Ivan came down to where he was and brought it over to the road.

One time when he was over on Gauley, deer hunting at a deer lick, he hid in a tree top about 50 feet from the (salt) lick. It was getting late in the afternoon when a "catamount" (wildcat?) kept sniffing deer tracks at the licks and wouldn't leave. It was getting almost dark, so he decided to shoot the cat as no deer would come to it. He said he sighted and sighted, but didn't have the front sight up in the rear sight when he shot. The cat didn't know where the shot was from and the only place he could go hide was that tree top, so he made 3 or 4 big jumps toward Dad in the tree top. Dad said he jumped up and yelled as loud as he could, and the cat went the other way! ha.

Another time he was hunting over there with, I believe a Sam Higgins. The other man was on a stand up the hill. Dad was "driving" or hunting around the hill below when he saw a deer running by. He shot it and it fell down. Dad set his gun against a tree and stepped one leg across the deer, got a hold of its horns and to see where he hit it, when the deer jumped up quickly and started to run. Dad got off and away from it and grabbed his gun and shot it dead. He said later, it would have been funny if he had held on to its horns and rode it up through the stand by the other hunter. ha. <sup>ONE ANTLER HAD A YAW NOTCH IN IT STUNNED THE DEER.</sup>

Another time he went fishing with <sup>(I think, over on Gauley. The boy was (DARE)</sup> Jackson, I think, only about 11 years old. They camped on the bank of the creek, but it was actually an island when the water was up high. They built a fire, and it started to rain very hard and the creek got high. They heard a "catamount" whining in the woods. They were afraid to move over where the cat was, and afraid to stay on the island because the water may wash them away. As I recall, they kept the fire going bright to keep the cat away. (They may have moved over on higher ground and rebuilt the fire --?)

Another time hunting (or fishing) over on Gauley, they camped out (no shelter) and they told bear stories before going asleep. Dad's head came off and he was feeling around for it about 2 AM, when his hands came upon another fellow's head. He thought a bear had him and he jumped up yelling, ha.

... that he had for Dad, ...  
...  
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Stories and History of the Flatfork Sharps

Uncle Hugh had, I think, about 15 pet deer at one time. When he was a small boy of about 12 one of his older brothers saw a bear with cubs up in the ~~low~~ laurel patch, but they told him that they saw a deer with fawns up there, so he sneaked up there, perhaps to capture a fawn. When he got in the bushes, he saw the bear and she took after him in protection of her cubs. He ran down the hill and crawled into a hollow log ~~some~~ couldn't get him. Later on when he was grown and when Dad was perhaps 12 years old, he had the 15 deer. All he had to do to get a buck deer was to wait till a buck followed his most beloved deer, named, I think "Nellie".

One time Dad and Aunt Ella was coming from over the hill (the old place) and were going through the meadow, when this deer <sup>came</sup> ~~when~~ I believe had fawns and protecting them, took after them. They ran to a small track and climbed up, in it till Uncle Hugh came to their call for rescue.

One fall when Uncle Hugh was, perhaps above the service patch of trees, when men were deer hunting when he heard a shot. When he got out to where he heard the shot, there lay his pet deer with her bell that she wore around her neck. The man offered to pay for her. He then offered him the meat, but he told them he couldn't eat his pet deer.

The limestone cave below the railroad track, up the road, opposite the waterfountain on route 219 has been known for years as the Hugh Sharp Cave. I was told that a deer was tracked in there once. Maybe went to entrance for shelter. Uncle Hugh is supposed to have his name written inside some place. I have seen names on the walls inside but I don't recall seeing his name, but it is a big cave.

Captain Mundy and Uncle Hugh were good friends. I faintly remember a story about Captain Mundy coming up on an Indian in the woods and they fought to the death. The Indian was mostly naked and greased and Captain Mundy could hardly hold him to throw him down. I don't recall the outcome of the fight.

Captain <sup>Mundy</sup> lived at one time in Buckhannon. As I recall, Dad and I drove to Mrs. Mundy's house in Buckhannon when I was in college. She was old, and may have been younger than him when she married him???

Ramona Shipley has Ivan's collection of old deeds. Among them is one of 1860 when William Sharp, Sr. deeded 2,000 acres for love and \$5 to his son William Sharp, Jr. ~~and~~ she also has a copy of a 1931 ~~recount~~ <sup>recount</sup> Times giving an account of in 1832 of William Sharp, age 92 petitioning the State of Virginia for an army pension for Indian scouting and fighting against the British in the revolutionary war. Perhaps she could make some copies of these. ~~she did~~

I heard the story, I think Dad told, that Uncle Hugh went up ~~hill~~ to see a Rider girl up the hollow above Jim Sitton's on a Sunday. Some boys knew he was coming and tied a string across the path up to the house, near the house. They pulled the string and he fell embarrassing him, and he never went with any girls after that.

Uncle Hugh used to go up to the upper meadow, up the creek from the new store, to feed the cows hay. When the water got up too deep to get across, he would walk on stilts. One day in the winter his stilt hit an apparent submerged cake of ice and he slipped and fell in the deep water.

This reminds me of the time Dad had Austin Galford to cut a limb of a locust tree over ~~at the~~ "old place" that hung over the hole of water near the big barn (now gone). He climbed up there with a saw or ax and stood on the limb and cut it off and he fell in that hole of water. They described his yell as "Oussch!!" when he fell in the water on that winter day.

I'd heard that Uncle Hugh didn't like flowers. Perhaps they planted some that he thought was in his way. One day when they went to church, and when they got back they found the flowers wilted, as if hot water had been poured on them.

~~Uncle Hugh had a sugar tree orchard back up on the flat and he worked it on Sundays.~~ His mother, ~~Emma~~ <sup>SARAH</sup>, told him he would lose by working on Sundays. Dad said that for about five Sundays in a row he had misfortune. Spilled all the Syrup. Log trough sprung a leak and lost all the sugar water, etc etc.

Dad said when he was a boy, they relied on sugar from sugar trees for sweetener. They had to get 100 pounds of sapa. (maple sugar) and then they could make maple syrup. They used copper spiles to get the water from the trees. And had small wooden troughs at each tree to catch it in, as they had few buckets. There was a sugar camp up on the flat. Dad had a sugar camp over at the old place just below the meadow there at the creek.



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Granddad, Preacher Morgan was driving along in his buggy on a steep mountain road, when a pheasant flew up and scared his horse and the buggy up-set over the hill and broke his leg and a gallon of jug of molasses. He was taken into a neighbor's house and put to bed. A woman ~~named~~ <sup>who</sup> donated the molasses came to see him and worried about the lost molasses. Granddad Morgan took phrenology there and died. Probably was in a cold room. Grandmaw Morgan then married "Wes" Ervine up the "Brush Country", and inherited his 20 acres. The Morgans had Laura, Lena, Winnie Bill and Edgar Morgan. Grandma was a Ramsey from Greenbrier County--(Ronceverte?) Maiden name, Ramsey. ---Si Sharp

see elsewhere (story)

Dad, L. D. Sharp, sold the timber on the Hugh Sharp place after Uncle Hugh gave him the farm to take care of him the rest of his life. With the money he built the 17 room house. Kennison from Hillsboro (Perhaps a brother of a Kennison girl "LD" went to see when she taught school on Elk near Aunt Ella's--I think she taught school). contracted to build the house for \$5000. When it was finished she told Dad that he broke even on it. Dad gave him 10% more--\$500. Uncle Hugh moved into the new house, (from the log house which is still standing) which was built about 1916-1918. Mrs. Rachael Showalter from Linwood stayed there and cooked for Uncle Hugh. Uncle Hugh had his bee hives moved inside the new fence of the house. He hid his money in the lid of one of his bee hives. We heard that someone found out where it was and took it. He had a bee hive with a glass window to see the bees working. Ivan said that Captian Moundy made it for him. They were good friends and bought some land together, or received it as a grant from the State of Virginia. Uncle Hugh had several large round hives made from hollow logs that are still in storage along with the glass windowed one. The Log house was built before the Civil War, by William Sharp, father of Hugh. His first house was just inside the fence at the big spring at the mill dam. Si said the old barn below the store was there before and during the civil war. Uncle Hugh apparently told Si about it. ---Dave Sharp

Dad told a story that his father, Si told him either grandfather Si or his father, William had been missing ears of corn out of the corncrib at night. He decided to set the wolf spring trap in the corn crib. One morning at daybreak he was going by the crib on the way to the barn, and through the corner of his eye he saw a man caught at the corncrib and pretended not see him. The man yelled out "Silas" (or was it "William"). He went over, and he said to let him out of the trap and he'd never do it again. He begged that it not be told because he was so ashamed. Dad said he never did tell what neighbor it was that stole the corn.--he kept his promise not to tell.

---Dave Sharp

Another time, Silas was loosing hay out of the barn on the mountain. He slept up there a night or two and caught a man, that I believe said was John Hannah. He also promised not steal hay again, but no promises was made about telling about it.

---Dave Sharp

Dad and Uncle Bob Gibson went to the St Louis World Fair in 1904. Dad's grandmother, Fester knew some German because her parents were from Germany. Dad knew one word, which was German for "pretty girl". Among all the different booths (Italian, English, etc.) there was a German booth selling items. Dad walked up to a group of girls in the booth and said his word. They immediately started talking in German. He said he was so embarrassed that he turned around and hurried away., ha.

---Dave

There is a large limestone cave between the road and the railroad at the waterfountain that has been known as the "Hugh Sharp Cave". He had been in it several times, and may have originally found it. Si, Paul, Dave and others have been in it. A creek runs over a waterfall in it. Paul took pictures of it with a flash back in the 30's.

On Gauley Mountain, is a knob known as the Sharp Knob, and probably named after William who bought land in that area for Harmon. It is near the fire tower area.

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The Slatyfork Sharps, Stories, History, and Miscellaneous Items.

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SHARP 4

David Mannah, father of Sarah Mannah, wife of Silas Sharp, lived in a log house where Page Mannah lived, and in recent years where Archie and Cora Gibson lived in a newer house after the log house was removed. Frank Mannah said that David sold the place to Frank's father, Sam Mannah, before David moved to Buck. Apparently David died there and was brought back and buried in the Mannah cemetery on Elk. Tradition is that David was buried in an unmarked grave in the Mannah cemetery. My father said that there is some confusion about where David lived all his life. David lived in a two-story log house on the left of the road--across from Sam Mannah's (Frank Mannah) house. Said he had been in the house. Dad said the two-story house that his grandfather lived there at Page Mannah's place. Dad said the two-story house burned. So maybe they rebuilt down at the Page Mannah place. Ivan in his tapes (recorded elsewhere in this book) I believe states that David lived on the Dilley place in a log house that burned down, and where Otha died and had his vision of heaven. (Ivan's tape also said Anna Leha (tape not clear--was it Aunt Leha?) was the mother of Josie Lewis and Edna Foster of Winton.)

--Dave Sharp

Frank Mannah told me the story about Blaine Sharp, that "LD" told us many times. Blaine lived near Sam ~~XXXXXX~~ Mannah's, I think. He often times came down and stayed with Sarah and Si at night. Blaine, brother of a Henry Sharp, was at Sarah's house when it got dark. Sarah, forgetting that Blaine didn't sleep in the extra room the night before, just told him "Blaine, you can sleep where you did last night". ha. Blaine "who was not very smart" said "It's dark, but I've got a good bed at home and I'm going there"! ha. It may have been Allie Gibson instead of ~~Sam~~ Frank that retold this story to me, but I'm pretty sure it was Frank.

---Dave Sharp

Ellis, Bowd and Sam Mannah were brothers---Frank Mannah  
A sister married John Leverage. Another sister was Nancy Dilley.  
Bowd Mannah lived near the present rt 219 road above Sam Mannah's house.  
John ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Gibson was Sam and Joe Gibson's father . -- Frank Mannah

Andy Mannah was father of John Mannah. From one of Dad's tapes.

George L. Mannah ran the "Yelk" Post Office on Elk where Don Mannah now lives--  
in the same house. Si said Aunt Ella ran it when he remembered the P. O.  
Hugh, Lee, Clark and Fred Mannah were brothers--sons of Sheldon Mannah.

Allie Gibson said she taught school at Slatyfork in 1911-1912.--in the school house that burned about 1927 when the Carter's (working on the new road-building) lived in it. It was located about 200 feet from the mouth of Slatyfork creek, on the creek bank.

Ada Sharp also taught school there, perhaps about 1913-1914 ? ↓ *Tamper li*

When the road (now 219) was built about 1926-1927, they (Battershell Construction Co.) used a real steam shovelfired by coal or wood and operated by Mr. Carter, father of Kathleen seen in a school picture. The shovel dumped dirt in wooden dump wagons pulled by mules to a dumping place--a low place in the roadway, pull a lever and the dirt fell through. Mud was very deep and they whipped the mules with big long whips. They worked them sometimes without a collar pad and the shoulders were bleeding and red like hamburger. Several died in the flat area just up the creek where they were tied up at night. After the road was dragged flat, loads of creek rock was hauled to the road and gangs of men with sledge hammers cracked the flat rocks into fist size rocks, then smaller sizes on top and later they hauled limestone crushed rock from over Elk Mountain etc for a topping before the tar on top.

A group of shanties were built out of rough lumber between the roadway and where the old Slatyfork creek road crossed the creek.

I asked Ivan to write some of the Civil War history he remembered being handed down to us.

May 7, 1974 Ivan L. Sharp. (copied from blurred carbon copy hand written)  
 My Dear Brother: Please excuse the carbon copy some may get. Thanks Dave for your two letters. The Civil War history on my part has been hit with something like modern scrap metal. It is very hard to put the pieces together in proper order. It was a bit and ran bush-whacking guerrilla warfare except the General Lee march which camped over in your meadow across the creek from the store using the rail fences for fire wood, and they stayed some days at the knob at Intewood farm at Intewood, then at Kings Flats. (Dave: I believe there is a General Lee statue at Kings Flats). The Union army came in force. In hurried retreat some cannons were supposed to have been conscripted up in those sink holes up there about the Rhea place in hopes to come back later and get. Which they may have done. The ground here dug out from under a big sand rock at the Rhea place a small piece of war equipment (33 or 44, parts of a pistol. & probably hid there by the Rhea boys.?) Back to our ancestors: Jake Simmons and Walt Alless (spelling?) were the culprits that did the most damage to the community (Dave: I think Simmons was from just over the Virginia State line.) I think Uncle Luther about 14 or 16 was the one Jake Simmons killed while he was running up the mountain road back of the old house. Uncle Hugh showed me where they dug the bullet out of the shale bank. Uncle Bernard may have been killed in the Dropp Mountain battle. A group of Yankees did camp at the pineknob. I think our grandfather, Silas, and Jake Gibson and had come in with others to the house for food to take back, evidently leaving most of their guns at camp. I think there were others along. The Confederate group came while they were home. Granddad hid in a box like goose nest about the old wood yard. A confederate had just shot at some of the others running away and was reloading his musket gun at his feet but he did not hear see as he thought, so out he came knocked this man down and started around the house but ran into a gang and had to surrender. Was taken prisoner to (Salisbury) Salisbury S. C. (or was it N. C.) where about 95% died of starvation. After 23 months and 24 days he was one of the prisoners exchanged. They thought he would die anyway but was given a pass. He managed to get home. On the capture event one fellow got away about the old school house (where LD went to school) or cemetery. Two fellows was after him with empty guns so were missing were losing ground. One said to the other "take my gun and I will get him" but in the race Gibson (X Hannah) pulled out a pepper box pistol and shot at the would-be captor. He stopped the chase. One of the Yankees died fighting rather than be taken. Was offered for bravery, life, but refused. Some ammunition was made in the cave back of the mill dam. Sulphur, salt water and lead and rock alum was used. (Dave: Uncle John's sister?) a young girl about 10 died and was carried on the bank where you enter Paul's "old" house" meadow (below the store) (Dave: The rigway may have gone through it). Bernard and Luther may have been buried at the Sharp graveyard. (no grave markers.) There evidently was a lot of people living up the hills and down the valleys those days around there. Uncle Henry (lived) near the sheep shed on the Middle Mountain. Uncle Harmon Sharp below the company store at Slatyfork, his children: son Albert lived with Uncle Hugh, then moved to California. and son Leonard about my age. (I had a lot of daughters, some boys, Pabel. Maybe others, "but" or "had" had a lot of daughters, some boys, Amos Diller, George Hannah, (Gus Gibson), (son of my father) and Sara went west. -- We are living one day at a time. no fruit or berries, love and nephews, I'm Ivan.

I asked Si in 1976 something as to Otha Hannah, grandmother Sarah's brother about 10 or 12 who died (diphtheria) and briefly and came back to life and told about who he'd seen in heaven etc. Si: "Otha Hannah--mentioned 'Aunt Martha Passard' who he'd never seen and one or two others he'd seen in heaven. He threw a red handkerchief up against the ceiling where it hung about an inch from the ceiling--until after he died a second time--about the time they buried him (perhaps in the cemetery is at near Harry Hannah's farm home) --the handkerchief fell down across the back of a chair rocking chair. He died of Diphtheria. He told his dad, who had gone up, took to a sale what he'd bought. --One thing was a colt he'd bought for Otha."

Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp on tape recorder.

245 (11-25-87)

July

William Sharp's sister married David Gibson and lived where the Bob Gibsons orchard is. Bernard Sharp, killed near Bob Gibson place was buried in the Moffett cemetery on top of the butt (hill) in front of the Jim Gibson house, during Civil War. George Luther Hannah, a minister, son of David, (that's where Luther Sharp got his name) married Emma McClure and she died down here in the church and she was buried behind the Deep Mountain Church. Allie's story about Otha having died and going to heaven and returning to talk to the family was the same as down Dad's side of the family. I told Allie that Vee Hannah's daughter Evelene told me the same story came down Melinda's side of the family. Allie said: Otha told the family that Joe had gone to heaven and that any of the rest of you that want to can go too. Otha said if you want to see where heaven is I'll take you outside and show you and he showed them the heavens were lit as beautiful. Mary (sister of Sarah) was a baby, who later married Sam Gibson and had one child, Stella who married a Fisher. Many years later when Mary's child, Stella, was perhaps a teenager, Mary in getting ready to go down to Slatyfork to see Sarah, her sister (Mrs. Silas Sharp), went into a bedroom to get some wraps to wear and saw two men in there in a vision. She didn't know them and one said "don't be frightened--we're Otha and Joe--we've come to help bear your burdens, and it won't be long till you'll go (die)". Mary was aunt Mary. Mary took Stella on behind her on the horse and went to grandma's and she cried all the way from uncle Sam Gibson's home down to Slatyfork creek and dried her tears up before she went to the house, and Stellas said: Mommy cried all the way down till we got to the creek. That's the day Mary asked grandma (Sarah) if she'd take care of Stella and raise her, and ~~XXXX~~ Mary died a short few months after that. (Dave: I've heard Dad tell about Stella being raised there with him. I always thought Dad raised her, but I suppose Dad meant Stella was raised by his family--his father and mother.) Grandma Sarah lived till about 1908.

1506

up

Dave: who was William Sharp? William always lived over on the Uncle Hugh Place. William owned all the Slatyfork country. They always had a mill there at Slatyfork. (Dave: I was told by Dad that there was an older smaller mill dam there. We could see one of the dam logs, half submerged, about 30 feet above the later dam logs--where the old dam was.)

Silas gave Ella and Melinda property up Slatyfork. We still own the mineral rights to that 242 acres. We had a nice orchard up there on the place (above LD's line on Slatyfork) and a freeze came and killed most of the trees in the country and I don't know if any are alive now. (I remember 2 or 3 trees across the creek from the present Lowell Gibson cabin)

Silas

was

Stories about the Sharps: I can tell you one about Silas Sharp. He didn't join either side in the Civil War, because the Confederates had come in and killed his (younger?) brother Luther, 16 and a civilian, right there at the house. He wouldn't fight on either side and they sent him to prison down in Richmond and he nearly starved to death while there. He said they killed rats and cats and ate them. They'd throw a cover over a cat when they came in with a guard and ate them. Silas said he never could eat a cat but did eat rats to keep from starving. When he came home he was so poor and thin no one knew him--not even his wife-to-be Sarah, who he soon married. After he married grandma, Sarah, she later said she didn't know him when he came back. I guess they were classmates together before the war and things like that. He fell in love with grandma and was married and had "L. D.", my mother Ella and Aunt Melinda. I've heard them tell about Silas sleeping on the hard ground in prison and when he got home he couldn't sleep in a bed very well for a while--slept on the floor. I can tell a story of later on after he (Silas) was married. He had such a good sugar cane and when sugaring season was on he liked to make sugar and syrup. One time he went to sleep on Sunday and burned up his syrup. Grandmother wouldn't help him on Sundays (Sarah's parents wouldn't even cook on Sunday--Dave Hannah). The next Sunday the same thing or similar, he lost his syrup. Do you remember, Dave? (I said: I thought it was uncle Hugh who was wined if he made syrup on Sunday he'd lose everything trying to do it on Sunday, but apparently it was Silas, and Dad told me one time the wooden trough sprung a leak and lost all the sugar water, and another time he spilled it.) Allie said: and the 3rd time he said: "this is one time Sally's (he called Sarah by "Sally") prayers won't be answered, and he was going home with two big buckets of syrup and on his way home stubbed his toe and on a briar and spilled most of it and said: "I'll never try it again". Allie accused -- it was Silas instead of Hugh.

Long

was

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2) Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Share in two different interviews. 246

Allie: I know something Sarah did. LD was going to see a school teacher and he came  
us to my mother (Ella), to see a teacher who was boarding with mother. Her name was  
Lena Kollison from Hillsboro and was teaching school across the road from men's. He'd  
come us several times on Sunday to see her. Someone (his mother Sarah) put some bread  
in his pocket so when he got off his horse at the barn he threw out the bread from his  
pocket and the chickens were running around with bread in their mouths, and that was a  
joke on him. (Allie implied that LD was embarrassed and didn't go see her anymore.)  
It was the same Kollisons from Hillsboro that built Dad's big house.  
Dad was killed up here on Elk, near Robert Gibson's house and buried at the Moffett's  
cemetery, on the hill in front of Jim Gibson's big house, across the road and up on a  
high knoll. (Jim Gibson was father of Forest, Winters, Summers, etc.)  
There is no markers at that graveyard. Not even of my granddad, (which granddad?)  
I don't know where young Luther was buried. Otha was probably buried over at the  
Hannah cemetery where Marvia Hannah lived and now owned by Harry Hannah. Joe Hannah  
and wife Elizabeth, father of John Hannah was buried in the Hannah cemetery. I saw  
his marker.  
The Indians crossed through above here (mountain) and came down through here.  
"Jane" (XXXXXXXXXX) Hannah was a daughter of a pioneer and married to Joe Barlow  
and lived at the Barlow place (on Elk Mt.). She was a sister of David.  
Uncle George Hannah was the son of David Hannah and died in Hinton and he was a  
wrecker and wrecked at Buck, W. Va. and died there and buried there. He was keeping  
Grandma Hannah, his mother, and she died down there and is buried with at  
Most of the Hannahs were buried at the Hannah cemetery on Elk.  
Melinda Hannah married John Ross in Webster Co. Their daughter Stella died last year  
at about 96.  
Paul Hannah was Sam Hannah's brother.  
Otha's father, David, went to a sale (Martha Buzzard's? --recording weak  
to get a horse but brought a cow home instead, I think. Otha told them before his  
father came home, that he'd bought a cow. Otha threw a handkerchief to the ceiling and  
it fell across a chair at the time Otha's body was lowered into the grave. He said he  
couldn't put the baby (Mary) in the fire and it wouldn't hurt her, but they wouldn't let him.  
Grand father Siles would take us on his knee when I visited them. Ada and a  
bunch of us and Violet was smaller. And he'd sing "Hobbie horse and two little girls  
riding a saddle" "Hobbiedegig, hobbiedegig, two little girls riding a saddle".  
William Sharp's sister was Mary Gibson--David Gibson's wife.  
David Hannah must have been buried over here in the Hannah Cemetery. Aunt Foster  
Sisafence Hannah, David's wife) is buried at Buck, W. Va.  
Rev George Hannah was the minister. Son of David. He was not George L. Hannah.  
Rev. Geo. Hannah took care of his mother, Mrs. David Hannah, at Buck.  
He and his mother were buried there.  
event of the story told in July: Mary Gibson and her daughter Stella planned to go to  
Slatyfork to see her mother Sara Sharp. She went in a room to get her wraps to go and  
there were two men standing in there and she didn't know them and they happened to be  
her brothers, Otha and Joe. They said "We're Otha and Joe, You've had a lot of troubles  
and we've come to help you bear them,--she'd been sick. She was only a baby when they  
died and she didn't know them. She (Mary) cried all the way down to Grandma's. Stella  
held her grandma that her mother had cried all the way down. XXXXX Stella told her  
grandma about the vision. That was when Mary asked Sarah to take care of Stella and  
raise her and she did, (Mary died soon after that). We all thought a lot of Stella.  
Stella was really mom's step-sister, you might say. She wasn't adopted, though.  
Stella married a Fischer and died in Elkins, and had a son named Rocky.  
Uncle George Hannah's wife died in the church. He married Emma McClure from Deep--  
she was buried there. Aunt Mag Hannah and Edith Calahan--all buried in Deep Mt.  
Cemetery--tomstones.  
George L. Hannah was John Hannah's boy.  
David and John were brothers. George L. (Luther) is the one that had the post office  
at Yolk (near Marvin Hannah's, where Den Hannah lives--the same house). There was  
a post office near Charleston named Elk, so they called it Yolk by adding a "Y" to it.  
I suppose the first post office in the area was there. (I believe she said the post  
office was there in the 1800's.)  
David and John's parents, Joe and Elizabeth (Burnside) were buried in the Hannah  
cemetery.  
John's Hannah's mother was a Burnside.



Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp, two different times. 247

Otha and Joe probably had a double vault, and probably buried in the Hannah cemetery. (I couldn't find a stone of Otha or Joe in the cemetery).

Dave: If Joe Hannah was buried over there in the Hannah cemetery then that would be in the early 1800's--? Allie: Yes, they were buried over there (near the present cemetery) and later an apple tree in the orchard grew up ~~there~~ the old cemetery was and they took the monument or stone up and put it in the cemetery and left the grave buried there. There was nothing they could do about it. The stone is a little square.

John Rose married Aunt Melinda Hannah. ~~He~~ Robert Rose was a son of John Rose. ...and Stella Rose died last year at about 94. ~~She was married to Herman Bonner~~

Dave: I've heard that a lot of people stopped in at the house of Jim Gibson and fed a lot of people. Allie: "They always cooked a 1/2 bushel --Potatoes, beans or corn. The big vat is still back there now. We made bread --2 pans of bread. I don't know how he (Jim) provided it all. He'd been a millionaire if he hadn't let people steal from him. He bought a lot of timber land down in Webster County near Webster Springs--all that-- and didn't get reserved one iota of minerals--coal, and they mined all that land.

Where did the land come from where Uncle Bob Gibson lived.; Did the Sharp's have anything to do with it? Allie: That was Gibson Land all the time..

The land on Slatyfork (Creek) running up to the top of the mountain (near Laurel Run of Slatyfork creek), my mother, Ella, owned over 200 acres and Aunt Melinda's land came in between mom's and another piece of property where it was flat down at the creek and we put out apple trees there one year (across from Lowell Gibson's new cabin). Dave: There used to be some apple trees there a few years ago,--maybe still there. ) The government owns the land but mom reserved the mineral rights. Ada and I went up there once and fished at the hole of water near the apple trees.

helped mom with the dishes etc. and helped her some in the garden. My sister, Florence, went out with the horses in the woods with the men. She could harness up horses as well as a man could. She worked with horses and skidded logs. Once a man asked her where he could "do his business" (BM) thinking she was a man and she said: "right over there" ha.

Aug 1980

Frank Hamah: Harmon Bonner was a brother of Lee Bonner, father of Hubert and Ganneth Bonner -- Dave went to grade school with them. They lived in Harmon Sharp's old log house across the creek from where Big Spring empties into Elk (Slatyfork)

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Dave: they put the telephone line through here in 1898-1899. Tell me about it. Allie: We kids imitated the line by putting elder bush poles in the ground and stringing on it. Dave: Dad said David "Hannah" lived just above Sam Hannah's place -- beside the present road when Otha died and saw his vision. He said it was a log house, two stories. He said he'd been in that house when he was a boy and he said it burned. Didn't David Hannah live there before he moved down to the log house at Sam Hannah's? Allie: I never heard of him living up there near Sam Hannah's. Dave: Who lived in the old house there near Sam Hannah's? Allie: Aunt Leah Hannah stayed there -- Bowd Hannah -- bee, I wonder what those people's name was. The Gibson house was an old log house up the hollow (at Sam Hannah's -- Dave) Dave: I stopped there and the old chimney rocks are still there between the old and new road. Allie: Seems like the Browns lived there. I'll tell a little story. Grandma Hannah (Mester) was there to visit and she said Laur Rider was a little boy and he visited there and there was a Rider lived there then -- Elmer's daddy. He said he got a hair in something (eating) and she was so mad at him for saying loudly "gotta hair, what am I going to do with it"? Grandma told us kids, you know, "what that boy should have done was take that hair out and said nothing about it" It must have been a Rider that lived there because Laur was there. (Dad told us the story about the boy and the hair, but I never remembered who it was -- Dave).

Dave: Ivan, in one of his tapes he made said: "David Hannah lived in that log house before it burned." Allie: that isn't the same house. That's the one over where Archie (page Hannah's) Jim Jackson lived there (Archie's place), after David lived there -- in my time. My mother (Allie) stayed there with Uncle Henry and Aunt Mag when Ernest Hannah was born -- he moved to New Mexico. (Dave: Frank Hannah said David sold the place to Sam Hannah before he died.) Allie: when David died he (~~xxxxxxx~~) left (what?) to George and Henry. Henry only had one boy and afraid he'd get in meanness and he kept moving like "a turkey gobbler" -- jumping from place to place. Then they must have sold the place to Sam Hannah. George and Henry were to look after their mother, Mester. Uncle (George) was a minister and moved a lot and Uncle Henry was a merchant and he just went from place to place -- Arbovale, Renick's Valley, and so many places. He married Mag McClure. She's buried at Groop. She came back after Uncle Henry died from New Mexico and came back to her sisters and died down at Bee. .... (?)

L.D.'s Courtin': Allie: A school teacher was boarding at Mother's and Uncle Luther was going with her (Lena Kenniston?). He'd been coming up pretty regularly to see her. Had to go horseback. So grandmother or Stella down there put some biscuits in his pocket. So when he got ~~down~~ off the horse at the barn, whe, he threw the biscuit out of his pocket and the chickens just scrambled for it. Embarrassed him. It may have been Lena Kenniston. Mom had a picture of her. I was only about 2 years old when Luther and Laura married. Laura said she thought I was the cutest child she ever saw. She took a likening to me and we were always like mother and daughter. I believe even closer. I always thought so much of her. My father, Bob Gibson (warrens) went to Huttonsville to the train to bring Uncle Luther groceries etc. One of Suzie Rider's brothers or her father was drowned in the river (Tygart). I think he was a Brown. Dave: and told once of someone drunk and drowning in Tygart River. Allie: that was him. Suzie's father I think. He was a Brown. I wonder where the Brown's came from and the Jacksons?

Allie: .... Martha Hannah. That must have been the John Hannah's family. Forrest's grandfather was .. (John?) (David and John brothers?) ... Where the Hugh Hannah house is -- was -- a log house. I never remembered Forrest's grandfather except when he was buried. I remembered. I wondered why that woman was sitting on the bed crying. I was a child. It was Aunt Mandy Hamrick with one of Lee Hamricks little ones -- baby one.

Dave: Dad said when he visited up there, this woman (Martha Hannah?) would put out the candle ~~xxx~~ till the prayer was over to save candles.  
 Allie: I was the last baby that that woman took care of. She was a midwife--a doctor. Name Polly Hannah. She was a daughter of Dr. Sharp up in that section(?). She (Polly) was married to John Hannah. They lived where ~~ugh~~ Hannah lived--just above Veo Hannahs. That's the Hannah's he's that Luther visited and she put out the candles during prayer.  
 David and John Hannah was their son. John was going to a dance one night and he said the devil was in the shape of a dog and he ran around the fence. When he went to go over the fence, that dog would be right there. He said it wasn't nothing but the devil. So he just went back home.

Stories by Dorothy (Hannah) Fitzwater: May 6, 1981

Blain Sharp lived down here at the old place (a house just 100 yards below her present house) and going over to visit your Dad and Mother. He lived here with Henry Sharp. He visited Luther's and it was time go to bed, and Mrs. "Aunt Rachael" --Dad (Davis) called her aunt Rach. She said "Blain, you can sleep where you did last night" (thinking he'd slept there last night). Blain said "it's a long ways to go but I can do her, and he got up and came back over here. They said it was so cold. (Dad's story about this elsewhere in stories) Dave: Dad said that someone was stealing some little things from his store and decided to talk to Blain about it. He said "you shouldn't be taking things" Blain replied: "Tee hee, it's a good way to get things without paying for them. Dad said he couldn't keep from laughing, the way he said it. ha. (with Blain laughing, and couldn't be serious with him as he planned.)  
 Dorothy: John Blanker and Molly Blanker's mother was a Hannah. I think it is in the old history book. There were several David Hannahs. Dad (Davis) and L. D. went to school together (log school) and Dad went to his store around there. (There was a circus there once. LD had some kind of a tent and told dad to take care of it and he went off and talked to his girls (teenagers?)  
 Dorothy: John Hannah was the Hannah that had slaves. He lived, I guess down here. Grandpa Hannah---Shell Hannahs father (?) They were buried just below the Hannah cemetery. They moved it because of water. --- moved them back up on the hill. Whites and Slaves both. Grandpa Hannah was buried down there. He was the one that jumped the ditch as reported in the history book.  
 John's boys were Andy and Bill. Uncle Andy Hannah married a "White" girl and so did uncle Bill Hannah--married a "White". and they used to say that two of "black John's" boys (he owned slaves and they called him "black" John). married white girls. ha.  
 (Dave:) Mrs. Marvin Hannah told me this store a couple years ago (1980)  
 Dorothy: There was another John Hannah that didn't have slaves. Bill Hannah's wife was Sarah. Andy's wife was Udera.

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Allie Gibson --Teaching Slatyfork 1911-1912 Ito.

I taught school at Slatyfork 1911-1912. The Trustees were L. D. Sharp and Sam Hannah. I stayed at my uncle LD and Aunt Laura's from Monday evening till Friday morning, for \$11 (I think) a month. I helped with the bed making, dish washing and the like, I helped around the house and store if needed. As far as I remember, I paid \$11 for board. I loved them very much. I'm sure they all had an education suitable for their day. I remember Mandy Irvine tripping and running and doing the work at William Sharp's. I don't recall my great grand-Grandparents (Wm and Rachael Dilley). Uncle Hugh was there. All I know is David Hannah and Hester raised their family at the Sam Hannah's house were James Jackson raised their family. I know my ~~family~~ mother stayed there when Uncle Henry and Aung Mag lived there and took care of Earnest Hannah--I think she was 14 then.

*Sam Morgan preached at Mary's chapel*  
Yes, there was an old house where Frank Hannah said on Boude Hannah place just opposite the Gibson place in the corner (Corner? .....)

.....  
I think Grandma Hannah (Hester) told me Elmer & Pennick Rider, parents  
lived there. (Elmer's parents? It was just a vacant house  
to me. (It's gone now? .

That was Silas Sharp that slept in a rocking chair. He didn't lay down for six weeks. The night he died he asked Grandma: "Sarah"--his wife: to fix him a pallet by the fire. She helped him down. Then he said "help me up" He died peacefully then--just went to sleep. I didn't know of any of the Sharp's owning slaves. Ellis Hannah died in 1915 by an accident.

Joe Gibson's children stayed at Bob Gibson's--and went to school.

Nancy Rider?

Anthony Creek....

Silas Sharp: I stayed with them what time he was sick and had a fly bush to keep flies off of him ---6 weeks he never got out of his chair. He had a bench or something like a table on a high chair to put his arms on and his head down to rest. Stella Gibson was there. She could help grandma take care of him at night.

Students I taught: Jesse, Fred, Frank, Dock Hannahs, Ivan Sharp, Willie Hoover, Willie Harmon Gibson, Clyde Galford (just visited)--under 6, Cayde Ogukkuos Richard Gibson, Henry Gibson, Bernard Galford, Paul Hannah, Violet Sharp, Roxie Galford, Viola Jackson, Eula Galford, Beula Galford, Bessie Hoover, Velma Hoover, Maude Phillips, Bessie Higgins Creola Sharp, Emily Hoover, Ruth Gibson, Emma Hannah (Gibson), ~~Larry~~ Lucy Hannah (Jackson) Bessie Higgins, (daughter of Sam Higgins)

I remember mother (Ella) telling about the log school house at the cemetery. Teachers: Gun Mathews and Mr. Byus.--He had been left on a river bank to die and some folks found him and named him "Byus" meaning finding him by us. Mother said he was a good person and teacher. He prepared to preach and just preached one sermon and he died. I never asked where he was buried.

Uncle Ellis was driving to town in a wagon & Vee was with him. His horses got scared and he was thrown out and was taken to the Marlinton hospital, where he died --just lived through the night. Russell was at Richmond at school He came on home. I was at Richmond at the time to see uncle Harmon Sharp, his daughter was Lena Liesty--was at the hospital with her father. Harmon said "you are Bob and Ella's daughter"--he knew me. But I ~~was~~ had left on an early train for Washington and didn't know about Uncle Ellis dying till later.





Miscellaneous Facts by Frank Hannah, and others (Allie Gibson) 252

- The father of Sam and Joe Gibson was John. He was buried at Moffett cemetery. He escaped from Confederates with a pepper-box pistol. Sam Gibson's first wife, Mary (David Hannah's daughter) was buried at the Hannah cemetery at Marvin Hannah's. His second wife was Emma Showalter, a sister of Dick Showalter.
- The W. T. Morgan mentioned in the Times (1914) was not Laura's brother. He was a clerk at the commissary that was located across the road from the "yellow house" where he lived. (near the water fountain)
- Jake Simmons lived about Woodrow--across the mountain from Marvin Hannah. Hugh walked across from Marvin Hannah's to kill him and he was gone. (Jake Simmons killed Hugh's little brother age 16 during the civil war).
- Henry Sharp (no relation of Hugh's) lived near the Davis Hannah house. He thought he had a brother Joe and Blain. Henry moved to Stamping Creek. His brother Joe got married. Joe's daughter married Macy Bryant. Henry's daughter, Mamie, went to school one day.
- Buck Galford lived at the Gibson Knob after living at the head of Slatyfork creek, and he ran Hugh Sharp's mill at Slatyfork.
- Henry Doddrell was the one that pretended to be the "Hatfield" gang and left a note in the old log school house for LD to leave \$500 in a box at the old school house (log). He was a former teacher.
- Dan Jackson and Moya Ayers lived with Uncle Hugh. Bill Ayers did too and got in a fight with Hansen Lindsey (of Linwood) and cut (Hansen's?) ear about off and he went to Virginia. Jim Jackson and Dan Jackson also lived with Uncle Hugh.
- The Pest House was in the big field below Slatyfork town. People who had contagious diseases, diphtheria etc. were kept there until well.
- The first time Frank heard a voice on a phone, Violet was talking to some one at LD's house when she said "do you want to hear Sam Varner's wife on the phone?".
- Effie Moore married Page Day--Frank Hannah's grandmother.
- Lena Morgan (Mitouell) went to school at Slatyfork with Frank--the school house that burned.
- Leslie Judy taught Violet, Lena and Frank. He was mad at the way the two girls fixed their hair with "rats" (see picture of them in book) and made L.D. mad that he did, and he was going to whip Judy. LD dared him to come out of the house. He lived in the Curtis House at the old place. L. D. And Sam Hannah were trustees and they fired him from his job.
- Allie Gibson: Bernard Sharp (which one?) lived at Davis Hannah Place (married children: Joe and Mamie) Killed in the war. They moved to Hillsboro --Stamping creek. His widow married Henry Sharp and lived at Davis Hannah place.
- Henry killed at Robt Gibson place. (Henry Sharp)
- William and Mary were bro and sister. She married David Gibson, father of William, who was father of Bob Gibson.
- David's sons were Wm. James. "Old uncle Jim" was ("Big Jim") (John --father of Joe and Sam and Nancy)
- Joe Gibson's father lived further up the hollow (Shelton Hollow) --back of the church. John was buried in the Moffett Cemetery.
- Forest Gibson had the first car in the area in 1913. It was a 1909 car. He had the first car in Webster Springs.
- Tom Beale lived at the "yellow House". His sons: Charles, etc.
- Jim Gibson ("Little Jim") father of Forest.
- David Hannah left the log house to Henry (merchant) and George--to take care of Hester, --they sold the place to Sam Hannah. It had belonged to Sam Gibson's wife, Mary, daughter of David. Jim Jackson lived there after David died--the log house at Archie Gibson's (now gone) --picture in book.

Frank Hannah interviewed by Dave May 1, 1981

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Dave: (I asked him something about the first sawmills.--there was one half way from the mouth of Slatyfork to the old store place.)

Frank: ...on up the hollow next to the store (perhaps he means the one half way?) I was pretty small. Maybe that was when the out the lumber for that new house Si lives in. There was a mill up Slatyfork between the old school house and the old store (that was the half-way one) I remember them cutting those big hemlock trees. We'd go up there sometimes during noon hour, I think. There was a saw mill near the school house later on (1930's) (Dad sold timber and had it sawed). Dave: There was also a saw mill up the creek above the old store place when Dad was a boy. (On Sundays he and others would push the cart up the creek on the tram rails and ride it back, and may have wrecked once?). Si said the old boiler was sold for junk during the second world war. Si said the builder had a kiln near the new house when it was built to dry boards, and he thought they may have sawed the lumber for the house and planed it.

Frank: Kellison from Hillsboro built it. Bill Friel, I think was the brother of Suzie Rider. George L. Hannah was married 3 times. First wife was a McClure. He fell out with them at Mary's Chapel church and said he'd never go back there again. His wife was there at church and died there. So he had to go back when she died. His second wife was Nora Sharp, daughter of Harmon. Frank: Eva (Hannah) Beale taught at the Slatyfork school that later burned. Little Bill Gibson down there was full of mischief, like rest of us. We got some dynamite. There was an old hemlock tree that fell across the road and some one had cut it out. We bored a hole in it and poured the dynamite in it and a fuse to it. On Friday evening Eva's father (Ellis) came down after her with the sled. We lit that thing and looked up and saw him coming on the sled and he had just about time to get to the dynamite. Some one ran back and pulled the fuse out.

Frank: (Phones) I don't remember the first time I heard a phone conversation. One time I was down at your Dad's. Violet picked up the phone and some one was talking and she said "you want to hear someone talking?" I said "yes". I remember that Sam Varner's wife was talking to someone. That was before we (Sam Hannah's) had a telephone. Your Dad, John Gibson and some others had phones on the old line. Otis Gibson used to live up the hollow. He was sick. One winter my mother would go up and sit with him. He had some kind of rheumatism. Dave: Did Lena Mitchel (Laura's sister) go to school here? Frank: Lena went to school with me at the school house that burned. Leslie Judy taught there when Lena and Violet went. This picture of their "hair-do". He got mad at them for fixing their hair. They rolled it up around like a "rat". (see picture) He jumped on them about it. It made your dad mad and he was going to whip old Judy. He was going to feed the sheep one morning and Judy was in the house (the Curtis house?) and L.D. dared him to come out. He had his feed sack and some grain in it and laid it down in the road. Judy lived across the creek from L.D.'s store in the Curtis house--the house that was up off the ground (now gone). He wouldn't come out. He taught two schools down there. He taught one school. Your dad, L.D. and my dad, Sam were trustees. My dad said to LD "we ought to get rid of him and get someone else. LD said ~~XXXXXX~~ let's try him one more year. They tried him another year. But they all fell out with him. Frank: Roy Rider went up to the spring ~~xxxx~~ one evening to get a drink. He came back and said "do you all want a drink"? If you do, better go now or it'll be too dark to find the spring. He made out like Sam was working us too late, ha. (Story about the Hatfield Gang) L.D. was instructed to put a box with money at the school house. LD put an empty box there but they didn't come that night. The second night the came and got it and threw the box down. They thought it was Henry Doddrell, a former teacher that did it.

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Quotes from Raymond Mace

My mother, aunt and uncle attended the New Pleasant Valley School just a short distance from Elsie Gibson lives. Before then, there was the "Old" Pleasant Valley School on the hill near Mary's Chapel Church. For quite a time your Aunt Elsie used the building as a chicken house. Then when her house burned, the building was moved across the road and incorporated into the new home which still stands.

Summer of 1921: we lived up Slatyfork creek in the sawmill shanty, and I played on the old boiler.

Jake Gibson married a daughter of John Friel of Indian Draft, son of Jeremiah Friel. My great-grandfather, Wm Thomas Friel a Confederate soldier survived the war only to drown in Tygart's Vally River near Elkwater.

His grave in an abandoned cemetery overlooking Conley Run. Anecdotes about the Shurps: According to the story I heard many years ago, L.D. set up his first store in the back room of his home. His first stock of goods was ink. One cold winter night a good part of his stock froze and burst. The youthful merchant was almost wiped out. However, the economic law of supply and demand went to work, and the price of ink doubled. Another: Your great-grandmother (Rachael) made a shirt each for Hugh and Harmon. To be sure there would be no mistake in ownership, according to the one who told the story, she said sh would just mark one with an "H" for Harmon and the other with an "H" for Hugh!

Easter Gibson: I heard he was named "Easter" because he was born on that day. His mother didn't know the exact date of his birth, and so he celebrated Easter Sunday as his birthday now matter what month or date it happened to be.

The Pocahontas Times Jan 1, 1914 "The directors of the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Col met Sat. Officers are L.D. Sharp, President, S. McDilley vice-pres. and Gen. Mgr. J. D. Gibson, sec and treas. The most important business transacted was the cutting out of free phones after Jan. 1; the extending of the short line wire down Elk wherever the extension of the company's business justified it (Mace: probably the W.Va. Pulp & Paper co.); the cooperation of the different mutual companies entering the Marlinton Switchboard will be asked in order to install two phones, one in the C & O. station and the other in the freight office"

Mail service: The Times told of a lack of mail service in the Elk community in the very early 20's. About 9 miles of Elk had no mail service. (Dave: a letter to Ivan (at Duckhannon?) from mother said a package would be carried horseback to the Clover Lick PO.--no mail to Marlinton.) Jake Simmons belonged to the 19th Va. Cavalry. He was probably one of the several Randolph County men belonging to it.--?) He was a 3rd Lieutenant. Donald Johnson's gunpowder accident: Donald was trying to ignite the powder and then mud-cap the bottle before the powder fumed!

Airplanes: Paul or Si conducting parachute jumps out of barn with umbrellas. --Donald or Dave--? Archie Gibson discussed the glory of flying. War is terrible: Frank Hannah told me, after the war, Joe Gay and Walt Allen would get off their horses and fight if they happened to meet on road.

Automobiles on Elk: I seem to remember that L.D. sold gas from drums which he kept in the barn before he installed a gas tank to the front and left of the old store. I remember quite well the gas tank in front of the (old) store. It had a cylindrical bowl with gallong gradations painted on the side. The bowl had to be filled by hand and was fed into the car by gravity. In my memory I can see your mother filling the bowl for a customer.

Si Sharp's recollections --- Capt. Mundy -- Doc Lowe Murder  
in family 1942 Feb  
Harmon Sharp's

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SHARP 4

Capt Mundy told Uncle Hugh that in a battle in the Civil war, some of his men were down under the brow of a hill and his other men were back shooting over this hill at the enemy over on the other side and they killed one of their own men. He said he thought it was from a misfire or low powder charge and one of the men under the brow of the hill was shot in the back. But it was just an accident--one of the things of war.

Capt Mundy and Uncle Hugh had a squatter's deed of some kind for a lot of land back on Gauley. (Dave: that deed is Xeroxed elsewhere in book). That was the way you got unclaimed or unsurveyed land back in the early days. If no one claimed a patch of land you wrote up a claim and after you kept it so long it belonged to you. But I guess some one had it a prior deed or claim to that property. Evidently his claim wasn't good. I think Ramona has that "claim" from Ivan's papers. I suppose Capt Mundy wrote it up. I didn't know that claim existed until after Ivan died.

"Doc Lowe"-- Along about 1890 or before that, there were a couple of young fellows that came in to Uncle Harmon Sharp's at Slatyfork and went up to the head of Laurel Run and built a cabin there. They wore six-shooters on their hips. They didn't socialize with any of the neighbors. They'd come out to the store and had money to buy supplies. They were there about a year or so. They didn't work at a job. They probably hunted some. They seemed to be hid out up there. One morning one of the fellows came down to Harmon Sharp's who lived across the creek in a big log house at Slatyfork. He said "I had trouble up at the house last night and I had to kill my partner. We fell out and I knew was going to shoot me. We sat up all night. ~~He~~ was sitting backwards on a chair with my arms up on the chair and he was sitting over in the corner and we were waiting for the other one to go to sleep. I dozed off and I heard the click of his gun when he cocked it. I knew was going to shoot and I fell off sideways from that chair and pulled my six-shooter and shot

him, but he shot as I fell off and the bullet hit the back of the chair where I had my arms on. I got off it just in time". Well, Harmon's went up and from the best I can remember, they brought him out of there. His name was Doc Lowe. I think he was buried here at the Sharp cemetery. --probably one of those on the back side that had just a rock for a stone. Anyway, they just took his word that he shot in self-defense. There wasn't any coroner's investigation or jury. I asked Allie Gibson if she knew anything about it. She said she knew about it. She was a little girl then. She said she heard about "Old Doc Lowe" getting shot. But what Uncle Hugh said, I understand he wasn't a very old fellow. It was a supposition at the time that they were outlaws and were ~~hiding~~ hiding out from the law till things cooled down. I asked old man Will Gibson (the one at Slatyfork?) about it and he said he knew where they had the cabin up there. It was before Uncle Harmon moved from Slatyfork. G. C. & E. Railroad came down here and offered Uncle Harmon a pretty big price for his farm, that took in all of the Slatyfork area and down the river a ways and he sold out and went down to Elkins, over there at the west side of Elkins at "Steve" (?) Bottom, big level farm land .... and that when he ~~he~~ had the girls, Mary and Cora, -- they went to California. ~~XXXXXX~~ I visited with them in San Diego in the 1930s. Cora was a nurse then and about 50 or 55 and Mary a little older. Mary married a Rhorabaugh and they had a boy called Harmon, and a girl. Both of them are now dead and both younger than me. This is Feb 28, 1982.

(The tape continues with some piano playing by Si.  
The other side of the cassette has Dave's, Paul's, Ketha's and Genevieve's visit with Violet in Richmond. --Violet's conversation with us.



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Miscellaneous "Loose Ends", Stories etc.

Si Sharp: Quince Harris made whiskey up the hollow (swimming hole) above Henry Shaver's and the RR track, for grandfather Wm Sharp - sold whiskey. Joe and Sam Gibson's dad, John, camped at the pine knob behind the middle mountain meadow during the Civil war, with Silas Sharp. Wm Sharp, after the war, sewed a Confederate for unlawfully taking Silas a civilian, a prisoner, and believed collected \$500. Colonel Gatewood was probably one of them sued.

Got in the fur business: Jake Gibson went to Edray Post Office and tot a fur price list and gave it to Dad. Dad bought fur and sent to the address on the price list. About 12 years old. Blain Sharp would stay some nights at grandmother Sharp's. One evening, thinking Blain had stayed with her the night before, told him: Blain, you can sleep where you slept last night" -- meaning the same bed upstairs. He had actually slept at his house with Henry Sharp (near the Davis "annah house -- Dorothy Fitzwater) the night before. It made Blaine mad and he said: "I have a good bed at home and I'll go there and sleep" ! ha. Fur Business: Dad had made a \$30 profit on three calves he borrowed (\$30) money to buy, and gave half of it to Jake Gibson to help buy fur, and he doubled his money.

John and Melina Rose lived at Whittiker Falls, down Elk river, (Dad stayed all night there buying fur when age 12). Their son, Bob lived near Point Mountain. Was a surveyor. And he lived at Webster Springs. Rumor that he got drunk and a car killed him. Ivan had Dad's gold (filled) pocket watch, a Waltham 18 size, 1892 model. There was a house at the Gibson Knob, so Buck Galford could have lived there. They moved a lot.

George Hoover was probably the first to live up near the RR track. Showalter.

Hanson Lindsey was a brother of Mrs. Burn Hamrick, Jim Shaver and Greens "held possession" (squatters) on Gauley. Sam Gibson and Dad watched at the old school house for the "Hatfield" gang that sent a note for Dad to put \$300 in a box in the corner of the school house. No one showed up. Another night he came and threw the empty box and decoy money on the ground. Dad first thought it was Burton Hoover, but a Dodrill from Webster county, perhaps a school teacher at Slatyfork one term, was convicted of a similiar trick down there, so it must have been Dodrill.

Ivan Sharp recollections taped November 1974 257  
transcribed - 1980 by his daughter  
Ramona Shipley

This November the 15th 1974 and I have a message here to those who may be concerned in regard to a little bit of history to the Sharp generation and ancestries. Since Mother and Dad have past on to their final resting place with the Lord, we regret we did not make a record of their vast knowledge of our kin and their activities, while here on earth, therefore, I will start with myself:

I was the oldest of son of Luther David and Laura Jane Morgan Sharp. My name is Ivan L. Sharp. I was born July 27, 1900 and so the legend and knowledge that I have that has been handed down to me and so that I have known to be a fact on my own rights, so I'll begin with stating that there was seven children in my father and mother's family: Ada, Violet and Creola, Silas, Paul and Luther David, (junior) -- so I will state that I'm married to Geneyieve Orndorff of Arbovale, a daughter of J. B. and Cora Ervin Orndorff and have lived happily together for fifty years. and we have three children- Ramona, now living in Parkersburg, married to Thomas Shipley and they have three boys, John, Thomas Alan and David and also a grandson Jeremy and my daughter, she teaches music in public school since the boys are grown up and away at school and one of them married off, so Ralph, he is taking care of you might say, two families, he is living in Fountain Valley California and has a young son, Richard, and part of his family is in Albany, Georgia- Vickie, Brian, Kathy and Diana. Evan, youngest son, married Phyllis McCutcheon, a sister of Reverend Calvin McCutcheon, a Methodist minister like what used to be called a circuit rider on his own preference, he prefers to deal with country people rather than preach and take care of a city congregation and he has been awarded several medals or plaques for his efficiency in his line of duty. And of course this takes care of the children and except, I might say that Ralph is asst production manager of a bearing factory where he lives, and Evan living out in Madison, Va. has two sons, Rod and Todd and they are both in school and his wife teaches school so they are kept pretty busy, there on their farm trying to remodel the old farm house. And of course, now getting back to my dad's family..

Ada was married twice. The first marriage to Mr. Johnson. She had a son, Donald which is now living in Portland, Oregon and a daughter, Helen, married to Eugene Hannah living in Slatyfork, West Virginia. After she taught a term of public school at Slatyfork, she remarried to Will Curtain. To that union was two sons and a daughter. Billy Curtain, Stanley, and Clara Keene. Then Violet, lives in Richmond Virginia and she married Rufus Mark and who is now deceased and they had one son Rufus Melvin, Jr and he lives in Indiana. And Creola was a victim of the flu after the first World's War and she had anyway it wasn't diptheria, but anyway her throat swelled shut and they had to 'lance' her throat and it turned to blood poison and in that time they didn't have penecillan or streptomycin to cure or check diseases like that. (1923)

She was very talented in music and was doing a little teaching of piano lessons even while she was in the last year of high school.

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Then Si, my brother, Si after having a few operations and a slipped disc in the back and gall stones and a few other troubles, he decided that he'd remain single and free and therefore he is still living back at the old homeplace, the Hugh Sharp place where our great-uncle Hugh Sharp lived and of course my dad built the house there.

Then came along Paul. When he went to school at Buckhannon, he met Vonda Lowe and they were married and to this union was born a son and a daughter, Thayer and Barbara. Of course, Paul, after he finished school, he taught school and was principal of the Seneca Trail Public School at Slatyfork for a few years. When the second World's War came along, he went down to Institute near Dunbar and Nitro and went to work as personnel man, U.S. Rubber company in making latex rubber for war purposes. When this factory closed, he followed with the company on to Texas and is living in Texas. Vonda died a few years ago and was buried near Harboursville or Huntington where her parents were buried. Paul remarried again. To this union there are no children and he was fortunate in getting two good wives and of course a good wife comes in pretty good to take care of you when you have ailments and we all have our share and Paul had some kind of paralysis in both arms for a while and the Lord is almost miraculously healing him and he has almost normal use of one arm.

Now Dave, married Sylvia Friel, one of Dee Friel's daughter's and they have a girl of which they adopted and is very bright and intelligent and a great help to them, when Sylvia hasn't been too well and like the rest of us- it's nice to have company around.

Now this takes care of, I believe, my brother's and sisters.

My dad was the only son of my grandfather, Silas Sharp and my *grand mother* Sarah Hannah Sharp. He had two sisters, Ella, who married Robert Gibson and Malinda, who married Ellis Hannah.

My grandfather Silas Sharp, spent twenty-three months and twenty-four days in a Confederate prison during the Civil War. He had several brothers, ~~two~~ <sup>three</sup> were killed during the Civil War. ~~My father~~ <sup>My father</sup>, I believe, was killed back of the present house where Uncle Hugh used to live. I do not know, but I think he was buried in the back in the 'half lot' now belonging to Paul, (along 219) where Mary, Uncle Hugh's only sister was buried- she died with something like pneumonia during the civil war.

There was Uncle Hugh Sharp, Uncle Harmon Sharp and "Uncle" \* Henry Sharp are the only ones I can remember of my great-uncles. There was, of course, Luther and Bernard. Uncle Harmon had a big family and they are scattered all the way to California. Tolbert after he helped Joe Gibson's buy up the timber land around Slatyfork, Gauley Mt. Middle Mt. etc, for these big companies, he went west.

\* This Henry Sharp was no relative, but lived for a while with his *later near David Hannah's house* with his brother Blaine

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3 4  
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Uncle Harmon died in McKellum (?) Hospital in Richmond, Virginia. Dad and I visited him while he was in the hospital. It's been many years ago. Grandfather Sharp, his father was William Sharp, Jr. <sup>III</sup>

Harmon

William Sharp, Jr., my great-grandfather is buried at the Sharp Graveyard named for him- up near the high rocks. Grandfather and Grandmother and a sister. As I said I'm not sure where Bernard and Luther are buried, the boys that died during the Civil War. According to my recollection, Jake Simmons and Quince Harris were the guilty parties that killed Bernard one on them was guilty of that, I'm not sure but Luther may have been killed at the Battle of Droom Mountain. Of course they had a skirmish over on Mingo Flats he could have been killed there, He was serving in the army. So there seems to have been four sons on Wm. Sharp, Sr... One settled at Slatyfork, my great-grandfather. One up about the Jake Gibson place and he was, I understand, was maybe killed by an Indian or by a sniper. One settled at Edray and the other one over about Frost.

Luther, he killed at home

Of course William Sharp Sr. came of from England and we were related to the Dilley's. My <sup>Sr.</sup> grandfather married Sarah Hannah, daughter of David Hannah who was very religious and allowed no work to be done on Sunday., no cooking or anything like that-Sunday was kept as a sacred day. And my grandmother had a brother, Henry, who ran a store up at Arbovale for a few years and moved from there to Henick and I'm not sure as to whether they were buried there, but he had a son Earnest who went to Arizona, (Phoenix, I believe) and was postmaster there until his retirement. Now my grandmother had another son whose name I do not recall for certain but it might have been ~~Albert or Lee~~ and he had a severe ailment ( might have been typhoid or not), but anyway a miracle seemed to have been performed, he died away and they were making arrangements for a funeral, seems as if his father and grandfather had been to a sale and was coming back and this boy awoke from this trance or vision and tried to show grandmother and the other members of the family the beautiful sights of heaven as he saw it. He mentioned some of the relatives who died before he was born. He said " They are up in heaven, don't you see them, but they were unable to see but the bright lights like the sunset in the evening, but he also told them everything that his grandfather and dad had bought at the sale. .. his mother a colt for one thing. He said, " I can take this baby and stick it the fire and there won't be a hair of his head scorched." But they were afraid to let him because of the knowledge they had of fire... Then he said I'll throw this handkerchief up to the ceiling, it will stay up there and he did and it did stay. He said, "I'm sleepy and he went to the bed and and laid down and he didn't want them to touch him because he had seen Jesus and the angels who took care of him while he was sick in this vision so that left a testimony to my forefathers and of the necessity of having the faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And while Dad related this story to me on more than one occasion, I'm sure I haven't repeated it exactly as it was and of course my grandmother had mentioned what had happened. There were miracles back in those days as there were when Christ was on earth and of course there are still miracles being performed today.

at the

at the

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MY great-grandmother, Hessie Hannah was a wife of David Hannah and I remember seeing my three grandmothers: Grandmother Sarah Sharp, Grandmother Hessie Hannah and my grandmother, Edith Ramsey Morgan, the wife of Reverend Samuel C. Morgan the Methodist circuit rider on the Edray charge during the 1888-89-90 or 91. — we Morgan History Page 8 (79)

At that time the Methodist church was in the Virginia conference and later on in the Baltimore conference and now it is the W. Va. Conference, Lewisburg District. Of course both my grandfathers died before I was born. The prison term of my grandfather 5 1/2 years Sharp....he was the only one or one of the six who survived malaria fever which struck practically all the prisoners that the Confederates had captured. My grandfather somehow or another managed to get some material, gold wire and things like that to make some rings and ornaments etc. — Great Pina

(END SIDE ONE: RECORDED NOV. 1974- IVAN SHARP)

This is my second attempt to give some history of the Sharp generation as handed down to me by word of mouth by Uncle Hugh Sharp, and my father Luther Sharp and my grandmother Sara Sharp and some knowledge in my own rights. I have some legal papers but I really have done little or no research as to the history, but this information that I'm giving may help somebody who desires to do some research work on our ancestry.

I have some legal papers to show that my great-great grandfather, William Sharp, Sr. one of four brothers that came to this country, leaving many relatives in England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany. They received a land grant from the King of England for vast amount of acreage in what was then the state of Virginia. He had, as I understand it a brother that lived at Frost or Huntersville and one at Edray and one at Jake Gibson place at head of Elk. He was stationed at Slatyfork. In this deed that my great-great grandfather gave to my great grandfather was for some over a thousand or more acres including Slatyfork, Sharps Knob, part of Gaulay Mt. and part of Buzzard Mt. Of course, my great grandfather, William Sharp, Jr married Rachel Dilley. This is what the deed calls for and they lived at Slatyfork and were buried on a shale soapstone type of ground, a ridge, east of the high rocks near the old county road. You might say that when they died they were both buried on this ridge, therefore the cemetery was named for them. Of course my grandmother and grandfather Sharp as well as my father and mother Sharp are buried there too along with my sister Creola. I've seen no markers that my great-great grandfather Sharp was buried at this cemetery, nor great-uncle Bernard Sharp or my great-uncle Luther Sharp who were killed during the Civil War. There was an aunt Mary Sharp, a teenager who died with pneumonia or something similar to that during the Civil War, and was buried down on the north side of 219 on the bank of what used to be called 'the Calflot Meadow'. Part of the stone markers are still there. I might say that my grandmother Rachel's sister, Mandy Dilley Ervin I believe it was stayed with them about the time that they died and stayed on to keep house for great-uncle Hugh Sharp for a certain length of time, I don't just how long. She may have been buried over at Dilley Mill,

(?)

← (which gets father?)

← (middle MT.)

← W.M. II (at Fairview)

\* 16) →



in that section over there, as well as my great-great grandfather, I'm not sure. Some of our relatives were buried up at the Hannah cemetery where Billy Hannah and George Hannah used to live but they may have been relatives on my grandmother Hannah's grandfather David Hannah's side of the house.

I might say that I have here in my possession, given to me by my great-uncle Hugh Sharp, a small family Bible of his mother and (uncle) showing all the birthdays of all the family including my grandfather Giles Sharp who married Sarah Hannah, daughter of David and Hester or Hester's sister who called her and lived at the old Hannah house. I also have a small type spinning wheel given to my sister, Violet, and she in turn gave it to me to keep in the Sharp family. I also have a split-hickory bottom rocking chair given me by great-uncle Hugh Sharp and said his grandfather Dilley had died in this chair while sitting in the chair. The chair is old and straight, one of those homemade chairs put together with wooden pegs. My brother, Si, said 'It's not much wonder he died in it - it was so straight and uncomfortable.' That is because the rockers are worn flat and there isn't much 'rock' to it.

Chair

As I said before I'm not sure where my great-great grandfather and grandmother were buried. Some of our relatives are buried in the Hannah graveyard but they may have been the ones on my grandmother Hannah's side of the house as I stated. A great great Uncle of my great-great grandfather Sharp was located near Frost, Huntersville section which Judge Sharp and George Sharp, former Secretary-of-state and Austin and Ashy were descendants and there may have been some others, maybe Ed, anyway I wasn't too well acquainted with the Sharp's in that section. And another was located about Edray in which Will Sharp and Giles Sharp and Jake Sharp were probably descendants probably Hanson Sharp, Ellis Sharp and Jim Sharp were descendants of this brother. And there were Elmer and Mitchell Sharp, sons of Jim Sharp. Maybe some of these lived in that section.

this Henry was a relative of our family was killed on

I'm not sure, but my great-uncle Henry Sharp used to live at Middle Mountain until a fire burned their home down and they lost everything they had and they moved from there to about the Davis Hannah house now is and from there over to the Onoto ... so they may be ancestors of Dave Sharp and Elliot Sharp of over in that section. Of course there is Charlie Sharp and his brother so there are some distant relatives there somewhere ... now this all came about I don't know. Now the one of my great-great uncles that settled up at the Jake Gibson place, according to Uncle Hugh Sharp, he died before the Civil War in a rather mysterious way - killed by an Indian or a sniper or a disgruntled neighbor or a hunter - anyway he found dead of a bullet wound, now so far as I know had no children.

Now getting back to great grandfather William Sharp's family. Besides my grandfather Silas Sharp, was Henry Sharp as I mentioned and Uncle Hugh Sharp who lived at the old home place and lived with us 'til he died. Uncle Harmon Sharp lived down at Flatfork and he died in McKellum Hospital in Richmond, Virginia. My father and I visited him while he was in the hospital there. He had cancer of the throat. He had a large family and I knew most of them. So far as I know he had only one boy, Tolbert, and he and little Jim Gibson were selling real estate around Flatfork and Elk and through there and after they did that of course a lot of the people that lived around here moved away, including cousin Tolbert Sharp. Tolbert Sharp married a Doyle and he had a son Richard about my age and a daughter, Mabel and a younger daughter I don't just recall her name whether it was Margy.. anyway there were two daughters and one son and they moved to California.

Harmon

Uncle Harmon had a number of daughters, his wife was named Mary and she lived with her daughter, Mary Liesty over at Elkins. Mary Liesty had a son named Lawrence. I remember and of course there was Nettie who married Edgar Dilley. Another daughter married Edgar Doyle and they went west along with Tolbert Sharp to California of near the deserts or somewhere out there- anyway they liked it well enough that they stayed. They were one sister that married George (?) Hannah and she was buried at the Sharp graveyard and there is a marker there, her name was Nora. Another daughter, Cora, who went west, I don't know whether she ever married or not, but she was one of the younger ones of the Harmon Sharp family.

Now I'm not too positive about all these statements that I made but it will give you some idea. I might say that Uncle Sam Gibson married one of the Harmon Sharp's daughters too. They had a daughter, Stella, ..Her mother died, perhaps in childbirth when she was very young. My grandmother Sarah Sharp raised Stella. Stella married a Fisher over at Elkins and was the mother of Rocky Fisher (father of Maxine and Julia Fisher.) Most of these relatives that I've mentioned of uncle Harmon's family I remember faintly.

Only three of my great uncles I remember. Even my grandfathers died before I was born on both sides of the house. Silas Sharp died a few years before I was born and so did Samuel C. Morgan, Methodist circuit rider...so I didn't see any of my grandfathers. But I got to see two grandmothers and one great-grandmother, Hester or HESSIE as they called her. While mother and dad Sharp were living they kept history in their minds and of course occasionally they would tell us, but I never thought to write them down. So I make these statements so that if anyone in the future wanted to do some research they would know more about it.

He died  
about May 10th  
(1911)

Some married  
Mary, sister of  
Sarah Sharp

See all the  
reasons  
account of Stella  
Mary & Stella

See 2  
reasons  
of Harmon  
Sharp's daughter

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Brothers?  
names  
in Richard

I might say here that my uncles that were killed during the Civil War. Uncle Bernard was only fourteen years of age and he was trying to get away from the raiders or Confederates and he was trying to get away up the back of the house where my brother Si now lives and old man Quise Harris or Jake Simmons are the ones that shot and killed him. Near the same time that father was killed probably in the Droop Mt. battle, or the skirmish over near Mingo Flats. He served in the army, as I understand it. But my grandfather Sharp at the time that Bernard was killed, hid in a goose nest when the Confederates made a raid through that section and this fellow that shot at uncle Bernard and missed there, so my grandfather jumped out of that nest while the other fellow was trying to reload his gun and knocked him down and ran around the house to get away from him ran into a whole posse of Confederate soldiers so he had to surrender, along with Jake Gibson, not related to Jim Gibson - I don't think, but may have been grandfather to Jake and John Gibson. Anyway my grandfather had to give up and he went with them and they put handcuffs on him and also on Jake Gibson. It took two fellows to guard them while the rest of them went on to make raids on the farmers, through the section to get food and see who was hiding, and who the enemies were and so forth. Jake Gibson could get his handcuffs off and grandfather tried to persuade him to slip them off, knock the guard down and get his gun and shoot the other one but he was afraid to do that and anyway this fellow shot at Jake as he was running and missed him so he found that Jake was going to get away from him so he threw his gun down and ran after him and caught up with him up near the top of the hill near the Sharp graveyard. Jake Gibson happened to have something like a toy pistol they call it a pepper box pistol and he jerked that out of his pocket and whirled and started shooting at him and the guard ran back. Jake got away but my grandfather was taken on to Salisbury North or South Carolina and served twenty-three months and twenty-four days in prison there. There were only six prisoners, the Yankees, that survived the malaria fever and malnutrition or starvation there. My grandfather managed to get a hold of some gold wire etc. and made some jewelry etc. and gave to the colored maids and those that gave them their medicine and told them to give him double portion of the allowance, so he survived until the Confederates decided that they were all going to die anyway several hundred had died so they agreed to exchange the six prisoners that were left., my grandfather happened to be one of them. It took him about a month to get home. This may have been a factor in his death. He died with something similar to a pendacitus some internal it may have been cancer but from what my dad, grandmother and uncle Hugh said it must have been the appendix that burst cause he didn't live too long after that happened. This is all that I have to say for now as regards to my ancestors, I may have more to say later.

LUTHER

See  
Gibson was a  
friend of mine, that  
I made whiskey  
for him.

Bill Hannah  
I think I was  
V.B.

father of Sam Gibson  
John?

←

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4. unch →

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I might say here that I left out Amos and Porter Sharp. Over there about Merrick that may have been descents of uncle Henry Sharp and may have been brothers or cousins of Dave Sharp and Bill Elliot Sharp - I don't know what the connections are right there. But speaking about my my great- uncle Harmon Sharp. He was the most jolly person you would ever want to meet. You could, he had a unique laugh and I enjoyed hearing him talk. All of my uncles were great hunters and they had some tales to tell experiences back in the wilds of W. Va.

My great uncle Hugh Sharp never did get married. He somehow or another didn't seem to have much affection for the opposite sex. He didn't like to be bossed around or told what to do or what not to do. He had hired different ones to do the housekeeping for him and had had different families to move in with him. He always could get along with the men folks but the womenfolk didn't like his attitude or his mode of taking care of his tools and clothes etc. The fact that uncle Hugh would go out and stay all day and come in for dinner at four o'clock in the evening for something to eat. Of course that didn't suit most of the people that stayed there. I can remember that Dang Jackson was one family that lived there and James Jackson was another family that lived there the father of Will Jackson and Charlie, Bernie and Lucy Jackson and they lived for a while and there were no heirs that lived there. At one time my ~~great~~ uncle Will Morgan and my aunt Fannie lived there a while and took care of uncle Hugh. My dad took it upon himself after Tolbert left to see that uncle Hugh had somebody to look after him, wash his clothes etc. Uncle Will moved back to Lobelia where he came from and then came along Noah Ayres and his son, adopted son I believe about my age, called Cecil. And then after so long a time (Mick(?) the one that married Merle Gibson and then her sister Eva who married Luther Hance moved in for a while to take care of uncle Hugh. But at one time Virgie.....(end of Tape 2)

(START OF TAPE THREE)

Virgie Gibson stayed and kept house for a while but not very long. And Uncle Taylor Ramsey and his son Junior and I stayed there with uncle Hugh a summer, Junior was about my age. Later dad hired Rachel Showalter and son Barney, a year older than I was, to help take care of uncle Hugh and so the farmwork. Mr. and Mrs. Showalter were easy to get a long with and uncle Hugh liked her. Mot or and Junior and maybe Paul and Si stayed stayed with Uncle Hugh one winter and did the cooking for uncle Hugh and taking care of him while dad and I batched over at the old home place to take care of the feed and the livestock, the store and the post office. Of course, I think perhaps Henry Shaver was taking care of the livestock feeding over at uncle Hugh's. My experience in cooking was to put on a pot of kidney beans, about a pint to cook and they kept swelling and kept swelling and I had every pot on the place full of beans.

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(side three- continued) 265

We had beans coming out our ears for about a week or more. Mother would keep us in bread as well as a lot of other things that we were up to cooking. Uncle Hugh was liked by everybody. One time he had some pet white tailed deer. One special deer, named Nannie, got to be quite mean and one time my dad and aunt Ellie Gibson, not yet grown, up a cherry stump and they had to holler for help so they could get home. Uncle Hugh was quite a wild bee hunter. Seldom ever would cut a tree. As he had fifty to a hundred stands of bees of his own. He would hid his money and valuables in a beehive as most people were afraid of bees - and sometime elsewhere. One money box we never did find after he died But after he missed some money before this he had dad take care of most of his valuables and sent the money to the bank. He lived to be seventy-six years old before he died and he died in about 1923, so I knew him for 23 years. Of course for the first few years of my life I didn't know one person from another but he was and I liked to hear him talk and he had a lot of bear stories and hunting stories to tell. I was at his bedside when he died and he told me the good Lord had saved him a few weeks before and he was ready to go. I was over in the cornfield across the creek and he called for me and I came, and I was at his bedside when he died. He was buried in the Sharp cemetery. A large granite marker was erected at his grave site.

Another thing about uncle Hugh- Captain Mundy was a great friend of his and made a lot of patent bee hives for him. some that he could take the lid off and watch the bees work. Some of these are in my possession now and I've made them over to take care of sections and the new type of selling the honey. Captain Mundy and uncle Hugh had gotten a large land grant from the king of England of 50,000 acres more or less in Pocahontas, Webster and Randolph counties of the state of Virginia. It may have been the Pennell survey or part of the land that Lawyer Reger of Elkins wanted my dad to bring suit for the title of the land and give him part of the land if they won the lawsuit. The survey appears to have been made according to papers of uncle Hugh's. The grant was stolen before the survey was put on record at least by the Virginia Court. They were applying for a copy to reinstate or get on record, but so far as I know it never was carried out unless this Mr. Reger dug it up in his land search for he was a real estate lawyer. My dad told Mr. Reger the lawyer that all the people in the country would be mad at him for taking in their property. But Reger said they could hold the improved property that they owned but not the wild country that hadn't been developed back on the mountain probably on Gauley, Buzzard, Middle and probably some of Point mountain. Dad could hold what some people call squatters rights to obtain legal title to the property, if fact some big companies had Bernard Hamrick to build a camp back there on Gauley mountain and also a cousin of ours, Bob Rose was also paid so much a month for ten or more years to claim the property. So some of these big lumber companies got the timberland and timber for practically nothing.

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side three - continued

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Getting back to uncle Harman Sharp. He was the most jolly man I think I ever met. He was always laughing and had a very nice family. He liked to hunt, and camp out and tell of his experiences of his. That about takes care of my uncles. I'll get down to my grandfather later.

I might say I have been having trouble with this tape recorder erasing part of the material that I would like to record. So I repeat some and have left out some that should be mentioned. Speaking about the ancestors over around Onoto we were related to Joe Sharp down at Mill Point through what source I'm not sure perhaps uncle Henry Sharp. Joe Sharp had a son named for my father Luther David Sharp but since they have since died or moved away, but anyway my dad and I were at their auction sale when they broke up house-keeping. There was another Sharp over in that section over about Clover Lick. I don't know of any real connection between them or the other Sharps that I've mentioned. Just recently a few months ago I saw an ad in the Pocahontas Times saying that there was an Ivan Sharp at Cass that had some pigs for sale - now what source they came from I'm not sure. There was some other Sharps: John and Ern and some of those that may have been from Bill Elliott Sharps people. There seem to have been two sets of Sharps in Pocahontas County. Two sets of Gibsons that weren't relation on the Elk section and two different sections of the Hannah's that do not seem to be related. In some cases had married into the same name. We are related quite a bit to most of the people around Dilley's Mill through grandmother Rachel Dilley Sharp. She was a Dilley and I've heard my uncle Hugh speak of 'grandpappy Dilley.' I mentioned also some property that I have that he once owned. We are related to the Sharps around Frost and that section, the Dilley's perhaps several others perhaps the Gibson's over in that section and so then on my grandmother Hannah's side of the house my great grandmother Hessie and Henry Hannah. They had a son Henry Hannah who was a brother of my grandmother Sharp. I'm pretty sure they had another brother or son and two or more daughters. One was Aunt Malindy (Rose) Married to John Rose. They were the father and mother of Bob Rose. We were related to the Zickafoose's in some manner whether my great-great grandmother Sharp was a Zickafoose or whether the later descendants married a Zickafoose I'm not sure but anyway there was one of them that lived over about Buckhannon during the twenties that was distantly related to us. I've heard my dad speak of so many different ones in the community around there like LU ? Curry and Poague, Cook and places down around Elk river still go by that name and speaking about the Land Grant of Captain Mundy and Uncle Hugh's of that vast acreage. The West Virginia History in three volumes mentions about some trouble the clerk of Pocahontas county was having in trying to keep the records secret from the Confederate invaders. They hid the records

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(tape three- continued)

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a while in a buckwheat stack, a while in a Methodist church, a while in two or three different homes. When the war was over and things settled down one of those record books was missing. It could be that this record book contained the information about Uncle Hugh and Captain Mundy, his grant and also my great-great grandfather Sharp's grant from the King of England for property. Of course there is no way of tellin' what happened to that but I the papers that Uncle Hugh and Captain Mundy filed with the I suppose the Supreme Court at Richmond Virginia to try to establish the grant or get it on record again, but I have no information as to whether it was accomplished or not. Anyway we never paid any taxes or it and my dad owned some coal land back on Gauley and he deeded it over to Otis Gibson and he may still own those coal or mineral rights. In some cases those old people back there were smart enough to reserve the mineral rights. We were sure there were minerals in there but in later years I can remember myself that the old Staunton-Markersburg road was being repaired, they had to use dynamite and pick and shovels and plows and manpower and horse power to repair the road. They put off a blast at the forks of the road there at the Slatyfork post office and within a few hundred feet of a geologic marker in a limestone ledge that produced quite a stream or quite a bit of oil ran out of this sand rock and so the folks working on the road got excited and ran over to where the old store was and told us about it. Dad and I closed up the store and took a crowbar, pick and we gouged down around in that old sandstone and the thing tore loose again and the oil in the sandstone ran out into the water. Foolish like I struck a match to it and it flashed right across the water. I didn't know anything about gas and I reckon I could have blown the whole place up around there. But he talked to the geologist after that and he said that may have been forced up from several thousand feet and sandrock had so many cavities and hollow places within that it was very susceptible to absorbing gas and the chances is if you go back to that flat there and sink a well and go deep enough that we would strike gas in that country. The thing that I don't understand that it is limestone country and there is about as much water that runs underground that runs on the top of the ground and only when there is a flood or heavy rains that they have water on Big Spring of Elk. The way it got its name is that the water would run for maybe a mile or two and then it would go underground, so it would be dry for a mile or two and then come out again and there would be water for a few hundred feet or a mile. Of course we don't know what all is back in those caverns. I know that one place on my farm about an eight of an acre dropped out of sight just the treetops. Then of course the sink holes through there in different places. You take up around next to Snowshoe, the Rhea place the Vandevender place for about a half a mile there is one sinkhole right after another some two hundred yards apart- almost in a straight line. They've filled up and there are no openings except there is one place on the Vandevender place where you could drop a rock and time it and it takes almost a minute of falling before it

(tape three continued)

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hits bottom -sounds like it hits glass or fossils or something that's down in that cave then it bounces off that into mud and it goes 'kerchug'. Those are mysterious things there., Then too, at the water fountain near Slatyfork the Hugh Sharp cave, as far as I know there has never been anybody to the end of that cave. They've been in for two or three days searching but there are some big rooms in there and t'een a place to crawl through and other places where there is a river about waist deep. The serchers use carbide lamps and twine to find their way.

When the built the railroad in t at section, the blasting caused a lot of the limestone to fall in and now it is too difficult to get into this cave. You could clear it away and probable have enough room to drive a car into it. That country is noted for caverns and high waters and stream beds with no water at all. You cross over the mountain to Dry Branch and for several miles there is no water for miles except when it rains. These are some of the conditions that exist up in that country. Big oil companies at one time leased the land for oil. They had a lease of what was called the Rhea Place for ten years but then they cancelled it with in seven years. They decided if the government was not going to back them up on this deep well drilling they would just drop out on it. Of course that's got us in part of the trouble we're in now in t e lack of fuel.

Now speaking about the relatives on t'e Hannah side, my great grandfather Henry er David Hannah was very religious and he wouldn't allow any work to be done on Sunday. He had some brothers I'm pretty sure because just above Frank Hannah's -Sam Hannah's it used to be on the Billy Mace place the corner there was a building a log house that burnt down and this is where this boy lived that died away and came to again and the connections there I'm not too sure about. Aunt Leah Hannah she married another Hannah or just how it was but Aunt Leah was mother to Josie Lewis and Edna Foster and Paul and Silas Hannah of Hinton. Of course Josie Lewis is in Huntington W. Va. And of course we are related to that bunch of Hannah's and we are related to Bowd (?) Hannah and Silas Hannah.

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Otha  
Hannely

(END OF TAPE THREE)

(BEGINNING OF TAPE FOUR)

I ran out of tape on that side. I don't know whether I stated that my aunt Ella married Bob Gibson a brother of little Jim Gibson and they had sever, l children, Otis, Allie, Florence and Willie and Ona Gibson. Aunt Malinda married Ellis Hannah. They had a few children; Eva married Charlie Beale, Russell married andther Hannah and a sister of Ira of over around Marlinton no relation; Lena married Floyd Baxter over around Warick and Veo married a Dumire. Lena Baxter had one son; Veo and his wife had some daughters an some sons..two sons died with cancer at a rather earlyage.

(TAPE FOUR- CONTINUED)

Getting back to my father. He married a preacher's daughter (Rev. Samuel C. Morgan on the Edray charge- 1880-88-89-91) in the Va. conference later transferred to the Ohio Conference and now a part of the W. Va. conference. It's hard to trace those things because of the different conferences they change to. If I remember right I have in my possession the minutes of the Virginia conference with my grandfather's name in it. Uncle Wallace Sutton on my wife's side of the house was a minister of the Gospel, he married my wife's mother's sister. He gave us some information I didn't write down any points to try to keep things together.

Anyway we are related to a lot of people indirectly and I have noway or have not taken the time to do any research about them. Anyway getting to my father's family. My sister Ada was married twice which I think I mentioned a while ago. Her first husband was a Johnson and they had a son Donald who stayed with us several years maybe through high school. He went west to Oregon and is real active in church work out there from what I can understand. He belongs to the Army Reserve was a chef in the army. Then there is Helen Johnson who married Eugene Hannah, son of Lee Hannah. As far as I know we were not related to the George L. Hannah other than George married uncle Harmon's daughter. Of course there was Sheldon Hannah and Bryson Hannah I've heard my dad mention quite a few times. He liked to sing and I think maybe he and my dad held a singing school and old man Ware liked to sing. So Bryson Hannah and there weren't too many of that set of hannah's who were very regular in church attendance. Hugh Hannah's family were very active in church work. There were several of those Hannah's who were school teachers. Bessie, Mary and the one that married the Woodell. Of course Marvin remained on the farm and his son, I think helped my brother Dave out in Cincinnati in the jewelry business, repairing watches and things of that sort. That takes care of most of the history there. Of course there were a lot of people who used to live in that country there that like Vanderbritts and Slankers and Varners- Sam Varner and his brother and Dave Varner who used to live about the Sam Galford property and moved to Cass. A lot of people sold out and moved elsewhere. The property the Kyle Hannah lives in (Russell Hannah) My dad bought two farms there from the Vanderbritts (?) and uncle Ellis Hannah wanted dad to buy those farms for him and seems as if he wanted to buy them and Vanderbritt wouldn't sell them to Ellis for some reason or another and when it came to a showdown when dad told him he wanted the deed, mame out to uncle Ellis Hannah, he was about to back out on it but finally went ahead and signed the deed, but in that agreement with uncle Ellis Hannah we Sharp's were supposed to have fishing privileges up and down the farm

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(1889-1899)

(see Morgan History 1 page 8) D9

Nona

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OF THE BIG Spring of Elk that didn't go dry. It was good fishing territory but they didn't seem to like too much for us to take that privilege after dad had Russell and Ellis and some of them to witness a deed Uncle Hugh Sharp had made to my dad for some property. They seemed to have felt that they should have a part in it. Maybe they should have but they didn't do anything to take care of uncle Hugh and you might say that part of the record there that I was giving and the tape didn't pick up was.... My mother stayed over at the new home and cooked for uncle Hugh while Dave was small. Si and Paul went to school from over there and that's when Dad and I batched over at the old home place. We had the Post office and the store. One of us stayed in the store while the other chores. One time dad sent me up to put on some beans and I didn't know about how many to put on. I thought a pint of red kidney beans wouldn't be too much. I put them in a pot and they kept swelling and kept swelling and for long I had every pot in the place full of beans. We had to send some over to mother and that is one lesson I learned about cooking. It's a good thing we cooked them before eating or we wouldn't be around... My mother took care of uncle Hugh that one winter. Dad hired Rachel Showalter and Barney to come and do the cooking and help on the farm. Barney was one year older than I was. He was on the farm for a number of years. This Mix boy that I could not remember his name was Cameron Mix. I think he was a twin to another Mix. Of course aunt Eva was there for a while but as I stated uncle Hugh couldn't get along well with the women folks bossing him around, but he could with the men folks. Uncle Hugh was liked by all over the county. People called him uncle Hugh whether they were any relation or not. He had a lot of bear stories he liked to tell. One story that Captain or somebody told on him. When he was a boy he saw a bear and it started towards him and he took to running down over the hill about a half a mile and he crawled in a hollow log so the bear wouldn't see him. After uncle Hugh got a little older he knew that a bear did a little more trailing by smell than by sight. he always said the way to get away from a bear if he attacked you it was best to climb a small tree for it was hard for a bear to reach up to climb up seems as if that had happened a few times in those days. Somebody would pick up a cub bear and the old she bear would happen to be around there was a fight on their hands right then and there. Most of the Sharps always enjoyed hunting and wild life.

Let's see I think we came down to part of my dad's family. Ada being the oldest graduated from West Virginia Wesleyan College and went on to Argulia (spelling) up in Mass. She took a course in elocution and was very talented along that line and was very entertaining. After a few years she taught school at Slatyfork. Then married Will Curtain of Baltimore. To that union was born, Billy Curtain who was in World War 11 and was in A-1.

Neelks  
MICKS

(neelks  
or  
micks)

(TAPE FOUR CONTINUED)

THE MAIN DRIVES\* IN Africa Sicily and Italy and the front at Arbonne and he came out alive but was a very nervous type of man after that. Another boy, Stanley became a school teacher and he and his wife were both school teachers. There was a daughter Clara, married Bill Keene and probably still is there in Baltimore. They come out occasionally to Slatyfork to do a little hunting and so forth.

My dad at one time owned seven of the best houses in Campbelltown. When the Campbell Lumber co. went out of business dad heard about it and went over to Yeager who had charge of the sale of property. Dad bought the three houses on the hill used by the officials of the company and I think three or four houses over in town. He gave each one of us children a house. Of course Ada and Violet sold their houses and after so long a time Junior sold his, a few years ago my brother Si sold his house. Dad, during the depression sold one house to Woodell (he owned property around the hollow he wanted to trade for but dad sold him this property..So I'm the only one that owns any property there in Campbelltown as of now. That's the middle house, lot two on plot three and so dad did quite a lot of investing. He lost in a lot of investments...coal mining, gold mining things of that sort. He invested in Vegley Coal company and Yeager bought a lot of coal land in Kentucky, Ed Williams & Jim Price was connected with it so dad bought some stock in it and I bought some. But Dad's stock was guaranteed by the International Stock Food(?) Co. He got most of his money back. Trouble is the coal company left the property to be sold for taxes and either Yeager or Price or some of the folks who are lawyers found a chance to make some money at it, whether they hung onto it or not or whether they lost their money. One time I invested in Dan Patch Electric Railroad the first electric railroad train in this country that ran from Minneapolis to St. Paul. I invested \$130.00 in it for I thought it would eventually take over and be used in place of steam engines. Different ones who rode on it claimed it was wonderful and I guess it was alright but there is always somebody that knows how to buy out the controlling interest. I also invested in Racer Disc Wheel and Rubber company which built an automobile wheel that was puncture proof. It had a solid rubber tire about an inch and a half thick on a rim and the rim fit down inside two discs and the innertube was the hub of the wheel and you rode on air yet there was no way to puncture the innertube. The only thing that could happen would be through friction. I happened to ride in a demonstrator car that had those wheels on. I happened to have two hundred and fifty dollars and I invested in that Disc company. Dr. Hutchison and several prominent men of Richmond were officials of it and this racer held fifty-one percent interest in the company and he went out to Cleveland or somewhere and he sold out the controlling interest to one of those tire companies and they knew that wouldn't do to have one tire that would last a lifetime of a car and they refused to put it on the market and they did come around with some kind of dope that you could put inside an innertube that would fill up any

(tape four- continued)

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small tack holes but nevertheless I never did get very far investing for financial benefits. I have enjoyed farming and had a gasoline business-American Gas and handled automobile supplies in the twenties and of course I sold out and turned my part over to dad and outside of the parts etc. still have some racks etc that I had tires on. At one time some robbers broke a window out and stole about three or four hundred dollars worth of tires, all that they could put in their car. We traced them, they went to Kentucky. The policeman at that time wasn't too anxious to follow up like the deal that we have today with the detective, so many of them of different kinds that they probably would have caught up with them.

On the relatives on the Hannah side, we have Forrest Hannah, William Hannah and Carrie Hannah lived at Valley Head. They were some of our realtions, they were cousins. They called my dad 'cousin'. Carries's mother must have married a Hannah, anyway she wasn't married and yet she carried the H Hannah name. I don't know whether they are related to Leah Hannah that bunch of Hannah's or not but there were two David Hannah's. One on our side was very religious and one on the other side didn't take much interest in church work but was more interested in land deals, and things of that sort. The two sets of Gibson's, on Elk. I think Jim Gibson and Bob Gibson and I think they had a brother Sam who went out west and never did come back so maybe we have some relatives out there. There were a lot of those Gibson boys. There were Sheltons and Jackson's. ....

(END OF TAPE FOUR)

(BEGINNING OF TAPE FIVE)

Continuation of the Sharp History--I keep running out of tape. As I said I didn't have any points set down in order to keep the records together as they should be. Speaking of my dad I would like to say that he started out in the mercantile business when he was twelve years old. He borrowed thirty dollars from uncle "Henry" Hannah to buy three calves at ten dollars a piece off of some Hannah. They had plenty of feed to winter them and dad wintered those calves and sold them the next fall for maybe twenty or twenty-five dollars profit on his services for feeding the calves. He probably got twice as much for them the next fall when he sold them. So he went to buying furs and selling them and made some money that way. About that time the Cheery Lumber company built a tram road up Slatyfork and they had trolley cars that were pulled by mules but they had to lay a wooden floor and a track out of two by fours for the truck to run on in order to haul the logs from the head of Slatyfork and in that section there they would 'ball hoop' the logs off the mountain and it was winter time and icy and they had to load them on with cane hooks and things of that sort as they didn't have any hoists of any kind.

Edgy Hannah's father

Bowd



CANT



(side five -- continued)

any hoists to get them on the truck). The mills above the old meadow at the old home place at Slatyfork. The parts of the mill were there up into the twenties. We sold part of it as junk to a junk dealer at Clarksburg. He wasn't there with them to see what they got - they were not supposed to take the blocks - the carriage blocks but they disappeared too. While they were cutting the cherry timber all over Slatyfork mountain and Buzzard mountain the men that were doing that sort of thing insisted on my dad putting in a little store there in the lumber room. He got some rough lumber at the saw mill and put up a warehouse or lumber room, 'course later on they built a store. They bought tobacco and things of that sort and got started into the mercantile business that way. It enthused him very much when he was making some money. He raised food on the farm to live off of and the stuff that he bought and sold he considered that his. The funny part of it was in a way, he never once thought of asking uncle Henry Hannah how much interest he charged on the thirty dollars he borrowed and he just thanked him and of course back at that time was probably about four per cent but four per cent was worth as much as eight per cent now. But anyway that gave dad a start in the mercantile business and he built a store and ordered goods from Baltimore and different wholesalers. The tobacco he ordered in drop shipments and he got it less than wholesale prices because of the quantity he bought not only bought furs and sold but bought beef hides and bear hides and even wild animals such as pheasants and squirrels and back at that time you could sell them. They brought a big price, the Jews at that season of the year would pay top prices for them. Dad started buying wool and selling it to different companies that he wrote to and got prices and sometimes he would spend a half day with the wool buyer trying to close out the deal. They brought wool from Randolph county and Webster county and Pocahontas into dad's store and so we had to use this old warehouse to put the wool in and the barn and shed and he had to haul the wool to Marlinton to load in box cars to ship it away. Usually Jim Gibson the Varner's - Harry and Sam Varner, the Sheltons and those people up there had a lot of horses and wagons with the big racks on them to haul hay etc. so they could haul pretty big loads of wool. They haul it in and load it at Marlinton to ship it to Baltimore, Philadelphia and those places so dad made some money on buying and selling wool. And he also bought ginseng and golden seal. Ginseng was a plant the republic of China bought the most of it for medical purposes and some for good luck. The roots of the ginseng when shaped like a man that brought a premium price for that meant good luck and so he made some money off selling ginseng the wild roots. There is a lot of sport in digging wild ginseng, I tried it myself a time or two with some other folks in a rainy time when we couldn't make hay or anything and one would say to another 'Let's go ginsenging.'

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We'd get our gonnons, hoos and out we'd GO AND BIG GENSBERG. Well, dad prospered in the mercantile business and built up a good honest trade and as I said people came from Randolph, Webster and Pocahontas county in to sell their wool and buy their flour - dad even had a grist mill. At one time it belonged to Bryson Griffin and he got so he wasn't able to run the mill so Dad bought the mill and got uncle Sam Gibson to run it until the shaft or something tore up, so Dad had a new mill put in and had the Elbon's(?) from Webster Springs they were carpenters and had the mill designed and they built the shaft all of wood. Dad ordered French burrs from France to grind the corn meal and even corncobs for all to feed the livestock. But the the corn meal was edible. He also put in 'volts' (?) where they could sift the wheat flour. The flour was more or less dark, it didn't have all the vitamins taken out of it and if you wanted to stick your tooth into a good biscuit with cow butter on it why, there's nothin' better than the bread made from the flour of the French burrs. This mill was run by water power, the water went on the inside of the drivewheel instead of the overshot mill like my father-in law had up at Arbovale.

He had a mill up there, an overshot type of mill, that had buckets in and when they filled up the mill wheel moved. This new type of mill and so forth, when it started up would shake the whole building and you'd think it was going to tumble down, it had so much power about it. Anyway after so long a time the business got sort of slack along line and we'd only grind maybe once a week and would have uncle Sam Gibson grind one week and maybe Dad the next. We had to build a mill dam and a shoot for the water to run into this wheel that furnished the power.

And of course, my father went into the general mercantile of all types, ready made clothing, piece goods and groceries and hardware and anything you might need on the farm. Just mention it and he usually either had it or got it for you. Dad also liked to sing. He always maintained a pretty good choir at the church and developed a singing group that he would take to other churches to sing during revival meetings. Even at the county fair, we won a plaque or a medal for being the best choir in the county. Speaking about investments- I had \$250.00 in the Pocahontas County Fair and it was like some of those other businesses. It was sold for taxes so I was out \$250.00 there but I enjoyed the fair. I took my first airplane ride with a man by the name of Scott. He was hauling riders at the fair. My brother, Dave and I, my dad said, "Do you all want to go up?" We said, "Yes."

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We didn't know it, but the pilot was one of these fellows who nipped the bottle a little bit and he told dad as we started to leave the ground, "I'm gonna give them a real good ride. I'll play some stunts with them." Well, he did. He went up there and made a loop the loop once or twice and it seemed like we were just gonna go through the floorboard as we came back down and as we went up we didn't know whether we were gonna stick on the upper side or not. Course we were strapped in, but we enjoyed that ride and it was a small plane. We landed safely.

Most of the rest of the family and my wife especially have ridden a jet plane. She went to Chicago, I believe when Brian was born. She enjoyed the ride on the plane, it was comfortable even though she was sorta scared to start out.

Further, in regard to my dad, he was like my great uncle Hugh Sharp; he had a lotta bees. Dad studied scientific methods of taking care of bees. He advertised the basswood or white lynn honey throughout the state and built up a reputation of being the best flavored honey ever produced in the state of West Virginia. In a few years time the state decided the bee business was growing to such an extent that they needed to have some overseers and inspectors to try to take care that they wouldn't get disease and the people wouldn't have to get out of the bee business. So they came to see my dad to be one of the bee inspectors. Mr. Macsey from Wheeling, W. Va. was to be chairman of the bee inspectors, so dad had to spend quite a bit of time during the summer months inspecting bees. If they found foul brood either European or the regular foul brood, the instruction then was to destroy the hive and the bees. The honey was supposed to have been edible and no harm in eating the honey. What they were trying to prevent was the spread of the foul brood and they are still trying to do the same thing today. We found out from experience that if you kept the bees watered, the bees like to have water for the young bees, and you put salt in the water and sometimes salt around the hives it seemed to protect them to a certain extent from taking foul brood. Of course there is a difference in the breed of bees. The Italian bees were as mean as they ever get, about like yellow jackets. They were good housekeepers and would keep the weevils and worms cleaned out where a black bee would just accept them as part of the family and let them go ahead and destroy the brood and eat up the beehive. That's still true today.

My dad was always active in church work. He was layleader class leader of the church. He and Brice Griffin and uncle Sam Gibson and Sam Hannah, myself and two or three others would be the number that would be at prayer meeting in the winter time. when the snow was deep. When it was pretty a lot of folks would come out to prayer meeting back then that wouldn't have time or think about it today. They would rather stay home and watch television.

NOW, of course we mentioned about Ada's career. Violet married Rufus Markland who finally became vice-president or assistant vice-president of the C. and O. railroad. That's a position that cousin Sam Whanger, Ed Whanger also rail-  
 roaders finally attained to. My brother-in-law, Rufus died with heart trouble several years ago. My sister lived by herself for a number of years and finally decided to sell out and go to the Methodist Hermitage. She had to pay, I believe, ten thousand dollars invest in the Hermitage plus about on hundred and seventy-five dollars a month for room and board for as long as she lives. Of course, she got all of the needed nursing facilities if she had to go into the hospital, they have hospital services on the third floor. All she had to do is pick up the telephone and call the nurse and she would be there in a minute or two if she were sick and needed help. She was very much satisfied with this sort of a set-up. She could still keep her own car and come and go as she pleased. That's fine, we thought we had something similar to that here in West Virginia and when we voted on it at the Methodist conference, we thought it was for the ministers of the gospels, retired and the laymen, retired and didn't have a home to go to. They could live in this Methodist Hermitage or place and live and be practically free. 'Course that was before social security and that sort of thing came into effect, but today if you own property, you have to dispose of it and turn it over to them and pay them probably two hundred dollars a month for room and board, something on the same order of what my sister has in Richmond, Va.. She inspected three different places, she checked in Cincinnati and W.Va. and Richmond. Violet married a mighty good man, they seldom come any better. Their son, started out to study to be a doctor, he finally added up working for an electrical company. He is working for Magnavox now as sort of a sales manager and of course, his wife teaches school at times and they had two children, Ann and John. Ann married a Zorr, a painter contractor who work a for his dad and he's a nice fellow. They all seem to be doing pretty well.

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Now my sister, Gladys, died in the flu epidemic <sup>after</sup> during the first world's war when she was eighteen years old. She took something like tonsillitis or diphtheria and they lanced her throat and she took blood poisoning. They didn't have streptomycin or penicillin or anything like that to kill it like they do today. She would probably be living today if they had this kind of medical treatment.

(1913)

As for myself, I have one girl and two boys. Ramona lives at Parkersburg. She went to school at Morris Harvey and also went to school at Marlinton High School and Poca High School. She graduated at Marietta College after she was married and is now teaching music in several elementary schools. She goes from one school to another and she likes it real well in dealing with the children. They seem to be so enthused over songs that they sing and that sort. The oldest boy of Ramona and Tom, Ramona married Tom Shipley a chemical engineer at the Dupont plant and did work at the Dupont plant at Belle, John graduated from school and he is now a clothing store manager in St. Louis. He married Cindy, I forget her father and mother's name but she is a real nice, quiet girl. They have a son, Jeremy that would be my great grandson.

(SIDE FIVE CONTINUED)

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Tomas Alan is still in school and he is taking what you might the Hollywood type of training of being in plays and movies and singing. He has a wonderful voice and has won two or three scholarships on that. The younger boy, David, he looks more like the Sharp's than the other two boys. He is at West Virginia University now.

(END SIDE FIVE)

(SIDE SIX)

WHERE I LEFT OFF...I think I told the history of my daughter, Ramona. Then there comes Ralph and Evan. Ralph served a term in the army during the Korean War. He married Rogena Davis. They had four children of this union, Vickie, the oldest, Brian and Kathy and Diane. They bought a house, a fancy home in Albany Georgia. They been down, that was the second time..he had a job with Gravley Tractor company as an engineer and he was transferred down there to manage the plant in Albany Georgia. The chance of promotion didn't appear too good and the suggestions that he made in regard to the company and the new motors that they were putting out and he decided that if they weren't going to pay any attention to his suggestions that he would look out for another job. He did, he went back to Chicago and while he was in Chicago he went to school and worked for a draftsman there in Chicago before he got this job with Gravley and the man he worked for there in Chicago hired him back and he got a job for another company and Ralph worked for him for a few years in making this remote over television using cassettes in the television in place of the current programs so if you wanted to you just slip in a cassette and listen to your own programs. It was getting along pretty good and Sears Roebuck was supposed to be distributors for it but Ralph told them that if they didn't shake a leg a bit and put out more production and try to perfect some of the 'bugs' in the system it wasn't going to work. Ralph was right much to stand up for what he thought was right; so he quit there and went out to Fountain Valley in Calif. working for one of his old bosses he used to work for there in Chicago. He is vice-president or manager of production of this bearing plant where they make bearings for airplanes and motors of that sort and they have more orders than they can fill. When he went out there he had to hunt for a place to live and when you are so far up in the company you have to buy for prestigious sake and had to live in a fairly decent home so I think he overbought there in Fountain Valley..paid too much for this big house which is much bigger than they of course needed. When the prices of utilities and everything went up it made it quite difficult for Ralph to take care of the one family in Albany Georgia and he married a Nancy Darby, a quiet type person and they have one son, Richard in Fountain Valley California. We don't hear from them very often since they are that far away and I don't get to see them so very often. So far they are making good and the children, Rogena is raising are making good grades, one of them is going to school in Norfolk, Virginia and I think Brian wants to go to Charlottesville.

(SIDE SIX CONTINUED)

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Brian starts college next year. He got a scholarship. He went to the governor's conference and made grades that justified that sort of thing. Now, Evan went to school at Foca then to West Virginia State for one year. He couldn't get the subjects there that he wanted to take for he wanted to be a forester. He went on to West Virginia University and practically worked his own way through school. We helped him out as we could. He graduated. During the summer months he worked with Mr. Bailey up in Pocahontas county, trapping turkeys, wild life-tagging them and trying them loose etc. He was at the camp over at Albion on Anthony's creek. Later on he got a job with the Virginia forestry division. They liked his work there and they hired him full time when he graduated from U.V.U. He was over in Rockingham County out from Staunton for a couple of years, bought a home and had to sell it when he got a promotion and was sent over to Madison in the eastern part of the state. He was put in charge of a district of three counties, I don't know if I can name the counties; Madison was one and two other adjoining counties. This year he has set out 500,000 trees, he and some high school boys so he had to work long hours to do that. His wife, daughter of Mr. McCutcheon and the sister of Calvin McCutcheon a Methodist circuit rider you might say - he preferred to preach to the country people and has a charge up around Webster Springs, Craigsville and that section and has won several plaques or medals for outstanding work for serving the young people as well as the old people of his charge.

That sort of takes care of my family. I might say that my dad was quite a worker in the church. Of course, Ramona, Ralph and Evan all sang in church choirs as well as myself. I was in hopes of raising a quartet of my own but they soon married off and moved away and that didn't seem to work out very well.

Some of the other things that I left out regarding the history of the Sharp's. On my mother's side of the house. She was a Morgan and my grandmother was a Ramsey. My references made here to the Ramsey reunion history give the history of the Ramsey's on my mother's side. They have a reunion at a place they built at Alvon near the Methodist church there especially for their reunion - a shelter. My grandfather, the preacher, died before I was born. I did know his brother, uncle Clone (?) his brother, he married a sister of Mrs Hodges, I believe. Their daughter married a Lauder milk. Related to the the Sampson's Boone's and the Whangers and Ware's quite a number of folks around Bonceverte.. Sherwood, one of the Sherwood boys became a preacher. Dan Sherwood was a railroader, he and his wife aunt Sally Ware was grandmother Edith Morgan's sister. I think one of her daughter's married a Boone.. Roy Boone, Rankin and Samuel Boone, Weldon and Edith Boone of the Boone Family related to us. I think aunt Sally Ann Ware and my grandmother Morgan acted as midwives during the births of perhaps myself and my brothers and sisters. Of course there were no doctor's close. Dr. Cameron was over at Nace. Dr. Jim Price and



I might say that Dr. Cameron of Mace owned one of the first steam automobiles in the state of W. Va. He had one that was run by steam, used kerosene to heat up the boiler for steam he could make seventy-five, eighty or ninety miles an hour with that thing. It looked a whole lot like a jeep. Our first automobile that we owned was a Studebaker and I had to have cushions put behind me to reach the pedals to be able to drive it. When I bought the thing, Dad went over to town and old man Burr let dad drive the thing around town for about thirty minutes and turned him loose to drive the thing home over the wagon roads, dirt roads. That's the way we learned to drive back in those days. We didn't have to have a license for a few years there 'til they got some better roads and there would be some chance of speeding and having wrecks. If you were going twenty or twenty-five miles and hour you were going at a high speed over those roads.

Back at the time my wife and I were married, I had bought a 1917 Star automobile not long before that and drove it to Marlinton and put it in a garage there, and rode the train up to Cass, and Genevieve's dad met us up there in his model "T" Ford and took us on over to the Orndorff home for the night. We got married the next day about eleven o'clock. We were starting to Washington D. C. on our honeymoon and there were mud roads up there then. Moody, Genevieve's brother, harnessed up the horses and put the spreaders on and chains-log chains and went on down the road about a quarter of a mile and was waiting there 'til we came along to fasten to the old model "T" in order to get through the mud hole. So Moody got up on the radiator. My wife and I were sitting in the back seat and we had dad at front - he was chauffeur; and we were riding in style, there; one man out on the radiator as conductor, flagman or something driving a team. After we got out of the mud hole, of course we made it all right over to Cass. We got on the train there at Cass and going down the Greenbrier river down near Latoga or thereabouts, a freight train had wrecked and upset about ten or fifteen cars of coal. So we had to get our baggage and tromp through the briars and weeds and walk about a half a mile around this wreckage. The railroad company had sent another passenger train up to meet us to take us on into Ronceverte. We made it into Ronceverte but we were about to be a little too late for the train to Washington D.C. We took a berth of course, it seemed we had to take an upper berth. While she went to the dressing room to dress, I went ahead and went to bed and I kept looking out the curtains for her. She kept delaying and delaying and here her sister and another girl had taken a machine or a needle and thread and sewn her gown all up, and she couldn't get inside of it, so she had been sitting in there in the train rocking backwards and forwards trying to get those stitches out so she could get her gown on.. I thought her heart had failed her, but she finally appeared. So we landed in Washington the next morning, spent a few days there looking around at the sights, the museum of history and that sort of thing then came on back home.

(SIDE SIX CONTINUED)

While we were gone about two or three feet of snow had fallen. When we came to Marlinton I called home to my mother to see how the roads were and she said there hadn't been anybody over them for two or three days and the mail hadn't even run. She said I'd better go to the hotel and stay that night and wait until next day to see if the roads opened up. But I went over to C. J. Richardson's and bought a shovel, I had this new car so we started out. We made it up Elk Mountain alright and coming down Elk the wind had blown the snow and drifted it over top of the fence along each side. I just kinda butted my way through the snow. It was a kind of soft, fluffy-like snow but it was hard down inside. Finally made a way through. My mother was over at the new home fixing our wedding dinner for us, she wasn't expecting us so I stopped over at the old place, called over asking if everything was all right. She asked, "Where are you?" I told her we were over at the old place and she wanted to know how we ever got there. Of course, we started across the graveyard hill and the snow had drifted clear over and you couldn't tell where the road was going down the other side. But drivin' made a road through and we got there. There were a lot of our friends and loved ones came on anyway and we had a very nice wedding party. That's been fifty years ago and we've lived happily together for fifty years. My health has been bad for the last three or four years and I don't expect to have too long to stay here. With the type of disease I have the doctor's are doing the best they can to care of it. I've been in the hospital three times now in the last year and am still not able to get out and stir around much. I'M still thankful the Lord has spared our lives this long and give us hope of eternity. We've had lots of friends that have been very kind to us and we hope to meet them someday, whether in this life or the life to come.

There are many more things perhaps I should say. On my wife's side of the house there are several preachers. Two of her sister's married preachers. Stella married Hillary Finch and Gaynelle married Ollie Heavener, a United Brethren preacher. Mary, a sister has a boy Billy is a Presbyterian preacher. Stella and Hillary's two boys were preachers, one of them a part time preacher. He was with IBM and was making more money in the sales field and of course liked to take care of his family. As a preacher I understand they got up good sermons and all like that, the Lord bless him and bring him back to the ministry where he belongs. It seems like we all have our troubles. Genevieve's sister, Eloise lost her husband little over a year ago. He died in Waynesboro Va. Marie lost her husband several years ago but she managed to raise her family, a very good family, one of them has an airplane taxi in Lewisburg. If you wanted to go somewhere in a hurry, he would take you. So I married into a good religious family and the Sharp's Ramsey's and the Morgan's were all considered very nice people. Fordy Morgan was uncle Tom Morgan's son and he went to Washington D.C. and had some children. We have relatives scattered all over the United States, I reckon. Si chose to remain single rather than get married. Dave owns the store building at Slatyfork and has somebody to operate it. The jewelry shop in Cincinnati, he repairs watches etc. He married a Friel girl, Sylvia they have an adopted daughter that is a wonderful girl and has been a great help to them and a great blessing to them.

Note: Submitted to Pocahontas County  
History Book 1981

Ivan Lilburn Sharp

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In early June, 1921, Ivan Sharp returned home to Slatyfork from his studies at West Virginia Wesleyan College. His father, L. D. had plans for him. He was to take Si, Paul and Creola Sharp to Arbovale for J.H. Hall's Singing School. They would drive there in the Studebaker and togo with Mrs. Summers Sutton for the week.

A local girl, Genevieve Orndorff, was also attending the school. Sometime during the week, Ivan asked to drive her home. She suggested they walk. The unpaved North Fork road to J.B. Orndorff's home was very muddy.

Ivan Sharp became accustomed to the road to Genevieve's door. In the next three years he would make numerous Sunday trips, arriving in time for church, to spend the day with Genevieve. In 1923, under an apple tree, he proposed marriage. J. B. and Cora Ella (Ervin) Orndorff gave their blessing.

February, 6, 1924, Ivan Lilburn Sharp and Jessie Genevieve Orndorff were married in the front parlor of the Orndorff home at eleven in the morning: Reverend Harris, Methodist minister of Arbovale charge, officiating with Mary Margaret Orndorff and Si Sharp in attendance. Martha, the organist, played the traditional wedding march for the processional down stairway and hall. The bride was dressed in a blue suit with grey squirrel collar, grey shoes and grey silk hose; the groom in a blue serge suit. The guests were served a turkey dinner after the ceremony. (Some members of the family missed the ceremony- Eloise Orndorff, age six, was behind the stove crying.... Lila Orndorff and Aunt Lola Sheets had gone to the well.)....(Lola was probably trying to get the sugar from her hands for she had helped 'ice' nine cakes.)

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Ivan and Genevieve planned to honeymoon in Washington, D. C. They did. In that week, Woodrow Wilson passed away. Genevieve remembers the pallor over the city. They visited, the Smithsonian, the Congressional Library and the Zoo. Genevieve had never seen a leopard; the one she saw at the National Zoo presented her with an indelible souvenir, claw marks on a brand-new silk umbrella.

For Ivan's recollections, here are his recorded memories taped in November 1974: "Back at the time my wife and I were married, I had bought a new Star automobile. I drove it to Marlinton and put it in a garage. We rode the log train up to Cass, Genevieve's dad met us there in his model "T" Ford and took us on over to the Orndorff home for the night. We got married the next day about eleven o'clock. We started to Washington D.C. on our honeymoon and there were mud roads up there then. Moody, Genevieve's brother, harnessed up the horses and put the spreaders on and chains, log chains, and went on down the road about a quarter of a mile and was waiting there 'til we came along to fasten the old model "T" in order to get through the mud hole. Moody got up on the radiator. My wife and I were sitting in the back seat and we had my dad up front, chauffering. We were riding in style with a man on the radiator conducting us through the mud with a team of horses! After we got out of the mud hole, we made it all right over to Cass. We got on the train there at Cass and going down the Greenbrier river down near Watoga or thereabouts, a freight train had wrecked and upset about ten or fifteen cars of coal. So we had to get our baggage and tromp through the briars and weeds and walk about a half a mile around this wreckage. The railroad company had sent another passenger train up to meet us to take us on into Ronceverte. We made it into Ronceverte but were about a little too late for the train to Washington, D.C.

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"We took a berth of course, it seemed we had to take an upper berth. While she went to the dressing room to dress, I went ahead and went to bed and kept looking out the curtains for her. She kept delaying and delaying and here- her sister and another girl had taken a machine or a needle and thread and sewn her gown all up and she couldn't get inside of it! She had been sitting up there in the train rocking backwards and forwards trying to get those stitches out so she could get her gown on.....I thought her heart had failed her, but she finally appeared."

"We landed in Washington the next morning, spent a few days there looking around at the sights, the Museum of History and that sort of thing and then came on back home."

"While we were gone about two or three feet of snow had fallen. When we came to Marlinton I called home to my mother to see how the roads were. She said there hadn't been anybody over them for two or three days and the mail hadn't even run. She said I'd better go to the hotel and stay that night and wait until next day to see if the roads opened up.. But I went over to C. J. Richardson's and bought a shovel, I had this new car so we started out. We made it up Elk mountain all right and coming down Elk the wind had blown the snow and drifted it over top of the fence along each side. I just kinda butted my way through the snow. It was a kind of soft, fluffly-like snow but it was hard down inside.

We finally made our way through."

"My mother was over at the new home fixing our wedding dinner for us. She wasn't expecting us so I stopped over at the old place, called over asking if everything was all right. She asked, "Where are you?" I told her we were over at the old place and she wanted to know how we ever got there. Of course, we started over the graveyard hill and the snow had drifted clear over and you couldn't tell where the road was going down the other side. But drivin' made a road through and we got there. There were a lot of our friends and loved ones who came on anyway and we had a

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very nice wedding party. That's been fifty years ago and  
we've lived happily together for fifty years."

Ivan Lilburn Sharp was born at Slatyfork, July 27, 1900,  
son of Luther David and Laura Jane (Morgan) Sharp. He  
died March 22, 1975 and is buried at the Sharp Cemetery  
at Slatyfork. Jessie Genevieve (Orndorff) Sharp was  
born in Arbovale, August 5, 1905 and now resides in Waynes-  
boro, Virginia. Ivan and Genevieve had three children:  
Ramona Irene Sharp Shipley born at Slatyfork August 26, 1928,  
Ralph Myers Sharp born at Myers Clinic, Philipi April 7, 1933.  
Evan Lilburn Sharp born at Myers Clinic, Philipi December  
28, 1940 died November 17, 1975.



RANDOLPH MORGAN

The Morgans were of Welch decent, having come<sup>m</sup> from Wales and settled in Virginia.

Randolph Morgan was born in Rappahannock County, Virginia on April 2, 1815. He came to Greenbrier County in company with Noah Morgan about 1833. Their relationship is not known, but it was not father and son.

Randolph Morgan lived two miles below Ronceverte. It is said that he had the first flour mill in the town. He was married to Pollie "Mary" Myres, also of Irish decent. She was a sister of Charles Myres. They lived near Ronceverte in the Irish Corner, District. Pollie Myres was born in 1810.

The children of Randolph and Pollie Myres Morgan were:  
(ages according to 1880 census)

- (1) Albert born 1841
- (2) Charles Lewis born 1844
- (3) Samuel Craft born July 8, 1847
- (4) Columbus born 1851
- (5) Virginia
- (6) Unknown child

The second marriage of Handwritten: 289 was to his first wife. They were married March 23, 1881 at Handwritten: 289. He survived his husband.

Handwritten: 289 died at his home below Handwritten: 289 on May 6, 1897. The cause of death was a general breaking down of his system. Funeral services were conducted at the house of the deceased followed by burial in the cemetery.

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ALBERT MORGAN

Albert Morgan was born in 1841 in Greenbrier County. On August 24, 1865 he was married to Rebecca Whanger (born 1847), the daughter of David and Nelly Whanger. She was born in Greenbrier County.

The following children's initials were listed in the census of 1880.

M. E.	Female	13 years
S. E.	Male	12 years
E. A.	Female	8 years
V. S.	Female	6 years
A. L.	Male	3 years
S. F.	Female	1 year

Added to this are two known children: Ernest and Grace.

Grace Morgan was born October 19, 1886 and died in a Thomasville, N. C. nursing home in November, 1974 after a long illness. She was married to Benjamin B. Brown. She was buried in the Ketron Cemetery near Ronceverte. Survivors include four sons: Guy of Indian Valley Covington, Va.; Ben B. and Archie, both of Highpoint, N. C.; <sup>Earl</sup> ~~Guy~~ of ~~Covington~~ <sup>Clifton</sup>, Va. three daughters: Mrs. Pauline Ford of Earlehurst, Va.; Mrs. Gladys Brisendine of Westwood, Covington, Va.; and Mrs. Margaret Young of Clifton Forge, Va.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the situation.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement.

COLUMBUS MORGAN

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Columbus Morgan was born in 1851. He was married to Malinda Howard who was born in 1856. Columbus died in 1927 or 28.

They were the parents of two daughters according to the census of 1880 and are listed as:

N. A.	Female	2 years
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M. F.	Female	1 year
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A son was born later. His name was Ford E. Morgan. He was living at 330 Maryland Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C. in 1944.

Columbus Morgan was living in the Fort Spring District when the census was taken in 1880.

## VIRGINIA MORGAN

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Virginia Morgan was 21 years old when she married Charles T. Holliday, also aged 21 years. The marriage date is not known by me. He was a son of Israel E. and Mary Holliday. Charles was a farmer. They were both born in Greenbrier County. Charles and Virginia were the parents of a daughter, Mary Susan, who married John Ramsey.

Virginia Morgan's second marriage was to Andrew Hutchinson. Their children that can be remembered are:

- (1) Sam married Anna(?) Green
- (2) Charles
- (3) Barbara Ann married Ed Morgan
- (4) Nancy Jane married \_\_\_\_\_ Fink



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### SAMUEL CRAFT MORGAN

Samuel Craft Morgan was born near Ronceverte on July 8, 1847. He died January 7, 1898. He was married on February 21, 1872 (note: Greenbrier County Court House records show January 21, 1872) to Edith H. Ramsey by M. L. Lacy. She was born near Ronceverte on December 20, 1855, the daughter of William and Sallie Meade Ramsey.

The following children were born to this union:

- (1) Laura J. Morgan born March 31, 1874
- (2) William Columbus Morgan born March 15, 1876
- (3) Sarah Virginia (Ninnie) Morgan born February 15, 1878
- (4) Edgar Randolph Morgan born April 18, 1882
- (5) Lena Florence Morgan born December 17, 1896

The following is from an obituary notice:

Rev. Samuel C. Morgan, of the Greenbrier Circuit, M. E. Church, whose injuries by his horse falling on him, were noted in these columns some weeks ago, died last Friday morning, January 7, 1898, at 11 o'clock, at the home of George W. Whiting, near Falling Spring, of pneumonia. Aged 51 years.

Mr. Morgan, while seriously hurt by his accident, would have recovered had he not suffered exposure by lying for several hours in the weather before he could make anyone hear his cries for assistance. This exposure developed pneumonia, but we understand that he was improving slowly until one week before his death, when he was moved from Mr. Abraham Snedegar's to Mr. Whiting's, a distance of some six

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or seven miles. The change from a warm room to the outside air exerted perhaps an injurious effect upon his weakened frame, and he could not rally from the shock.

We give below from the pen of J. W. Sampson, a brief sketch of Mr. Morgan's life.

"Rev. Samuel Craft Morgan, the subject of this article, was born on the 8th day of July, 1847, in Greenbrier County, near the location on which the town of Ronceverte now stands. He was the third son of Randolph and Pollie Morgan, and on his mother's side sprang from among the oldest citizens of Greenbrier -- the old Myres family. Deceased was converted at a protracted meeting conducted by Rev. Addison Weller of M. E. Church, South, at old Pleasant Grove school house, in the Coffman neighborhood, in the year 1866. From the time of his conversion to the day of his death, he was an active and zealous worker in the church. He was licensed as a local preacher in the M. E. Church in the year 1887, and in 1888 was received on probation in the Virginia Annual Conference of the same church. His first pastoral charge was the Edray circuit (in 1889 in Pocahontas County), where he remained the full time limit of five years after which he was appointed to the Greenbrier circuit, where he served until called from labor to reward.

Bro. Morgan was a kind friend and neighbor, ~~a kind friend and neighbor~~, a faithful and loving husband and father, and above all else, was a faithful, self-denying, crossbearing servant of his Divine Master. He labored faithfully for the salvation of precious souls,

and for the advancement of the church of his choice, as a minister for nearly eleven years, and died at his post of duty. Doubtless the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher." "Mark the upright man and behold the just, for the end of that man is peace." We mourn, but not as those who have no hope, for this great loss to the church, believing as we do that our loss is his great gain. We extend to the bereaved wife and children our warmest sympathies, and exhort them to follow the example of their beloved one, and trust in Him who promised to be a father to the orphan and a husband to the widow."

The following appeared in a Greenbrier newspaper:

#### A Dream

Our Loveridge correspondent writes of a curious dream which seemed to have a quick fulfillment in the death of a Methodist minister sometime ago. He says:

"In the death of Rev. S. C. Morgan, whose obituary appeared in the West Virginia News, we realize a great loss. While some do not pay any attention to dreams, many reflect over Bro. Morgan's dream the night before he preached his last sermon at this place and which he related at that time.

"He dreamed he was on the bank of the Greenbrier River, opposite the old homestead, not far from the present site of Ronceverte. He saw the old birch tree to which he used to hitch his canoe, but his canoe was gone. He wanted to get across but did not know how. He saw a boat up the river, but it was not the

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boat he used to have. In some way he crossed, he said, but did not know how, but on the other side he met his father, who had been dead sometime.

"He said he did not know, but it might be that his earthly stay was short."

The Rev. S. C. Morgan was buried at the Oak Grove Cemetery. Following his death, the church was renamed Morgan Memorial Church.

His wife was buried at his side. She died September 25, 1932 at the home of her son, W. C. Morgan of Lobelia. Her second marriage was to <sup>John</sup> J. Wesley Irvin<sup>10-16-1901</sup> of Edray who preceded her in death. A week before her death, she suffered a stroke of paralysis.

The children of the Rev. S. C. and Edith Ramsey Morgan will now be presented.

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# LAURA JANE MORGAN

Laura Jane Morgan was born March 31, 1874 near Ronceverte. She died at her home at Slaty Fork, Pocahontas County, October 17, 1932. She had been ill for many months with heart disease and complications. She was buried in the Sharp family cemetery, the funeral being conducted from the Slaty Fork Church by Rev. T. H. Taylor.

On February 16, 1893 she united in marriage with Luther David Sharp, born June 8, 1872 at Slaty Fork, the son of Silas and Sarah Hannah Sharp of the "Old Field" on Elk. "L.D." died March 13, 1963 and was buried in the Sharp cemetery. The following was taken from his obituary notice.

"Mr. Sharp was the only son of his parents. At the early age of 12, he started his mercantile business, buying and selling fur, livestock, and merchandise. For many years his merchandise was hauled from Millboro, Virginia, and Beverly by covered wagons. Mr. Sharp was the first Postmaster of Slatyfork and gave it its name when the office was opened. He loved to fish and hunt, killing his last deer at the age of 89. He was one of the first group of apiary inspectors in W. Va., and raised bees to produce the famous Pocahontas County white lynn honey.

"L.D." as he was affectionately called by his close friends, helped organize and was a charter member of the Slatyfork Methodist Church. He was a lover of sacred music and organized the Slatyfork Choir, well known in Pocahontas and surrounding counties for its fine music.

Randolph Morgan - 12  
Samuel Morgan - 6  
Laura Morgan Sharp - 2

Luther's second marriage was to Mabel <sup>deceased</sup> Hansford. (May 20 1934) 297

The children of L.D. and Laura Sharp are listed below. They

all attended West Virginia Wesleyan College except Creola.

- (1) Ada <sup>Ellison</sup> <sup>(Feb 21st 1894)</sup> <sup>1936</sup> <sup>(died 8-18-1956)</sup>, first married John Johnson

Their children: Pocahontas Times (Aug or Sept) 1912: Ada Sharp will go to Buckhannon to attend Wesleyan College (Age 18)

- (A) Donald married Lexie \_\_\_\_\_ and lives in Portland, Oregon. Children: Paul, Linda, Donald Jr., and Bruce.

- (B) Helen married Eugene Hannah, the son of Lee and Virginia Daft Hannah. Widowed Helen lives at Slatyfork. Their son Eugene H. married Jewell Mullins.

Children: David and Douglas. They live at Fairmont.

Following the death of Mr. Johnson, Ada married William Curtin of Baltimore, Md.

Their children:

- (A) Stanley married Shirley Bell. He is a school principal near Baltimore.  
(B) Clara married William Keene. They live in Baltimore.  
(C) William "Billy" has been married 2 or 3 times in Baltimore.

- (2) Violet <sup>Morgan</sup> <sup>(Born March 15, 1897)</sup>, married Rufus Markland and lives in Richmond, Virginia. He is deceased.

Their child, Rufus Melvin, Jr., married Nancy \_\_\_\_\_ and lives in Indiana. Their children are: John and Ann.

*Ada's 2nd marriage  
7-14-1918 to Langston  
Holladay, at Warm Springs, Va.  
He lived near her grand  
was married*

*(Ada's 1st marriage, Va.)*

*Also  
Carl (Baby)  
died about  
1 year old*

*No died (Jan) 1981 (age 80)*

*(7-6-1918)*



Randolph Morgan - 13  
 Samuel Morgan - 7  
 Laura Morgan Sharp - 3

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- (3) Ivan born July 25, 1900. Married Genevieve Orndorff, daughter of Jesse Brown Orndorff of Arbovale. Ivan and Genevieve live at Nitro, W. Va. *(2-3-81) She moved to Waynesboro, Va a few years ago (?)*  
*John died Spring of 1975*  
 Their children:

(A) Ramona married Tom Shipley. Lives at Parkersburg.

Children: John, Thomas Alan, and David

(B) Ralph married Rogena Davis. Lives in California. *Ralph divorced Rogena Remarried & living in Calif. (1965) (Barby)*  
 Children: Brian, Kathy, and \_\_\_\_\_

(C) Evan married Phyllis McCutcheon. Lives at Madison, Virginia. *B. 8-4-1914, Rocky Mt. Va.*

Their two sons are Todd and Roderick.

(4) Creola - died as a young girl in 1923. *Evan killed by a hunter fall of 1975. Phyllis remarried a year later to Fred Metzger (born 1905 - died 2-25-1925) P.O. Box 1 Orange, Va 22560*

(5) Silas was born October 27, 1907. ~~Never married.~~ Lives at Slatyfork. *married Eugene Gibson July 3, 1981*

(6) Paul born November 25, 1910. Married Vonda Lowe. He lives in Port Neches, Texas. *Dec 1981 Remarried Katherine Milhollin*

Their children:

(A) Thayer married Nancy Simpson. Their child is Timothy *Thayer divorced Nancy & married Sara Carter, Divorced Sara & married Beverly Champion*

(B) Barbara married Glenn Smith

After Vonda's death, Paul married Ketha Milhollin.

(7) Luther David Jr. born June 8, 1916. Married Silvia Friel. They live in Cincinnati, Ohio. Their child is Linda 12-19-61

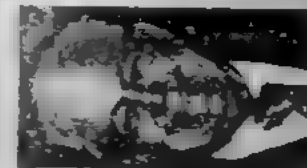
*He married Betty EDUARDO May 1980*

# Ivan L. Sharp

Ivan L. Sharp 74 of 110 Woodland Dr. Nitro died Saturday in Thomas Memorial Hospital after a long illness.

He was a retired foreman of the EMC plant in Nitro and the 1st Rubber Co. He was a member of St. Paul's United Methodist Church and attended West Virginia Wesleyan College. He was graduated from Massey Business College in Richmond and Rhea Auto and Tractor School in Cincinnati. He was a native of Slatyfork, Pocahontas County. Surviving wife Genevieve at the home daughter Mrs. Ramona Shipley of Parkersburg, sons, Ralph M. of Fountain Valley Calif. and Evan L. of Madison, Va., brothers St. of Slatyfork, Paul of Port Neches, Texas, Dave of Cincinnati, sister Mrs. Violet M. Markland of Richmond. Services will be 11 a.m. Monday in St. Paul's United Methodist Church with the Rev. James B. Arbogast the Rev. J. Hilary Finch and the Rev. Willie Hlevonier officiating.

An additional service will be 4 p.m. Monday in the Slatyfork United Methodist Church. Burial will be in the Sharp Cemetery Slatyfork.



Friends may call from 2 to 4 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m. today at the funeral home. The family requests that memorials be made to St. Paul's United Methodist Church. Cook Pauley Funeral Home Nitro, is in charge of

Ivan Sharp

Randolph Morgan 13  
Sam Morton 7  
Sharp  
Laura Morgan Sharp 3 1/2

Issue: 2 Ch'n

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Evan Lilbern Sharp

B. 28 Dec. 1940  
Philippi, W.Va.

D. 19 Nov. 1975  
Augusta Springs, VA

Killed while deer hunting in Nat'l Forest.

bur. Sharp Cemetery  
Slaty Fork, W.Va.

Forester in Virginia Forest Service

Resided: Staunton, Va.  
Madison, VA

Parents: Ivan Lilbern Sharp  
& Jesse Genevieve Orndorff

Md. 6 Mar. 1965  
Weston, W.Va.

Jacksons Mill

Phyllis Jeanette McCutcheon

B. 21 Aug. 1944  
Reedy, W.Va.

D.

She remarried  
To Brad Mager  
Orange, Va.

bur.

Parents: Thomas Edgar McCutcheon  
& Edna West

1. Arthur Todd Sharp  
B. 1 Oct. 1965 Norton, Va.  
D.  
Md.

2. Roderick Evan Sharp  
B. 13 Mar. 1967 Staunton, Va.  
D.  
Md.

3. a girl:

Randolph Morgan - 14  
Samuel Morgan - 8  
W. C. Morgan - 1

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### William Columbus Morgan

William Columbus Morgan, the second child of the Rev. S. C. and Edith Ramsey Morgan, was born March 15, 1876 just below Ronceverte. He went to school at the Old Pleasant School House for a while which was in the Coffman neighborhood. He then went to the Oak Hill School in Ronceverte. The Morgan family moved to Edray in Pocahontas County in March 1889 to the Methodist Parsonage. He then attended the Edray School until he finished the sixth grade. He worked for Isaac Sharp at Edray for two 8 month hitches and also during sugar making time. In 1894 the Morgan family moved to the old log parsonage just below Lobelia and the Rev. Morgan preached at 7 or 8 churches in the Greenbrier Charge.

William C. married Jemima Frances "Pannie" Hill on November 10, 1897. She was the daughter of Aaron and Miriam Jordan Hill of Lobelia. W. C. and Fannie were married by his father at Lobelia. They started housekeeping in a house owned by Christopher Hill. They then moved on to Droop Mountain. Returned to Lobelia and bought a piece of land from Chris Hill where he built a house. He sold the land. In March 1907 the family moved <sup>in Satisfak</sup> on Elk Mountain into the home with Hugh Sharp (uncle of L. D. Sharp). In October 1907, they returned to Bruffey's Creek and lived in the old house of his brother-in-law, Winnie Kennison. His wife, Fannie, died there on February 21, 1908 of pneumonia. Charlie Anderson, a school teacher at Bruffey's Creek, closed his school and preached the funeral on February 22, 1908. She was buried in the Emanuel Cemetery on Bruffey's Creek. Will's sister, Ninnie, kept house for him for awhile until he broke up housekeeping.

Randolph Morgan - 15  
Samuel Morgan - 9  
W. C. Morgan - 2

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Dr. T. G. Cook attended Fannie during her illness.

William stayed with Winnie Kennison on weekends and worked in the woods during the week. The children stayed with:

- (A) Miriam stayed with her Uncle L. D. and Aunt Laura Sharp.
- (B) Georgia made her home with Nathaniel Kennison near Hillsboro
- (C) Laura stayed at Winnie Kennisons, also at Nat Kennisons, at Chris Hills, and with Mr. and Mrs. Harry K. Wilson who lived at Winterburn on Williams River and then moved to Thomas. Mr. Wilson was a sawyer and noted as a good one. Laura was 11 years old when she went to live with Will and Sallie Irvin at Fairview. She made her home with them until her marriage.
- (D) Samuel was taken by his Grandmother, Mrs. Edith Morgan Irvin at Edray until his father remarried.
- (E) Fannie was 6 weeks old when her mother died. Mrs. Mary Brock took her until Mrs. Brock died and then Fannie went to live with her father and step-mother.

William C. was married the second time to Miriam Hill Morgan. She had married and divorced his brother, Edgar Morgan. She was the daughter of Isaac Hill and they lived on her father's farm on Bruffey's Creek near Lobelia. W. C. and Miriam were married in April 1916 in Cumberland, Maryland. W. C. continued to work in the woods some after his second marriage. He also did some farming at their place. He raised bees and many different kinds of birds -- bantams, turkeys, guineas, and chickens. His son-in-law, Charles Hollandsworth, recalled how Will would put grain under a piece of glass and watch an old hen scratch away trying to get the grain. He had an old mule that was used to ride newly weds on when

Randolph Morgan - 16  
 Samuel Morgan - 10  
 W. C. Morgan - 3

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they were serenaded. The mule died the same day that W. C. 's grandson, Melvin Dale Nollandsworth, was born on Nov. 16, 1925. W. C. nicknamed him "Jack", a name that he became known by.

William C. and Miriam Morgan carried on many pioneer habits. They raised broom corn and made brooms. Both were expert weavers on the loom. She did carding and spinning of wool. He enjoyed hunting and was 78 when he killed his last deer with a shotgun as his eyesight was not keen enough to use a rifle. They both played the accordion and he also played the fiddle.

After Miriam's death on March 26, 1952, he continued to live at the farm until he became too feeble to be alone. He would then stay a few months with each of his children. In early 1957 he was admitted to the Denmar Hospital where he died December 22, 1957. He was buried December 24 in the cemetery at Emmanuel Church on Bruffey's Creek.

The families of his children will now be presented.

Randolph Morgan - 17  
Samuel Morgan - 11  
W. C. Morgan - 4

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MIRIAM EDITH MORGAN

Miriam Edith Morgan, the oldest child of W. C. and Fannie Hill Morgan, was born August 13, 1898. Following the death of her mother, Miriam stayed for a while with her uncle and aunt, L.D. and Laura Sharp at Slatyfork. While there she learned to play the organ.

She married Jonah Roy Sparks (born October 5, 1889, died June 19, 1972), son of Adam and Emma Griffith Sparks of Tazewell County, Virginia later of Lobelia, W. Va. on Hill's Creek. Roy Sparks was a veteran of World War I.

Miriam died July 4, 1916 following the birth of her only child, Miriam Edith, on July 3, 1916. Miriam was buried at the Emmanuel Cemetery on Bruffey's Creek.

The following is a part of a news item in the Pocahontas Times.

"On the 18th of April (1917) the angels came and carried away from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sparks near Lobelia, the soul of Miriam Edith Sparks, their little granddaughter, aged nine months. The child's mother, Mrs. Roy Sparks, having been called to her reward last July. The grandparents gladly took the care of the little babe. For a time they thought they would not be able to raise the child, but for some time it seemed to be doing well and was the pride of the home. But almost suddenly, its sickness being only two days, the Heavenly Father who doeth all things well, saw best to take the little child to a better country where death and suffering will be no more. We know the father, Roy Sparks, cannot help but feel a sense of loneliness, his companion and only child having been taken from him

Sandwich Mission - 10  
Sundown Mission - 12  
S. S. Mission - 8

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in the last year. But we are sure the attractions on the other shore  
will be helpful to lead to that blessed place where partings come no  
more. Funeral services were conducted at Emmanuel Church by Rev. G.  
Harrison (also presided the mother's funeral) and J. B. Grimes, after  
which the body was laid to rest in the cemetery nearby to await the  
coming of his son and said "Suffer little children to come unto me."



Randolph Morgan - 19  
Samuel Morgan - 13  
W. C. Morgan - 6

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GEORGIA VIRGINIA MORGAN

Georgia Virginia Morgan, the second child of W. C. and Fannie Hill Morgan, was born September 2, 1900.

Georgia recalled when the Morgan family lived on <sup>Hollyfork</sup> Elk Mountain that her brother, Sam, punched the bees while they were playing. He was stung all over. The other children were stung too. A very old Indian and wife lived nearby the Sharp farm. The Indian took Georgia to stay all night at his house. She was afraid and faked illness the next morning so she could go home.

After her father broke up housekeeping, Georgia lived in the home of Nathaniel "Uncle Nat" Kennison near Hillsboro. He was a Confederate veteran. At his death he gave Georgia a cow, parlor organ, and other things.

Georgia was married to <sup>born</sup> (X) James Winters Jordan of Hillsboro on <sup>8-16-1947</sup> 4-20-1918 at <sup>Marlinton</sup> Marlinton. He was the son of James J. and Fannie Jordan.

Georgia died in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital March 12, 1974 of a heart disorder. She was buried in the Oak Grove Cemetery near Hillsboro.

The six children of James Winters and Georgia are:

- (1) Frances H. born June 2, 1920. She was trained and practiced as a nurse. On July 30, 1945 she was married to George William Trader, born June 25, 1916. They live in Oak Harbor Ohio.

Children:

- (A) George Winters "Butch" born June 5, 1947. Married (X) James Winters "Butch" born ~~8-16-1947~~ 8-16-1947 at <sup>Marlinton</sup> Marlinton. <sup>3-8-75</sup> died 3-8-75. <sup>at the lab</sup> Oak Grove Cemetery at the lab.

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Donnis W. \_\_\_\_\_ born March 5, 1947.

Their twin children born October 23, 1966 are  
David William and Beverly.

(B) John William born October 5, 1953.

- (2) James William born April 10, 1922. He first married and  
divorced <sup>maried from 3-8-1924, daughter of Adam W.M. & Mary Woods Beverage</sup> Mattie Beverage of Marlinton. Their daughter  
is Conner Lee born 4-15-1948

His second marriage was to Edna Beatrice \_\_\_\_\_.

She was born June 4, 1922. They live in Gulfport, Florida.

They were married March 22, 1954. Their child is James  
Stuart born February 14, 1956.

- (3) Lucy Ellen born April 15, 1924. She was trained and  
practiced as a nurse. On June 5, 1947 she married William  
Levi Vandergrift who was born October 17, 1922. They live  
at Fairmont, W. Va.

- (4) Mildred born March 24, 1926. She married <sup>\*</sup>Imoh Walton on  
May 15, 1946. He was born September 4, 1921. They live  
at Hillsboro.

Their children:

(A) Nancy born April 25, 1947

(B) Charles Winters "Pee Wee" born December 14, 1949

(C) Clarice born March 3, 1952

- (5) Nancy Virginia born October 16, 1928. On November 11, 1947  
she married George Warren Fowler who was born July 28, 1919.  
They live at Hillsboro.

\* Nancy: has 2 only sons Walton - Dec 3-27-1975  
and George early  
at Hillsboro

Randolph Morgan - 21  
Samuel Morgan - 15  
W. C. Morgan - 8

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Their children are:

- (A) Linda Lou born May 12, 1950
  - (B) Georgia Diane born October 28, 1952. On Dec. 24, 1968 she married Gordon Wayne Madison of Marlinton.
  - (C) Nancy Carolyn born November 23, 1960
  - (D) David Wayne born May 7, 1963
- (6) Harry Winters born March 20, 1931. Died at his home in Street, Maryland on August 5, 1961 of cancer. He married Agnes M. Brock, the daughter of Gilbert and Nancy Brock. Agnes was born August 18, 1928 and died January 31, 1968. Both are buried in the Oak Grove Cemetery near Hillsboro. Their child is Kathleen Ann who was born January 23, 1956. She lived with her Grandmother Brock at Street, Md. after the death of her parents.

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Laura Rachel Morgan

Laura Rachel Morgan, the third child of W. C. and Fannie Hill Morgan, was born February 14, 1903. The Pocahontas County Court House record is incorrect.

On May 27, 1925 she was united in marriage with Andrew Warwick Taylor, the son of Henry L. and Early Tacy Taylor of Dunmore. He was born February 11, 1899. He was a woodsman and farmer near Dunmore. Their children:

(1) Marvin Lee born March 31, 1926. He was married to Zula Grey Taylor (born August 9, 1931) on December 21, 1949. He is a farmer and lives near Dunmore. Their children are:

(A) Rachel Elizabeth born June 3, 1958

(B) Naomi Virginia born January 4, 1961

(C) Marvin "Marty" Wetzel born November 24, 1966

(2) Eula Mae born December 23, 1929 was first married to Ralph Dempsey Ritz of Charleston on September 24, 1949. They were divorced and she married James Richard Curzon (born February 4, 1922) on October 3, 1970. She attended Capital City Commercial College in Charleston and has held several secretarial positions. They presently live in Atlanta, Georgia.

(3) Hubert Henry born December 27, 1931. On June 18, 1961 he was married to Ann Holmes Hargitt of Durham, N. C. They were later divorced. He was graduated from Glenville.

State College and George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tennessee. He was a teacher for 15 years.

- (4) William Orville born September 5, 1935. On June 12, 1954 he was married to Margaret Lillian Barnhouse (born 1934) of Painesville, Ohio. He died June 1, 1973. She died July 21, 1973. Both are buried in the Wesley Chapel Cemetery near Dunmore. Their children are:

(A) William Orville II born January 10, 1955. Married Charlene Hogan on July <sup>27</sup>~~24~~, 1973. Their child is William Orville III born October 20, 1974. They live at Arbovale, W.Va.

(B) Mark Antony born January 23, 1956

(C) Barbara Jo born January 31, 1958. On December 30, 1974 she married Robert Wendell Wilfong (born August 5, 1956). They live at Marlinton.

(D) Christine Marie born December 18, 1959

(E) Carl David born March 9, 1963

(F) Roberta Lee born June 3, 1964

- (5) Samuel Ludy born November 11, 1937. At Monterey, Va. on December 5, 1959 he was married to Carol Janetta Galford (born October 1, 1938). He was graduated from Glenville State College and taught in the Pocahontas County Schools. Their children:

(A) Teresa Sue born September 14, 1960

(B) June Allison born June 10, 1962

(C) Cheryl Lynn born August 1, ~~1970~~  
1969

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1. Name: [REDACTED] Date: [REDACTED]  
2. Address: [REDACTED]  
3. City: [REDACTED] State: [REDACTED] Zip: [REDACTED]  
4. Telephone: [REDACTED]  
5. Occupation: [REDACTED]  
6. Education: [REDACTED]  
7. Marital Status: [REDACTED]  
8. Number of Children: [REDACTED]  
9. Date of Birth: [REDACTED]  
10. Sex: [REDACTED]  
11. Race: [REDACTED]  
12. Religion: [REDACTED]  
13. Political Party: [REDACTED]  
14. Social Security Number: [REDACTED]  
15. Driver's License Number: [REDACTED]  
16. Vehicle Registration Number: [REDACTED]  
17. Date of Issue: [REDACTED]  
18. Date of Expiration: [REDACTED]  
19. Date of Renewal: [REDACTED]  
20. Date of Last Inspection: [REDACTED]  
21. Date of Last Registration: [REDACTED]  
22. Date of Last Renewal: [REDACTED]  
23. Date of Last Inspection: [REDACTED]  
24. Date of Last Registration: [REDACTED]  
25. Date of Last Renewal: [REDACTED]

On April 21, 1967 was  
on the boat (last November 22, 1963). They  
the lives in Bedford, New York. They  
and was born November 21, 1967

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Samuel Aaron Morgan

Samuel Aaron Morgan, the fourth child of W. C. and Fannie Morgan, was born at Lobelia on April 23, 1905. He was married to Luna Margaret Hill (born April 10, 1914), the daughter of George Forrest and Mary Hallie Morrison Hill of Hillsboro. Mary Hallie Morrison was born January 25, 1894.

Samuel died in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital on April 14, 1964, a victim of cancer. He was buried in the Emmanuel Cemetery on Bruffey's Creek. He was an employee of the State Road Commission and a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge at Lobelia.

Their seven children are:

(1) Samuel Albert born May 30, 1934. On January 17, 1966 at Streeter, W. Va. he was married to Judith Ann Harvey (born November \_\_, 1945, the daughter of Champ and Edna Harvey of Streeter. Their child is Andrew Albert born November 26, 1968. They live at Hillsboro.

(2) Alvadore Nevada born November 14, 1936. In Berlin, New Hampshire on June 13, 1959 he was married to Mary Violet Caovette (born November 3, 1937). They live at Hillsboro.

Their children are:

(A) David Aaron born June 27, 1965

(B) Susan Dawn born December 4, 1968

(3) William Austin born December 13, 1938. On July 25, 1962 at Alexandria, Virginia he was married to Barbara Lee Workman,



Randolph Morgan - 26  
Samuel Morgan - 20  
W. C. Morgan - 13

3/2

the daughter of George and Dale Workman of Hillsboro.  
They live at Woodbridge, Virginia where he is manager of a  
service station. Their children are:

(A) William Aaron born January 30, 1968

(B) Kenneth Edward born August 30, 1969

- (4) Arlie Hill born April 8, 1941. At Marlinton on June 9, 1972<sup>2</sup>  
he was married to Mary Magaline <sup>Kennelton</sup> ~~Gauetson~~. They live at  
Arbovale, W. Va. Their child<sup>new</sup> is Carol Ann <sup>Sharon Kay born 5-13-1977</sup> born March 22, 1973.
- (5) Roger Page born at Green Bank on March 20, 1943. At Hillsboro  
on November 7, 1970 he married Wanda Lou Roberts, daughter  
of Durwood and Estie Roberts of Hillsboro. They live at  
Arbovale, W. Va. Their child Jody Lynn was born February  
27, 1973. *Son Scott, born 10-30-1977.*
- (6) Janet Virginia born April 22, 1945. She lives in Washington,  
D. C. (7)
- (7) <sup>GRAY</sup> Randall Gary born June 6, 1947. He married Dorothy <sup>Kay</sup> Arbogast,  
*she was born 10-28-1949*  
daughter of Ralph and Eleanor Arbogast of Marlinton. They  
live at Marlinton. Their child is Crystal Gail born January  
5, 1970. *Son Randall Gary Jr. born 9-7-1975*

Before his death, Samuel and Luna adopted their granddaughter,  
Maria Margaret born February 25, 1963.

Randolph Morgan - 27  
Samuel Morgan - 21  
W. C. Morgan - 14

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Jemima Frances Morgan

Jemima Frances "Fannie" Morgan, the youngest child of W. C. and Fannie Hill Morgan, was born January 12, 1908 at Bruffey's Creek on the farm of Winnie Kennison. She was six weeks old when her mother died.

On June 10, <sup>1945</sup> she was married to Charles Marvin Hollandsworth (born September 22, 1899), the son of Nathaniel and Ellen C. Hollandsworth of Lobelia. <sup>diep Dec 22, 1946</sup> <sup>cutlip</sup>  
<sup>diep 9-8-1946</sup>

Jemima Frances Hollandsworth died April 12, 1950, a victim of cancer. She was buried in the Emmanuel Cemetery on Bruffey's Creek.

The seven children of Charles and Fannie Hollandsworth are:

- (1) Melvin Dale "Jack" born November 16, 1925. <sup>diep 6-23-1975</sup> He retired from the Air Force and lives at Marlinton. On January 16, 1947 he married Rebecca Sue Hannah (born January 16, 1930), the daughter of Ira and Hazel Weatherholt Hannah of Marlinton.

The children of Jack and Sue Hollandsworth are:

- (A) Melvin Dale, Jr. born August 26, 1948. On June 24, 1967 he married Rita Goodykottz. <sup>KONTZ daughter of Mary KONTZ</sup> Their child is Deserrie who was born February 3, 1968. <sup>and Melvin Dale III born 4-11-1975</sup>

- (B) Charles Michael born June 12, 1954. In September 1974 he married Evelyn Pritt.

- (C) Marzella Ann born September 11, 1956

- (D) Kellea Sue born February 24, 1968

- (2) Mary Ann born August 19, 1927. <sup>at Sublet</sup> On January 8, 1945 she married Anthony Joseph Pantuliano who was born May 20, 1923.

They live in Wilmington, Delaware. Their children are:

- (A) Angelo Charles born October 10, 1945. He was married to Sara Ann Larry (born November 6, 1944) on April 20, 1968. They live in Wilmington, Delaware. Their children:

Nancy Margarette born December 31, 1970

Anthony Larry born February 5, 1972

Angelo Charles, Jr. born July 17, 1974

- (B) Frances <sup>Paula</sup> born November 24, 1952. <sup>Samuel - 11-1973</sup> Was married April 13, 1972 to Ronald Lee Gray (born July 6, 1947).

They live in Wilmington. Their children are:

Michele Lynn born August 3, 1972

Ronald Lee, Jr. born January 16, 1975

- (C) Deborah Marie born October 28, 1955

- (D) Sarah Ann born November 12, 1959

- (C) David Anthony born October 8, 1965

- (3) Madeline Lucille "Peg" born April 10, 1930. On September 28, 1946 she married Hubert <sup>N</sup> Neal Rose (born July 27, 1919). They live at Hillsboro. Their children are:

- (A) Sandra Faye born October 27, 1947. She married Andrew Curtis Pritt, son of Andrew Pritt, on January 5, 1968. They live at Airville, Maryland. Their child, Heather Denise, was born December 2, 1969.

- (B) Donald Eugene born July 17, 1949. On February 1, 1969 he married Vicki Lynn Moore (born November 29, 1948), the daughter of John Moore, Jr. of Buckeye. Their child, Stefanie Dawn, was born December 6, 1967.

Randolph Morgan - 29  
Samuel Morgan - 23  
W. C. Morgan - 16

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- (4) William Nathaniel born March 7, 1932. On September 17, 1959 he married Mrs. Doris Ann Jones Lemon (born October 29, 1930), the daughter of Theodore Easter and Mary Glick Jones of Wilmington, Delaware. Their children are:
- (A) Kathleen Ann born September 21, 1952. On May 25, 1972 she married Christopher Cowan (born February 2, 1949).
  - (B) William Charles born October 20, 1966.
- (5) Samuel Barton born April 14, \_\_\_\_\_. On November 2, 1962 he married Betty Marie Dulaney, daughter of Luther and Lucille Dulaney of Marlinton. He is a career navy serviceman. They were married at Warm Springs, Virginia and make their home at Buena Vista, Virginia. Their children are;
- (A) Betina born 1965
  - (B) Carmella born 1969
  - (C) Dawnita
- (6) Joseph Kenneth born June 5, 1940. On September 26, 1964 he married Carol Letcher (born June 27, 1943), daughter of James and Margaret Hill Letcher of Wilmington, Delaware. Their children are;
- (A) Joseph Kenneth II born March 20, 19<sup>6</sup>~~4~~5
  - (B) Bonnie Lynn born October 17, 1966
  - (C) Lori born December 29, 1970
- (7) Laura Virginia born July 21, 1943. Married and divorced Daniel Fowler of Hillsboro. Child, Veronica Dale born July 22, 1961. Married and divorced Ted Ryser of St. Louis, Mo. Child, Donna born May 1964 and died March 1969. Married Leo Click. Child, Leo William Click, Jr. born October 22, 1971.

Randolph Morgan - 30  
Samuel Morgan - 24  
Sarah Morgan - 1

3/4 .

Sarah Virginia Morgan

Sarah Virginia Morgan, the third child of the Rev. Samuel and Edith Ramsey Morgan, was born near Ronceverte on February 15, 1878. She was nicknamed "Ninnie."

She kept house for her brother, William, after his wife died in 1908 for awhile.

She was a school teacher for several years.

During the 1930's, she was committed to the Weston State Hospital where she died in ~~the~~ mid 1940's. Dec 18, 1942

She is buried in the Emmanuel Cemetery on Bruffeys Creek.

Edgar Randolph Morgan

Edgar Randolph Morgan, the fourth child of the Rev. Samuel and Edith Ramsey Morgan, was born near Ronceverte on April 18, 1882.

He first married <sup>on June 27, 1906, at</sup> and divorced Miriam Hill of Bruffey's Creek.

She later married his brother, William.

His second marriage was to Lula Mae Cox - of Hookersville, Va. who was born in 1891. They were married July 1, 1916.

Lula Mae was the widow of J. Wheeler Bobbitt. Issue of this marriage was Ivan Bobbitt of Richwood and Mrs. Irene Shaver of Camden-on-Gauley.

Lula Mae died July 1966 in a hospital in Pasadena, Texas. She was buried in the McQueen Cemetery at Hookersville, W. Va. She was a member of the Beulah Baptist Church at Hookersville.

Edgar R. Morgan died at his home at Hookersville on December 11, 1932. <sup>of pneumonia</sup> He was buried in the McQueen Cemetery at Hookersville.

Six children were born to the union of Edgar and Lula Mae Morgan. One child died as an infant.

The others are:

- (1) <sup>B. 21 Mar 1918 at Labella, Calverton</sup> Morgan Morgan, <sup>Calverton</sup> Canvas, W. Va. single
- (2) <sup>B. 24 June 1922 at Labella</sup> Mrs. Anna Zimmerer, 2208 Fenwood St., Pasadena, Texas <sup>married Robert Z. ...</sup>
- (3) <sup>B. 15 Aug 1925 at Labella</sup> Mrs. Violet Holman, 539 Douglas Way, Tipp City, Ohio <sup>married Robert Hold ...</sup>
- (4) <sup>B. 7 June 1921 at Labella</sup> Ross Morgan, Zanesville, Ohio <sup>children: Glenn, Jerry, & Sandra Kay, Douglas</sup>
- (5) <sup>B. 21 Feb 1930</sup> Eugene Morgan, 1308 Cooper Mill Road, Zanesville, Ohio <sup>married Marlene Tumblin</sup>

<sup>B. 1946</sup> Married Elnora Lee Sholes of Camden-on-Gauley (his student) married in 1956

(1) Anglin's farm 18 Jan. 1955 at Sutton  
 (2) Steven ... 3 May 1955 at Richwood

Randolph Morgan 3 1/2  
 Samuel Morgan 2 1/2  
 Edgar Morgan 2 3/8

Edgar R. Morgan died at his home at Hookersville, in Nicholas County, Dec. 11, 1932. He was born near Conover April 18, 1882, aged 50 years, 7 months and 24 days. He was the son of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel L. Morgan. He was married to Mrs. J. Wheeler Bobbitt, July 1, 1918. To this union six children were born, one of which preceded him to death in infancy. A sister, Lena, preceded him in death several years ago. His mother, Mrs. Edith Morgan Bryne, and a sister, Mrs. L. D. Sharp, died about two months since. He leaves to mourn their loss, his wife, five children and one brother, Will Morgan, and one sister, Minnie Morgan, and a host of friends and relatives. About thirteen years ago he united with Emanuel M. E. church at Brooks Creek and lived a devoted christian life. Funeral services was conducted from the Beulah church at Hookersville, by the pastor, Rev. J. Brown, and interment was made in the McQueen cemetery.

# Lula Morgan, 75, Taken By Death

HOOKERSVILLE (RNS) — Mrs. Lula Mae Morgan, 75, of Pasadena, Texas, died Saturday in a hospital there after a short illness.

A former resident of Hookersville, she was a member of the Beulah Baptist Church.

Survivors include four sons, Ivan Boblett of Richwood, Morgan Morgan of Canvas and Ross and Eugene Morgan, both of Zanesville, Ohio; three daughters, Mrs. Irene Shaver of Camden on Gauley, Mrs. Anna Zimmerer of Pasadena, Texas, and Mrs. Violet Holman of Tipp City, Ohio; 18 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.

The funeral will be held at 10 a.m. Wednesday in the Beulah Baptist Church with Rev. Joe Brown and Rev. C. R. Brooks in charge. Burial will be in the McQueen Cemetery at Hookersville.

The body will be taken from Waters Funeral Home in Sumner to the church one hour prior to the funeral.

(Edgar's wife)

## MOUNTAIN WOMAN

Lula Mae Morgan died the other day in Texas. She was seventy-five and she died far from home. They brought her back to Nicholas County and held services for her in the Beulah Baptist Church and buried her among her people. My other paper, which records the comings and goings of Nicholas and the other counties, emphasizes what people have known for some time, that weekly journalism is slipping, that it isn't the warm personal thing it used to be because of economics, and eight-hour days, and time-and-a-half, and bowling, and so forth. But when I saw the meager space that was given to Lula Mae Morgan I asked that personal journalism could be so dead. There was a story there in Lula Mae Morgan's life, a story that tells something of mountain women and their strength we carried in the other paper when it happened, because it did happen in our time, not much to it, maybe, then perhaps there is a lot. But one day Lula Mae Morgan set out across the field to visit a neighbor on the trailer of Hookersville when she was attacked by, of all things, a large buck deer. He just charged out of a nearby wood and was upon the woman before she could do anything. He knocked her down on the ground and leaped upon her, cutting her with his pointed hooves, then packed up and came at her with his head down, rattling and cutting her with every charge and thrust. There was nothing the woman could do except protect her face with her hands, and cry to crawl on her back away from the crazy beast. As she reached a pit from her attacker, she felt something under her hands it felt strong and heavy and reassuring. She turned and groped for it. Wherever it was - and rose up as the deer charged its last time, and she came down with it right on the head, between its awful horns, and dashed it. She didn't see the animal with that one blow. He rolled about and then soaked up to the sanctity of the woods. I ask open wondering if the family might have kept that piece of a dead horse that got slipped under Lula Mae Morgan when she was fighting that deer. That's what it was, the leg bone of a dead horse, and now it came back as a story. But there it was, and Lula Mae didn't take to be told why or what to do with it. It would be a fitting thing for the museum of the hills we have had many stomach women like Lula Mae in our hills, and I just couldn't see them put her away without telling her story again.



Randolph Morgan - 32  
Samuel Morgan - 26  
Lena Morgan - 1

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Lena Florence Morgan

Lena Florence Morgan the fifth and youngest child of the Rev. Samuel and Edith Ramsey Morgan, was born December 17, 1896. She died April 27, 1927. She is buried at the Fairview Cemetery near Edray, W. Va. in an unmarked grave.

on 3-24-1918

She first married Charles Wade Mitchell, who died January 1918 and is buried beside her.

Tomblstone says 13 31

The two children of this marriage are:

- (1) Ruby Pearl born March 10, 1915 and died March 15, 1930 of TB.
- (2) Edith born March 10, 1917. On December 12, 1935 at Covington, Va. she was married to James M. Workman (born June 6, 1912) of Hillsboro, W. Va.

Their children:

- (A) James Madison born November 22, 1938. Was married on September 1, 1959 to Judy Loury (born November 4, 1940). Their children are James Madison II (born July 9, 1960) and Elizabeth Ann (born February 14, 1965).
- (B) Naomi Elizabeth born February 28, 1946. Graduated from Glenville State College and taught school in Berkley County, W. Va. On June 26, 1968 she was married to Denver Joseph Hollandsworth (born February 26, 1944) They live at Martinsburg, W. Va. Their two children are Hilda Lynn (born May 17, 1972) and Jill Marie (born September 17, 1974).

Randolph Morgan - 33  
Samuel Morgan - 27  
Lena Morgan - 2

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(C) Laurence Thomas born June 10, 1947. He was graduated from Glenville State College. He taught school in Maryland a few years and is now a teacher in the

Pocahontas County High School. On February 13, 1965 he was married to Nora Lou McKenney (born May 8, 1944). They live at Hillsboro.

Children: @ Jerusa King born August 4, 1965, @ Matthew Thomas born Nov. 2, 1971.

Lena Morgan Mitchell's second marriage was to Forrest Ellis

McKenney, son of J. V. and Lena Moore McKenney of Marlinton. Ellis was born May 25, 1900 and died in Wheeling on March 5, 1968. He was buried in the Indian Draft Cemetery near Marlinton. To this union were born two children.

(1) Clyde William born April 19, 1920. He was a career officer with the Government Forces. He is now stationed in Japan. He married and divorced Dorothy Door. Their children were Thomas and Lena Mae.

(2) Naomi Gladys born September 17, 1922. She married Patrick Anderson and they live in Warren, Ohio. Their three children are William, Patty, and Edward.

Following the death of his wife, Lena, Forrest Ellis McKenney married Vicie Orr Wingler and they lived in Wheeling. She died January 1975 and is buried in the Indian Draft Cemetery near Marlinton.

West Virginia Writers' Project  
Research Identification Report

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RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

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a report of one of the commissioners appointed to the  
court at the July term of court 1881, to redistrict  
the County. J. M. Lightner, Comar.

